



# CURRENT OPINION



EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

ALEXANDER HARVEY

ROBERT A. PARKER

WILLIAM GRIFFITH

## A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

### AMERICA GETTING DEEPER INTO THE WAR

DAY by day the war is brought closer to the minds of Americans. Everywhere its significance, for good and for ill, is penetrating. Within recent weeks the streets of our cities have resounded with martial music and marching soldiers. Tens of thousands, belonging to the regular army, have gone into training camps preparatory to going to France. Tens of thousands more, belonging to the new conscript army, have gone into cantonments. Twenty-six States are said to have been represented in the last division of troops sent to France. American soldiers are now on the firing line. American officers, in successive groups, are returning from France to make reports of the military situation at first hand to the War Department in Washington. Industrially, the country is being revolutionized. Steps taken by the government to control the supplies of grain and, if need be, to buy the entire crop of wheat have stopped all trading in wheat and corn. Restrictions upon trading in the cotton market have been established, limiting fluctuations in a single day to three cents above or below the closing price of the preceding day. Prices have become almost nominal in the steel and copper trades because the leading makers are awaiting prices which the government will fix. Railroads are also feeling the pinch, or, if not the carriers, then the interests dependent upon transportation. Curtailment of passenger service is being pushed gradually and the shifting of thousands of freight cars from their natural routes to southern and southwestern territory in order to meet the new demands of the government growing out of the construction and maintenance of concentration camps must cause more or less inconvenience to shippers and consequent loss to the railroads of the North. "We are drifting," the *Philadelphia Press* says, "into a period wherein the war will be the prime factor affecting all business interests and in whatever line of trade or manufacturing a man may

be he must weigh developments carefully in order to get a line upon what is coming so that he may govern his own personal business with good judgment."

#### The "Motivation" of the War.

THE war has been going on for upward of three years, but it cannot be said that a popular war spirit, in the old accepted sense of the words, has been awakened even yet in this country. General Pershing has lately complained of the apparent "lukewarmness" of the American people, and has urged the necessity of bringing them to "a full realization of what the war means." Professor John Dewey, of Columbia University, is equally impressed by the fact that the old "war motivation" has not been in evidence in this war—that traditional appeals to emotion and passion have not met with the former traditional reaction. He asks (in *The New Republic*) what the actual motivation of the war is, and he advises political leaders to note that it is rather a cool, dispassionate, even grudging recognition of "a great job to be done." He continues:

"This sense of a job to be accomplished can not be segregated from an underlying national idealism. Here, too, history is prophetic. What various leagues and societies totally failed to accomplish in the way of stirring up the American people when they appealed to fear, hatred and revenge, when they emphatically harped on rights and honor, that President Wilson effected when he addressed himself to the American desire for stable peace and an established amity of peoples through comity of democratic nations. A task has to be accomplished to abate an international nuisance, but in the accomplishing there is the prospect of a world organization and the beginnings of a public control which crosses nationalistic boundaries and interests. . . . They present genuine possibilities, objects of a fair adventure. And almost any day the shifting course of events may give them an engrossing actuality. If that



THE WITHERED ARM

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

day comes, the fervor of the crusader in behalf of the heart's desire will add itself to interest in a workmanlike performance in behalf of a necessary task. Meantime the course of those interested in securing the necessary motivation for war is to keep the ways open and clear for the coming of this reinforcing and consummating impetus."

#### Ambassador Gerard's Revelations.

IN the hope of awakening his fellow-countrymen to the gravity of the war-situation, Mr. James W. Gerard has published the story of his "Four Years in Germany" as United States Ambassador. These memoirs, which have been running in the *London Daily Telegraph* and in several American papers, are valuable no less for their intrinsic interest than for the light they shed on events and conversations of epoch-making importance in connection with the war. On August 10, 1914, Mr. Gerard had a conference with the German Emperor at which the latter drafted with his own hand a cablegram to be sent to President Wilson. The Emperor incorporated in the cablegram a statement to the effect that his brother Prince Henry had brought from the King of England a message that England would remain neutral if war broke out on the Continent involving Germany and France, Austria and Russia. The Emperor intended that his cablegram should be immediately published, but his advisers intervened and at their request Mr. Gerard and President Wilson suppressed the message after it had been dispatched. King George now authorizes the characterization of the statement concerning himself and Prince Henry as "absolutely without any foundation." In the same cablegram, the Kaiser admitted that Germany violated the neutrality of Belgium on "strategical grounds," "news having been received that France was

already preparing to enter Belgium, and the King of the Belgians having refused my petition for a passage under guarantee of his country's freedom." This passage speaks for itself, and confirms what Germany's critics have said of her military ethics. In Mr. Gerard's opinion, the military and naval power of the German Empire is unbroken. "Of the 12,000,000 men whom the Kaiser has called to the colors," he says, "but 1,500,000 have been killed and 500,000 permanently disabled, not more than 500,000 are prisoners of war, and about 500,000 constitute the number of wounded or on the sick list of each day, leaving at all times about 9,000,000 effectives under arms." It is a great mistake, Mr. Gerard tells us further, to suppose that Germany will either break under starvation or revolt against her rulers. He warns the United States that "there is far greater danger of the starvation of our Allies than of the starvation of Germany. . . . The U-boat peril is a very real one for England. . . . We stand in great peril, and only the exercise of ruthless realism can win this war for us." "I believe," says the ex-Ambassador, "we are not only justly in this war, but are prudently in this war."

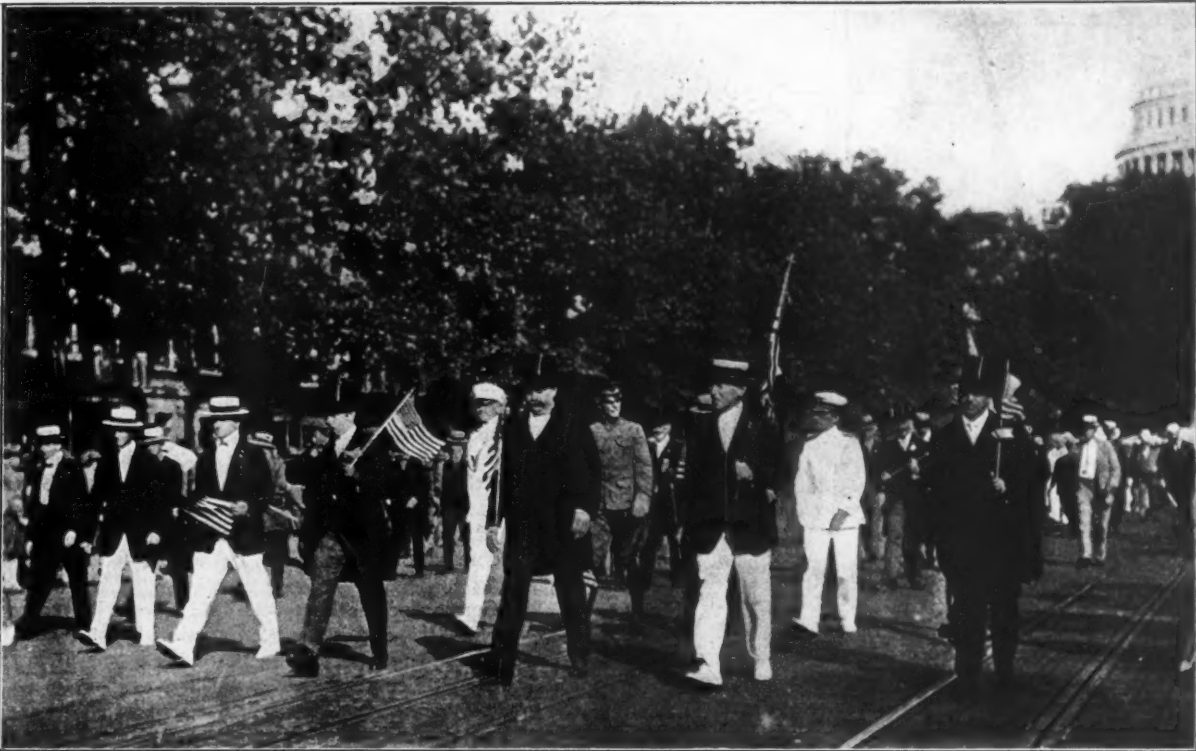
#### How Long Will the War Last?

SUGGESTIONS of peace at this period of the war have been lately characterized by William C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce, as a trap for the unwary. "This war," he said, "is a clean-cut fight between autocracy and democracy. It must be fought out whether we will or no." The *New York Times* agrees that it is the part of wisdom for this country to settle down to a period of sustained military activity. The *New York Tribune* thinks that "there is no prospect of peace within the next twelve months." On the other hand, the *Washington Herald* talks of the possibility of a "German collapse this winter," and the *Columbus Evening Dispatch* hopes for a victorious conclusion of the war next Spring, to be achieved by American aeroplanes. Mr. Frank H. Simonds, military expert for a syndicate of newspapers, says:



THE WIZARD

—Carter in Philadelphia Press



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#### PRESIDENT WILSON MARCHES AT THE HEAD OF THE CONSCRIPT PARADE IN WASHINGTON

The President calls the chosen men "soldiers of freedom" and says that he would "like to be with them on the field and in the trenches where the real and final battle for the independence of the United States is to be fought."

"I am satisfied that we are entering into the last year of the war. We may have a military decision between now and the end of the campaigning season of next year. If we do not, I do not believe the war will be ended by a military decision.

"I believe a military victory must now come to the Allies, if Russia and the United States do their part.

"I believe it may come to the Allies if the United States measures up to her great task and performs her obvious duty.

"I believe that unless the submarine menace is ended the Allies cannot go longer than the end of next year. And I do not believe that without great reinforce-

ments from the United States a military decision will be had.

"The German army is no longer the army of 1914. German resources are fading and falling. Yet during the war of the Spanish Succession Louis XIV. faced the great coalition under equal disadvantages and managed to avoid the partition of his country and to achieve a peace without indemnity or annexation. If the Germans can last until snow flies next autumn they may be able to do the same thing. Whether they will be able to do this or not depends very largely upon the United States and Russia, and only a blind and foolish man, whatever his hopes, would place great reliance upon Russia."

## THE PRESIDENT'S APPEAL TO THE GERMAN PEOPLE

PRESIDENT WILSON'S letter in reply to the Pope's peace proposals was not only a historic but a unique State paper, in the sense that it pioneered a new method in international relations. The papers of the country celebrated the note chiefly as a renewed defiance of Prussian autocracy. They hardly recognized, except in a few instances, the full significance of the appeal that the President made, over the heads of the German authorities, to the German people. His exact words were: "The object of this war is to deliver the free peoples of the world from the menace and the actual power of a vast military establishment, controlled by an irresponsible Government, which, having secretly planned to dominate the world, proceeded to carry the plan out without regard either to the sacred obligations of treaty or the long-established practices and long-cherished principles of international action and

honor. . . . This power is not the German people. It is the ruthless master of the German people." The President insisted that America's motive in entering the war was disinterested. He expressly disclaimed the ideas of "punitive damages, the dismemberment of empires, the establishment of selfish and exclusive economic leagues." His concluding words were:

"We cannot take the word of the present rulers of Germany as a guarantee of anything that is to endure unless explicitly supported by such conclusive evidence of the will and purpose of the German people themselves as the other peoples of the world would be justified in accepting. Without such guarantees treaties of settlement, agreements for disarmament, covenants to set up arbitration in the place of force, territorial adjustments, reconstitutions of small nations, if made with the German Government, no man, no nation, could now depend on."





THE REALITY AND THE DREAM

—Carter in Philadelphia Press

#### What Did the President Mean?

THE language of President Wilson was interpreted by many readers to mean that the American Government would refuse to make any treaty with the present German Government, and that Germany would have to set up a democratic form of government before the United States would listen to any proposal of negotiations. But this interpretation, as we learn from an article by David Lawrence in the *New York Evening Post*, is incorrect. Those who have talked with the President since he dispatched his note have obtained the definite impression that Mr. Wilson is ready and willing to begin negotiations looking toward the ending of the present war, provided the Government of Germany is so changed that its guarantee can be trusted. The President realizes full well that it is not the province of the United States or any other foreign Government to interfere in the internal affairs of Germany, and for that reason scrupulously refrained from specifying the exact changes that would satisfy the American Government's position as expressed in the reply to the Pope. But "it is clear," Mr. Lawrence says, "that if, for example, Chancellor Michaelis were to resign and his successor, a man of liberal views, were selected to fill his place, and he declined to accept the office until responsibility to the Reichstag were first fixed, and the voice of the people in the selection of members of the national legislature were recognized, the world would say an era of liberalism had begun in Germany, and that a free government was in the process of being established. As a high official of the United States Government remarked to-day: 'We would know a liberal government when we saw one.'" In other words, the President hopes for at least the beginnings of constitutional government in Germany as a prelude to peace negotiations.

#### The Possibility of Germany's Becoming Liberalized.

WHILE the German press has been almost unanimous in rejecting President Wilson's suggestion of peace with the German people, as distinguished from the German autocracy, there are undercurrents that betoken a change of mood. "To the great masses of the German people," says Karl H. von Wiegand in the *New York American*, "President Wilson's answer will come as a renewed offer of friendship from the United States. His indictment of the German Government will be a hard blow to the Kaiser and severely shake the existing governmental system." The same writer continues:

"The German people have been told President Wilson sought to see Germany crushed, annihilated, the German people humiliated and an opportunity for them to recover from the terrible effects of the war made impossible. America, through President Wilson, now gives the German people assurances Germany shall have equality with other nations if they accept that instead of seeking the militaristic domination preached by Bernhardt, Reventlow and others.

"The German people have been told since I first went to Germany in 1911, and it has been continually pounded into them, that coalitions were being formed to force them from equality with other great peoples. During this war one of the greatest bonds which welded them into unity with their governmental system was the belief that they were to be destroyed and robbed of their independence, if defeated in the war.

"The note will serve as an inspiration to the leaders of German liberalism, strengthen their influence with the people and encourage them to still greater efforts to bring the government of Germany under the direct control of the Reichstag, chosen representatives of the people. Leaders like Maximilian Harden, Theodore Wolff, Georg Bernhard, Richard Witting, Ballin, Erzberger, Prof. Delbrück, have been telling the German people with great frankness what is necessary in Germany to bring peace with the world. President Wilson has confirmed the preachings of these men."



THE IMPASSABLE BARRIER

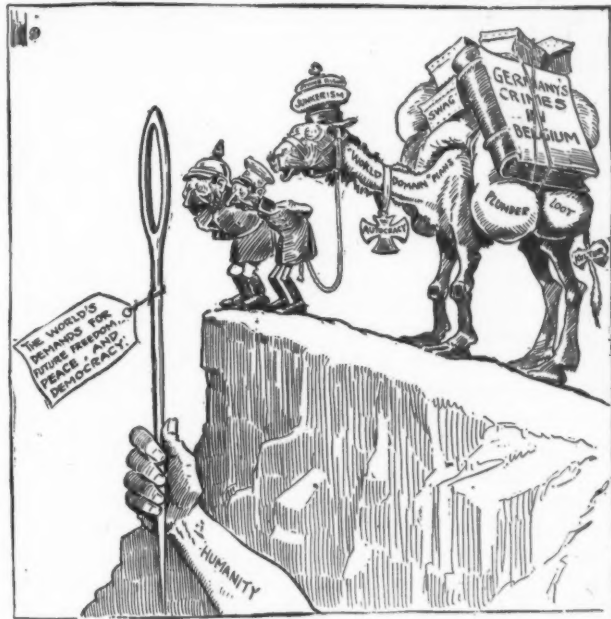
—Kirby in N. Y. World



American Indorsement of the  
President's Position.

THE President's note appeals to the New York *World* as "a new Emancipation Proclamation—emancipation for the German people themselves if they will accept it, no less than for the peoples that are already crushed or menaced by ruthless military power." It "sounds the death-knell of the old diplomacy," according to the *Columbus Evening Dispatch*. The New York *American* wants to see the principles embodied in the note applied not only to Germany but to every one of the governments engaged in the war. The *Louisville Courier-Journal* comments:

"The mass and body of the German people owe nothing to autocracy, absolutism and the divine right of kings. When the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs are finally sent where they belong, the German people can and will reorganize their governments and reconstruct their society upon the bases and lines laid down and advocated by the Social Democrats of the Fatherland—not the dough-faces of the Reichstag—and Germany will be more powerful, prosperous and happy than ever before. . . . It will not be long before Prussian militarism and Junker despotism will collapse and bite the dust. Then the German commonalty will come to their own and get a chance. The voice of the people is the voice of God. The voice of kings is the voice of Death and the Devil."



IT SHALL BE EASIER FOR A CAMEL TO PASS THROUGH  
THE EYE OF A NEEDLE—

—Ireland in *Columbus Dispatch*

## UNCLE SAM REACHES INTO HIS WAR CHEST FOR ADDITIONAL BILLIONS

ON September 10th the United States Senate passed the bill for war taxation, as amended by the Senate Committee and by the Senate itself, by a majority which indicated that the measure would undergo no radical change in conference with the House. The Senate bill which, the *Los Angeles Times* asserts, is "embarking us on a career of expenditure without a parallel in the history of nations," is very different from the bill passed by the House in May, tho the changes, as pointed

out by the New York *Evening Post*, display few differences in principle, such as usually lead to dispute in conference. Whereas the House bill provided for an estimated annual revenue of \$1,867,000,000, and the bill as reported by the Senate Committee for a revenue of \$2,006,970,000, the measure as it stands is calculated to produce \$2,406,670,000. This increase is practically all obtained from taxation of incomes and of excess war profits. It is three times the ordinary Federal revenues before the war. It is more than the entire borrowings of the Government throughout four years of Civil War. It is nearly \$600,000,000 more than the House bill provided with all inherited war taxes included. Yet, says the New York *World*, it is still far from exhausting the revenue possibilities of income and war-profits taxes. The so-called wealth conscriptionists have had only a small part of their way, and the war obstructionists, in their various guises, have had no part of their way. Nevertheless, the *World* reminds us, the bill is almost exclusively a wealth-conscription bill. "This is its first great feature. Its second is that in all of its unparalleled magnitude it leaves so many of our war-taxable resources untouched. It is as notable for the revenue powers left in reserve as for those which it brings into service." If anybody at home or abroad, in other words, is under the impression that the country is striking a top-notch financial pace at this stage of the war, this bill will undeceive him.

### Danger in Taxing Business Too Heavily.

THIS warning sounded by Senator Wadsworth, of New York, in urging the passage of the measure on the floor of the Senate, is echoed widely by the press: "We must provide the money necessary to run the war, but we must solemnly see that we do not



DIVIDING THE MELON

—Kirby in N. Y. *World*

smash business by imposing on it too much of a strain." As the *Deseret Evening News* remarks, "to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, to strangle and dry up the springs of wealth at their very source, would be so utterly disastrous to every future plan of war-financing that the folly of it should be obvious to everybody capable of intelligent thought." The *Wall Street Journal* reminds Congress that the reason why it must not tax excess-war-profits too heavily is because these profits are mainly "book profits." To which the *Topeka Capital* retorts by asking whether, in view of the fact that Great Britain levies a tax of eighty per cent. on excess-war-profits, as compared with this tax of less than forty per cent., the United States is more obsequious to corporate wealth than England. "Is money more sacred in America than in England, when compared with life?" questions the *Capital*. Even the *New York World*, a staunch supporter of the administration, considers that a weak point in the bill is that on all incomes in excess of \$500,000 the war tax was made thirty-three per cent., or the same as on incomes of \$500,000. If the principle of the graduated rate increasing with the size of the income is sound up to \$500,000, it asks, why not above \$500,000 as incomes grow more and more excessive and superfluous? What is there about incomes in the millions entitling them to this exemption from relative sacrifice not accorded to incomes of \$5,000 to \$500,000? In opposing a heavier tax (at this time) on excess profits, the *New York Journal of Commerce* maintains that what is disregarded in these "loose calculations" is that what are called excess profits, due to high prices, are "caused by a great and rapid increase in demand which compels a costly outlay in extending facilities for production. When that demand stops increasing and takes a downward turn, not only will profits cease to be excessive, but they may disappear altogether." In reply, the *New York Evening Mail* points to the growing dissatisfaction of labor over

the terrific increase in the cost of living, as compared with the moderate advances in wages, and declares "the corporations simply cannot afford to grow rich from this war while the people are growing poor by the sacrifice of the lives that are nearest and dearest to them."

#### Mortgaging the Future to Pay for the War.

MEANWHILE, the Bond Bill, passed by the House on September 6th and subsequently by the Senate provides the means to raise \$11,538,945,460 by the issue of Federal obligations (chiefly convertible bonds) subject to income supertax and excess-profits tax. Four billions of this is for a new Allied loan, three billions to take over a three and one-half per cent. issue already authorized, and the remaining \$538,945,460 to be used for converting certain outstanding bonds, including the Danish West Indies, Alaskan Railway, Panama Canal and naval construction issues. A highly intricate piece of legislation, the bill passed within a week of its introduction. The contrast of this record with the slow and painful progression of the War Revenue Bill offers a remarkable illustration of how much easier it is to borrow than to levy money. In the debate over the Bond Bill the chief opposition came from Speaker Clark, who pleaded for fewer bonds and more taxes. His proposal to raise a dollar by taxes for every dollar raised by going into debt had a heroic and pleasant ring. But, queries the *New York Evening Sun*, does every one want to bear his share of the taxes—on wealth and on the masses—that this would involve? Until every one does, bond bills will pass through Congress more readily than tax bills, agrees the *New York Times*, which advances as an argument against borrowing, the ease with which it is done. On the other hand, the *Boston Transcript* points out, "it would be a great mistake tactically, as well as a great wrong morally, to make the immediate burden of taxation too large, in a vain and unjust attempt to cover the whole cost of the war, or to avoid imposing a war debt upon posterity. This war is not being waged for the present generation alone, but for the welfare of all future time, and it is only just that future generations should bear some of the cost."

#### Congress Has Failed to Do Its Full Duty.

IN fact, says the *Topeka Capital*, Congress has dallied with the tax problem, refusing deliberately to do what Big Business itself has pressed the Government to do in relation to other matters; namely, accept the guidance of the countries that have had experience in war legislating. The failure of Congress to go more than a third of the way that England has gone in taxing war profits is the failure of this War Congress to do its duty with a firm hand, regrets the *Capital*. We are reminded by the *Times* that the British regret their taxes more than their bond issues. If, on the other hand, writes William Marion Ready in his *St. Louis Mirror*, we go too far on the bond theory, we will wind up finally with the rich holding the bonds and the poor paying the taxes. The prevailing editorial opinion is that the war should be financed in a proportion of about three of taxes to seven of bonds, in accordance with suggestions made by the Secretary of the Treasury.



SORRY—BUT ALL MY RESTORATIVES ARE NEEDED IN EUROPE.

—Robinson in N. Y. Call.

## NEW PHASES OF THE GOVERNMENT'S WAR UPON DISLOYALTY

**M**EN and organizations suspected of hostility to the Government's war purpose have had a hard time of it during the past month. The editorial and business staff of the *Tageblatt*, a German-language daily published in Philadelphia, has been taken into custody. The National Headquarters of the Socialist Party and of the I. W. W. have been raided, and *The American Socialist* suppressed. William D. Haywood, Secretary-Treasurer of the I. W. W., is held in prison. I. W. W. literature and documents in many cities have been seized. The homes of Scott Nearing and of other radicals have been invaded. The "People's Council of America for Democracy and Terms of Peace" has been forbidden, in four States, the right to meet. Street meetings of the Friends of Irish Freedom in New York have been broken up. The record might be prolonged indefinitely and reads like an account of the activities of the Russian Czar's minions in the days before the Revolution. But it is justified by a majority of American papers on the ground of war-necessity. "Free speech in time of war," says the *New York Times*, "has this difference from free speech in time of peace, that certain kinds of speech in time of war carry death with them. They cease to be words and become bullets. Attacks on the Government and on the people that are carrying on the war serve to thwart the aim of the war, which is to defeat the enemy and to avoid defeat for ourselves."

### Labor and Socialism Join Hands to Defeat Pacifism.

**T**HE Government is being assisted in its efforts to crush disloyalty by a new organization entitled the "American Alliance for Labor and Democracy," of which the avowed object is to line up the workingmen of the country behind President Wilson and Congress in the prosecution of the war. The Alliance was created by Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, and by John Spargo, leader of a group of seceders from the Socialist Party which includes Charles Edward Russell, William English Walling, J. G. Phelps Stokes, Rose Pastor Stokes, Chester M. Wright, J. William Lloyd and Henry L. Slobodin. Clarence Darrow and Frank P. Walsh are also in active sympathy with the movement. Mr. Gompers and his Socialist allies planned to meet in convention in Minneapolis last month during the same week as that scheduled for a People's Council convention in the same city. The People's Council, when forbidden by the Governor of Minnesota from meeting in Minneapolis, went to Chicago. The Alliance for Labor and Democracy was thereby deprived of a coveted opportunity to meet the arguments of its pacifist rival in session in Minneapolis. The people of this country, in the opinion of the *New York Times*, owe a great deal to the American Alliance. The same paper asks us to imagine what would have happened had the American Federation of Labor "followed the counsels of the majority Socialists, of extremists and disloyalists." It continues:

"There would have been strikes innumerable. Munitions, materials, and supplies of war could not have been had. There would have been an economic civil war, per-

haps disorders and disturbances amounting to physical civil war. At home and abroad the United States would have been impotent. The military and the moral effect would have been ruinous. We should have been helpless."

### The Perversion of Socialism as John Spargo Sees It.

**S**Ocialism in this country has been perverted from its true internationalist position into "an adoption of Anarchist a-nationalism," according to John Spargo. He comes to this conclusion in an article in the *Atlantic*, and he bases his argument on the anti-war resolution adopted by the Socialist Party at its recent Emergency Convention held in St. Louis. This resolution, as Mr. Spargo interprets it, places the Socialists who accept it in direct opposition to all uprisings and wars for national independence. "According to this declaration of principle," Mr. Spargo says, "no people can be justified in arming itself to repel invasion by barbarian hordes. Such a doctrine is subversive of civilization and morality, and no movement based upon it can ever gain the support of the best elements of mankind." Continuing the argument, in an article in the *Metropolitan* entitled "The German Domination of American Socialism," Mr. Spargo says:

"When the war is ended and our political life returns to its normal state, the Socialist Party will be confronted by the sorry consequences of its foolish pro-German policy. With its shameful record of faithlessness to the ideals of democratic internationalism, and of allegiance to the great autocracies of the world in their assault upon democracy, the party will wither under the blight of the execration



DON'T WAIT TOO LONG, UNCLE!

—Darling in Washington Herald



showered upon it by a free people. The Socialist Party can never hope to outlive the shame and infamy its leaders have brought upon it.

"As a Socialist and an internationalist loyal to the great and splendid ideals of historic Socialism, I hope to see a new party arise which will redeem the Socialist cause in America. I believe such a party is inevitable."

#### Is A Policy of Wholesale Suppression Wise?

THERE are indications, however, that Mr. Spargo and others like-minded are out of sympathy with some of the methods employed by the Government in its campaign against disloyalty. Mr. Spargo has published an open letter protesting against the suppression of the convention of the People's Council. He also questions the wisdom of the Federal agents' handling of the I. W. W. propaganda. He is not ready, he says, to indorse a policy of wholesale suppression, and he states that if the Government feels it its duty to enter upon such a policy, he may feel it his duty to devote his time to the protection of American liberties at home, rather than to the effort to win liberties abroad. The *New York Evening Post* comments:

"The belief that the Administration's policy against the I. W. W. and in a lesser degree against the Socialist party can be based on a general assumption of conspiracy and treason in time of war is an impossible one and a dangerous one. The fact cannot be explained away that the I. W. W. does embody one phase of the labor movement in this country, and only blindness will persist in regarding every manifestation of labor trouble under I. W. W. auspices as a pro-German conspiracy calling for the strong hand. That such labor troubles will arise in the course of the war must be taken for granted. Great Britain has been compelled to face throughout more than three years of war the inevitable problems arising from the enormous dislocations and readjustments arising from the shifting of the economic life of a nation from a peace basis to a war basis. France and Germany have had to face the same problems of labor restlessness under war-time prices and war-time strain. A demand for labor's share of the increased profits that will come to so many branches of industry is unescapable. The American Alliance for Labor and Democracy organized last week under the leadership of Samuel Gompers will not be accused of disloyalty. Yet

the same declaration which denounced 'the enemies of the republic, falsely assuming to speak in the name of labor,' also demanded the rigid safeguarding of the rights of labor in the war."

#### The Post Office is Watching a Hundred Radical Papers.

THE Government at Washington is evidently committed, for the present at least, to a policy of rigid repression. More than a hundred newspapers and weekly and monthly magazines are now under investigation by the Post Office authorities. Tom Watson's *Jeffersonian* has been put out of business. The *Masses* has been forbidden the use of the mails. A reporter of the *New York Times* was recently permitted to inspect, in the office of Walter L. Lamar, Solicitor of the Post Office Department, great piles of papers and other printed matter published by the People's Council, the radical branches of the Socialist Party, the I. W. W., Anarchistic groups and German-language papers. New York and Chicago are the cities in which more than 50 per cent. of them are printed. Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, is admired by the radical press, and whole pages are given over to the reproduction of his speeches in Congress and elsewhere. One of the circulars barred some weeks ago by the Post Office Department was the so-called "Anti-War Proclamation and War Program" of the Socialist Party. This advocates "continuous, active and public opposition to the war, through demonstrations, mass petitions and all other means in our power." An Anarchist paper, *The Social War*, published in Chicago, declares editorially:

"The strike, sabotage and other acts and demonstrations are expressions of the rebel's consciousness. He must refuse to pay his tax to existing parasites; to obey any of the reactionary laws of the State; he must refuse to recognize that national flag which symbolizes his down-trodden condition. He must throw off the sham of patriotism and pointblank decline to serve the nation. He must refuse to be the marksman and make targets of his father, mother, brother, or sister."

These papers and manifestoes indicate the kind of propaganda that is worrying the United States Government at the present time.

The only royalty the world will stand for is the Prince of Peace.—N. Y. *Morning Telegraph*.

The man who says "talk is cheap" doesn't have Congress in mind.—Jacksonville *Times-Union*.

## SWEDEN VIOLATES NEUTRALITY, ACTING AS A TOOL OF GERMANY

REGARDLESS of the culpability or connivance of the Swedish Government in transmitting through its Argentine legation cable messages from Count Luxburg, German Chargé at Buenos Aires, to the Berlin Foreign Office urging that Argentine cargo-ships "be spared if possible, or else sunk without a trace being left," the German-American press has seized the opportunity not only to express loyalty to our Government, but to pour humorous scorn upon German diplomatic methods. The Argentine Foreign Minister, they have said, may be, as Count Luxburg declared in what he thought to be a safely coded cablegram, "a notorious ass," but he cannot be such a monumental donkey as the German Chargé proved himself. The *New Yorker*

*Herold* leads the attack in connection with a letter of von Eckhardt, the German Minister to Mexico (supplementing the Luxburg correspondence), asking for the bestowal upon a useful Swedish diplomatic spy of a ribbon to stick in his coat. This "magnifying of a trifle" suggests to the *Herold* that "diplomats who make the world laugh are a confessed failure." The affair, however, has its more serious side. The prompt action of the Argentine Government in declaring Count Luxburg *persona non grata* and of the Buenos Aires populace in spreading fire and terror through the German colony, were the stern replies of an exasperated people whose ships had been wantonly sunk, says the *New York World*, and whose hospitality had been abused

"by a Swedish minister acting in behalf of Berlin. . . . In the miseries of the German inhabitants of the Argentine capital and in their flaming homes and business houses, the powers of ruthlessness at Potsdam may read, if they will, the judgment which they have invited upon Germans everywhere," adds the *World*. The fact is, pursues the New York *Tribune*, that Germany (aside from immediate penalties) has lost one more open market after the war and created one more center of hatred and suspicion for herself now and hereafter. In short, "her present and her past have already been sacrificed in the war. She is using up her future now."

#### Sharp Warnings Are Sounded to Sweden.

MEANWHILE, the disclosure of the von Eckhardt correspondence by the State Department at Washington, following the publication by Secretary Lansing of the Luxburg despatches, does not leave much foothold for faith in the present Swedish Government, in the opinion of the New York *Globe* which voices the newspaper press generally in declaring that "behind the backs and against the will of the Swedish people, who have a high sense of honor, a lying crew of feudalists, sympathizing with the Kaiser's cause, have acted ac-

cording to the worst traditions of secret diplomacy. It is time for the Swedish people to make a radical change in their government. . . . The episode thus brings out again the underlying issue of the war." If the Swedish foreign office had guilty knowledge of the leaks, and if such knowledge is proved, the most drastic measures are anticipated by the Detroit *Free Press*, which goes further in saying that "if Sweden escapes open war she may consider herself fortunate." And the Washington *Herald* reminds us that "she was scrupulously given all the rights and privileges of a neutral, and she has rewarded this courteous respect of her neutrality by conduct which is nothing less than shameless treachery and utter faithlessness to international morality." The disclosure concerns the United States even more than it does the Argentine, in the opinion of the Baltimore *American*, because the United States especially is concerned with the question of whether Sweden is making an honest effort to maintain neutrality or is secretly conspiring and cooperating with Germany. The Swedish Government, concludes the New York *Sun*, must make it clear that not again shall its diplomatic privileges be employed to cover sinister operations of German diplomacy, else Swedish neutrality is indeed "spurlos versenkt."

The Kaiser told Ambassador Gerard that he would remember the United States after the close of the war, and there is every reason to believe he will keep his word.—N. Y. *Morning Telegraph*.

Russia is sound at the core reassures Mr. Root. But if the Russians don't check the Teuts there "won't be no core."—Chicago *Tribune*.

## REVOLT OF THE FRENCH SOCIALISTS IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES

SOMETHING like an altercation took place before the constitution of the new French ministry between the eminent Albert Thomas and Paul Painlevé. The crisis has involved to some extent the constitutional position of President Poincaré himself, as the Paris *Humanité* predicted it would, and it has its parallel in America, where Socialists are breaking away from their party, and where President Wilson is accused of exercising extra-constitutional powers. The crisis, moreover, provokes the German dailies to renew their familiar line of attack upon the President of the French republic as the evil genius of Europe. That is notoriously the opinion of Georges Clemenceau, who is not always permitted to express it in his *Homme enchaîné*. President Poincaré is accused of suppressing the new organ of the intellectuals, the Paris *Nation*, and of assuming in other ways an autocracy of attitude unrecognized by the constitution. He persistently refuses to keep within the limits prescribed for a "dummy executive," for whom the responsible ministry, resting upon a majority in the chamber of deputies, is the supreme power. These, it is true, are impressions retailed in organs of Socialism, organs which never liked Poincaré and which copy now and then with relish German denunciations of the chief magistrate of the republic. There is gossip in the Swiss press to the effect that Poincaré really drew Russia into the war—gossip reflecting the opinion of the ex-Czarina and the court party of old Petrograd days. This talk gets into Socialist French dailies now and then by an oversight of the censor. The ins and outs of the matter are somewhat obscure.

#### Agonies of Socialists in Paris.

THERE has been much suppression of pacifism in France, and Poincaré took the burden of responsibility upon himself, as the Petrograd gossip, copied into Italian organs out of German organs or transmitted through Switzerland, makes it appear. The leading Socialists in the chamber, forming a sacred union or coalition government, find that their personal influence with their constituents is strained to the utmost, and all for the sake of making M. Poincaré an autocrat. The Milan *Avanti* strove to lay these facts before its readers, but the censor always leaves huge blanks in the story when it begins to get spicy. The burden of it is that Poincaré is in an exceedingly advantageous position for a French President who wants to become an autocrat. In the first place, he understands the workings of French institutions as no other living statesman ever did. His experience at the bar, of which he was long the leader, his service as a deputy, in ministries, then as premier, left him an expert among men much his inferiors in knowledge and ability. The war threw the whole parliamentary system of his country into confusion. It enabled Poincaré to pick as Premiers men devoted to himself, men he had trained or brought forward. There was a natural tendency to defer to his gifts and prestige. Before the war had proceeded to the Marne Poincaré had attained enormous prestige. His will became if not law at any rate decisive. These things have been hinted in one form or another in Europe for a long time, but the fall of the Ribot ministry has fixed attention upon the constitutional struggle with special reference to the issue of peace.

### The Pro-German Intrigue in Paris.

FRIENDS of Poincaré deny that the President steps outside of his constitutional position, just as they have denied it before. He is now the victim of the schemes of Joseph Caillaux. That champion of influences said to be German rather than French very nearly succeeded in making himself Premier, if we are to believe tales out of Germany which find an echo in the London press. He was foiled by President Poincaré. Indeed, it is said that Poincaré would have resigned the



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### THE GREAT SCIENTIST WHO HEADS THE FRENCH MINISTRY

Paul Painlevé, just in power through a readjustment of forces in the chamber, represents a movement away from the Socialists and, in consequence, a perilous political experiment, as many think.

chief magistracy rather than invite Caillaux to form a government. This ultimatum was sufficient to defeat the plot, for all France gives Poincaré credit for having brought England into the war. Some step taken by him, never yet revealed, decided the British cabinet to step in. There was hesitation in London for forty-eight hours. This tale is accepted as true in both Berlin and Petrograd, explains the organ of Italian Socialism. In any event, a presidential crisis in France at this time would have a very bad effect upon influential elements in London. The French Socialists dare not, for this reason, precipitate a domestic upheaval that might have bad effects in Petrograd, if not as far away as Washington. Their forbearance has been abused, or at least the Socialist organs think so. Deputies are flooded with complaints about the long hours of women workers in munition plants, the disrespect shown the Pope's peace proposals, the refusal to give passports to delegates to the Stockholm conferences and the reckless sacrifice of life in the trenches when there is every reason to wait for the reinforcements that are soon to arrive from America. Painlevé made an impressive speech in the deputies condemning the recklessness of commanders at the front and denouncing the makers of vague formulas which stretch the war out to the crack of doom because they mean nothing.

### The Socialist Attitude to the War in France.

SOMEWHAT hasty inferences that the Socialists of France are weary of the war, anxious for an instant peace, have been corrected by Albert Thomas, who acquired such fame as minister of munitions. French Socialists, he has told his constituents, want any international committee of the Socialists to disavow the majority of the party in the Reichstag. Even if the French Socialists had sent delegates to Stockholm, those delegates would have returned if the majority Socialists of the Reichstag had not been disavowed by the "international." It is erroneous to conclude that the Socialists of France favor immediate peace as such, Thomas adds. "Some people maintain that the Germans will not break through and that we shall not break through either." This is an erroneous idea if it implies that France must not maintain her effort. In a word, as the various sections of the French Socialist press explain the attitude of their party, peace is not a specifically Socialist demand of the party deputies in the chamber at Paris. They seem inclined to take a view of the war which finds best expression, perhaps, in the *Paris Journal*:

"Thus appears as legitimate the abandonment of the conception of the 'piercing,' that is to say a breach wherein would be engulfed the cavalry and the infantry for the sake of exploiting the success.

"For, to obtain immediately and fully the whole useful effect of a piercing of the front, it would logically be necessary to be able to reestablish behind the troops operating this 'break through' the lines of railway and the commissary essential to maintain the offensive power of their artillery."

The *Journal* adds: "Let us no longer then dream of impossible glorious dashes. Success can not come except by hammering indefatigably at the German armor, making it bend, yield, go back under the incessant pressure of the guns."



## AWAITING THE NEXT DIPLOMATIC MOVE OF THE VATICAN

EUROPEAN chancelleries were not prepared for Cardinal Gasparri's announcement last month to the effect that the Pope will be heard from soon again on the subject of peace. The cardinal secretary of state is quoted in Italian dailies as reiterating his well-known belief that peace will be an accomplished fact by spring at the latest. These developments, and others like them, are understood in Paris papers like the *Temps* to occasion displeasure in the British foreign office. The Count de Salis, London's envoy at the court of Benedict XV., will have to do better, observes the sarcastic Paris *Victoire*, if he is not to undergo summary recall like his predecessor. The Germans are doing much better than the Allies at the Vatican, adds a writer in the Paris *Figaro*, who hints that relations between the Quirinal and the Vatican are likewise strained. There has been a revival of hints in a certain anticlerical press that Benedict XV. is, after all, a second-rate mind, that he has no grasp of the world situation, that he is no statesman, and other disparaging remarks. There has been revived also a tale of a German plan to have instructions sent from Rome to Italian parish priests to preach against the war. This conspiracy or whatever it ought to be called was foiled by the British envoy once. Some Entente organs suspect that it may have to be foiled again.

### Italian Diplomacy and the Papal Court.

WHEN it became apparent that the Pope would renew his efforts for peace, despite announcements to the contrary, entente organs referred to the controversy going on in Vatican councils between the friends of the Central Powers there and the champions of the western world. The Jesuits were accused of "backing" the Central Powers because their influential periodical, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, long published in Rome, discussed in July the whole subject of peace and disarmament. The article gave great offense to influential exponents of Catholic opinion in England. This is not the first time English opinion has been stirred by utterances on the subject of peace in important Italian organs of Vatican policy. The impression gained by the Pope from his advisers is suspected in London to be that the world could have peace if England would not stand in the way. The Count de Salis, with all his skill, is said to be unable to banish this idea from the mind of the sovereign pontiff. Incidentally it may be observed that the Vatican is not disposed to confirm the accuracy of recent statements put into the Pope's mouth by a visitor who found him somewhat critical of Anglo-Saxons. Attempts have been made of late to suggest that Benedict XV. distrusts the Anglo-Saxon tendency to militarism and vainglory, a propensity in its rulers to have it supposed that they are in a special sense the custodians of the world's safety. This, avers a well-informed writer in the Paris *Gaulois*, is erroneous. The Pope, in the course of an audience granted to a distinguished British ecclesiastic after he got President Wilson's last note through London, took pains to profess his admiration and respect for Anglo-Saxons. Even so, according to London papers in touch with Roman Catholic opinion, the Pope has in his entourage churchmen who

misrepresent the aims of the Allies to him and who strive constantly to make it appear that Germany's cause is just. The *Civiltà Cattolica* is accused of being a mouthpiece of this element. The Roman Catholic *Tablet* (London) has this protest:

"Nothing could be more damaging to our common just cause, nothing more liable to create misunderstanding about the Holy See, and no better handle could be given to its enemies, than these continued misrepresentations in important Catholic publications in Rome. Frankly, it is not going too far to say that this latest *Civiltà* article reads, in many points, like a presentation of the German case; it seems to be playing the game on which everyone knows Germany is relying to deceive her own people and neutrals, and obtain—not the Pope's 'just and lasting peace'—but Germany's unjust peace, which will only last until Germany is ready to renew her attempt at world predominance by methods which have horrified the world and been denounced by the Holy Father, but do not prevent her war being now 'just' in the eyes of the *Civiltà Cattolica*."

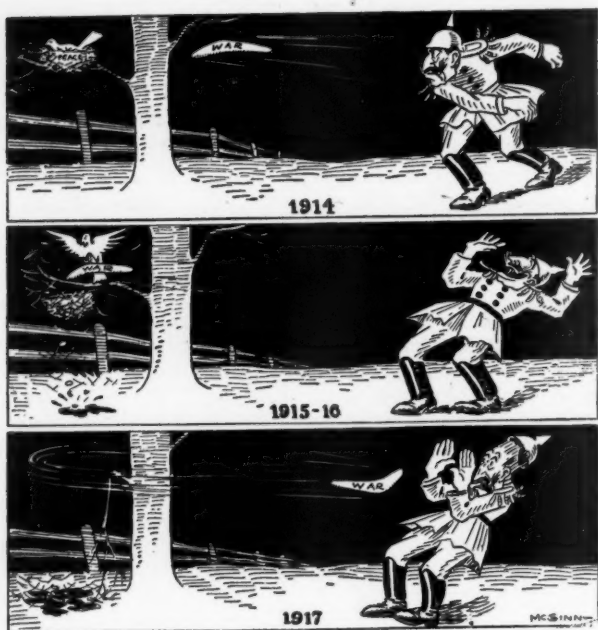
### Differences in the Roman Catholic World Over the Pope's Peace.

IDENTIFICATION of the Catholic cause in Germany with Pro-Germanism by Herr Erzberger in the Reichstag is held responsible by some organs of the church in western Europe for the coolness of the Anglo-Saxon world to the pontifical peace proposal. The Roman Catholic *Tablet* (London) has a word to say upon one aspect of all this:

"From the Catholic point of view it is often regretted that, for example, the *Kölnische Volkszeitung* should be so frequently quoted in the English non-religious Press as a 'Catholic' organ, rather than as the organ of the Center Party, which, as we showed in an article last year, has for some time been engaged in shedding the character of Catholic. The extravagant Pan-Germanism of that paper, it is felt, does little credit to German Catholicism, and is therefore calculated to lower the dignity of Catholicism as a whole in the eyes of those who do not realize that the views of the Center Party and the Catholic faith are not by any means to be identified. On more than one occasion English Catholics have had to point out to their non-Catholic friends that the insults to Cardinal Mercier, the extremely Jingoistic appeals for a 'Hindenburg' annexationist peace, the peculiarly revolting gloating over the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the callous references to the sufferings of Belgian Catholic priests—that things like these were not an outcome of the Catholic religion, nor, it was hoped, representative of German Catholicism in its reflective moments, but were the result of extreme patriotic excitement, which would disappear from the reasonable German mind when the facts of the war were brought home to it. Had this long-looked-for moment of enlightenment come? This was the question which dominated the mind of most English Catholics during the crisis in the Reichstag."

### English Catholics and the German Center Party.

IT was Herr Erzberger, Germany's Catholic leader, or one of them, at any rate, notes the organ of the Roman Catholic Church in England, who made himself notorious by the wish he expressed to see an English town destroyed for every German ship seized by the



THE BOOMERANG

—McGinn in Dallas News

Allies. It was Herr Erzberger, adds the indignant *Tablet*, who stood behind the anti-Ally propaganda managed from Switzerland. This paper, said to receive its inspiration from the most exalted Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in England, remarks further:

"But by many it was believed, and perhaps the wish was for the most part father to the thought, that Herr Erzberger and those of his party who sided with him had at last been brought to see that the veiled demand for conquest and annexation by the German Government was not only morally unjustifiable, but also a supreme barrier to that peace for which all Austria, and Germany scarcely less, were yearning. After the appointment of Dr. Michaelis, the shelving of Parliamentary government, the rehabilitation of the Pan-Germans, the reiterated demands for 'guarantees,' which can only mean annexations or indemnities—after all these things, and above all, after the Center Party's apparent acquiescence in them, the English Catholics are beginning to express their disappointment. They looked for a definite repudiation by German Catholics of the doctrine of aggression which for so many months has been preached by some of their leading papers. More than this, they longed to see some recognition by German Catholics that the wrong done to Belgium would to some extent be atoned for; that German Catholics would have the courage—which some of their Protestant fellow citizens have not lacked—to declare that the Turkish massacres in Armenia were a crime for which there must be reparation, and that here, as in the case of Belgium, there could be no question of 'no annexation, no indemnities.'

"It is not enough, in short, from the English Catholic point of view, that the German Center should commit itself to the formula of the *status quo ante bellum*. It would be good to see German Catholics do even this—there is still a very great deal of arrogant Pan-Germanism in evidence among them.

"Still better would it be to see at least a realization of Christian duty towards Belgium and Armenia. Nothing less than this can possibly suffice. It is the indispensable preliminary to any peace discussion.

"Other questions may perhaps be discussed. As Englishmen the vast majority of English Catholics are in the fullest sympathy with their Government on all questions of war aims."

#### Motives of the Pope in Moving Again for Peace.

CONJECTURE is busy in Entente capitals on the subject of the plan the Pope may have in mind when next he approaches the Anglo-Saxon world with a suggestion. How is it to be received. That stalwart champion of war to the bitter end, the conservative *London Post*, takes this line:

"Need we say that the Pontiff who regards himself as the Vicar of Christ has a duty to do all in his power to bring peace on earth? These things go without saying. If the Pope in the charity of his soul longs for peace, the Allies long no less. They sigh for peace like Christian when he fought the Fiend in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. But, like Christian, they are determined upon one peace only, because there is none other—the peace not of compromise but of victory. The Pope sees 'universal madness' in this tremendous conflict: the Allies see madness no less in any peace which would leave Germany undefeated and unpunished. And the peace which is offered by the Pope is a German peace; its terms are familiar to the Allies; they have been propounded by German agents if not by German Chancellors, and they have been refused. If they were accepted it would mean a German domination of Europe and the eventual isolation and probable destruction of this country. Therefore the Pope will forgive this nation if it replies that it also has a duty to itself and to the world, and this duty is more dear to it, even than the blessing of peace."

#### Another Idea Altogether of the Pope's Peace Plan.

IF the Pope can really persuade the belligerent powers to state their conditions in concrete terms, to stop balking in vague terms, he will have conferred a very great if belated blessing upon the world, in the opinion of the liberal *London News*. It represents a view of the Vatican's persistent policy which is already provoking controversy of a familiar kind in the newspapers of the British capital. If the Pope, adds the liberal paper, can really persuade Germany to declare her willingness to restore the independence of Belgium, Serbia and Rumania, and to withdraw her troops from the invaded regions of Russia and France, then the door to peace will be open, whether the governments of the belligerents consent to enter it or not. *The Westminster Gazette* has some comment in an identical key, adding that the *London Post* is unintelligent, a circumstance inciting the uncompromising *London Post* to retort:

"The *Westminster Gazette* calls us 'unintelligent' for refusing to regard these Papal proposals as a possible 'basis of agreement.' We may be unintelligent; we certainly have not that mental agility which enables our contemporaries to skip from pro-Germanism to anti-Germanism and back to pro-Germanism again, as a canary hops from one bar of its cage to another. We are so unintelligent as not even to understand all the long words and lofty professions of Liberalism—its professed desire at one moment to 'crush Prussian Militarism,' and at the next to discuss terms of peace with an undefeated Prussian 'Militarist' Government. Nor are we intelligent enough to understand how a 'Free Democracy' which is fighting for a 'Scrap of Paper' can be willing to stultify itself by negotiating with an 'autocracy' whose breach of faith is the cause of the war. Our intelligence is quite unequal to the strain of understanding what Mr. Asquith's brave words about 'never sheathing the sword,' etc., mean if they do not mean that we must defeat Germany and not merely negotiate with Germany. Does the *Westminster Gazette* throw over Mr. Asquith's famous pledge? Or does

that famous pledge mean anything at all, like so many other of Mr. Asquith's pledges? We are so unintelligent—we admit it—that we cannot skip from Stockholm to Rome, from Socialism to Ultramontanism, from clericalism to anarchy, nor can we see the use of meeting German Socialists and Papal Nuncios and discussing terms obviously inspired by an undefeated German Government. We are so unintelligent as to remain of the belief with which we set out: that the only way to secure peace is to defeat Germany."

#### The Situation of the Vatican Diplomacy in Germany.

FIRMLY as certain influential Catholics in Rome assert their belief that the Pope will cease all peace efforts, a brief consideration of the position in Germany, says a writer in the *London Telegraph*, must make it evident that Benedict XV. will continue the work. The largest compact and homogeneous Roman Catholic community in the world is to be found in Germany. There are more Catholics in Germany than there are in Austria or in Spain, and, unlike their coreligionists in the Dual Monarchy, they are not to any considerable extent divided by differences of blood and speech. The German Center Party is purely denominational in character, and for that reason has always been the most formidable obstacle in the country to the spread of democratic ideas. It is only in the Catholic towns that the German Socialists have not long won a majority of the urban proletariat on to their side. In the same way Catholicism has been a powerful buttress to German particularism. A thoro process of democratization would probably sweep down the political barriers between the German States, and the Bavarian Catholics would then lose many of the autonomous powers they



THE KAISER'S FRANKENSTEIN—MILITARISM

—Ertz in *The Searchlight*



THE PEACE TERMS

—Murphy in *N. Y. American*

now possess in matters of education and religion. Any substantial change in the present political structure of Germany would, for that reason, be a loss to the Catholic Church as well as to the militarist Junker caste. The *London paper* from which we extract these details thus enlarges:

"It was always one of the certainties of the war that a victory of the Allies would be followed by some kind of revolution in Germany, and the recent Reichstag crisis made that assurance doubly sure. The Center only moves forward when it must, and this time it made a big spurt. It had evidently been satisfied by its enfant terrible, Mathias Erzberger, that the risks of further delay were too serious to be run. Erzberger is often described as 'the leader' of the Center. Nominally he is not that, but he is the party's most eager and active member, and a close life-long association with the Catholic trade-unions has placed him in a position to know much better than any of his colleagues what the broad masses of his coreligionists are thinking and feeling."

And it is evident, continues the same paper, that Erzberger reported to the mandarins of the Center in Berlin that any further development in the direction political sentiment was taking would constitute a grave danger to the power of the party and of the Church which it represents. This is to some extent confirmed by the confidence with which the German Socialists write in their press of their prospects for the next Reichstag elections. "The cry with which the Center was confronted," concludes the *Telegraph*, "was a double one: it demanded peace, and at the same time an increase of the influence of a disillusioned and discontented electorate over the destinies of the country. The Center replied with its ultimatum on the question of the Prussian franchise and its renunciatory resolution about the war."



## MYSTERIES OF THE DYNASTIC CRISIS IN BERLIN

**E**MPHATICALLY as certain observers of the progress of events in Germany repudiate the idea that a revolution in that country is among the possibilities, the events of the past six weeks have led some competent students to revise that view. In fact, the well-informed and cautious Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* suggests that the whole house of Hohenzollern has for some time been alarmed at the situation in which it finds itself. Even if peace be made within a brief interval, the dynasty would not necessarily be saved. Emperor William, the European dailies of the Entente now believe, is anxious to gain a peace that will save his face. Three powers in Germany now contend for supremacy—the military, the civil and the bureaucratic. These elements are all on bad terms with one another as a consequence of their quarrels as to who is responsible for the pass to which the nation has been reduced. The London *Westminster Gazette*, always skeptical where reports of German victory are concerned, is inclined to take these latest stories seriously. An embarrassing feature of the Berlin crisis, at least to the Junkers, is the decline in popular enthusiasm over military victories. The German masses are not clamoring for more territory but for something to eat, and this dilemma, says the London daily, is causing a great deal of alarm despite the tales of the arrival of fresh supplies from Russia and the Balkans.

### The Junker Effort to Discredit President Wilson.

**A**NOTHER important feature of the situation in Berlin, as the *Paris Temps* now concedes, is the vindication it has brought of President Wilson's theory of the German crisis. Mr. Wilson has from the first taken the view that there exists a genuine cleavage between the German masses and their rulers. This was at first held to be a mistaken notion, especially in London, where the conservative *Post* has been affirming that the German masses are behind their Junkers. The French foreign office was said also to be somewhat taken aback by the Wilson theory of the German crisis. These doubts are now, apparently, dispelled. For one thing, there is confirmation from Switzerland of the rumors of many suppressed revolts in different parts of Germany. These revolts never go the length of actual revolution only because they are never given time. They are nipped in the bud. The details are never permitted to leak out and it is possible that some of the more sensational accounts of them in Italian dailies are fantastic. Granting all this, it is certain to some reliable observers, whose views are expressed in Socialist organs abroad, that German bureaucracy is alarmed by the various signs of domestic unrest. No one can tell what a day will bring forth. There is apprehension and there is ground for apprehension. There is growing cleavage between the nation and its rulers. The vehement protests to the contrary by various inspired organs of the *Kreuz-Zeitung* type and political leaders of the Erzberger school do not convince as they did. The *Manchester Guardian* goes so far as to say that the Wilson conception of the German crisis has been supported and is now fully vindicated by events.

### German Impressions of Wilson Modified.

**A**NOTHER revolution in German opinion on the subject of Wilson has to do with his reputation among Berliners as a "bluffer." The entry into the war of the United States has ceased, says the *Paris Figaro*, to be a joke in Berlin. Assurances of royal and imperial personages that Herr Wilson could not make the weight of the United States felt at any stage of the struggle, even if he meant it, which he didn't, do not carry conviction. The Berlin *Vorwärts* has even been allowed to comment freely on this particular point. The court party clings to the "bluff" theory of Wilson, but in the financial and commercial spheres they cherish no illusions. Mr. Wilson is beginning to be taken very seriously as a belligerent, observes the *Paris Débats*, and this change of attitude has brought another. The fact that Mr. Wilson is not the "bluffer" so frequently exposed in the *Kreuz-Zeitung* leads to a suspicion that he may have been misrepresented on other points. For instance, the *Vossische Zeitung* and the *Frankfurter Zeitung* have begun to question—mildly, it is true—the theory that Mr. Wilson is under the thumb of England to the extent originally suspected.

### Is Mr. Wilson Really Affronting the Germans?

**N**OBODY in Europe takes very seriously the hubbalo in Berlin court circles over Mr. Wilson's "impertinence" in describing the imperial German government in round terms to the Pope. Important German organs of opinions could be quoted in support of the very statements made by President Wilson, among them the influential *Frankfurter Zeitung*. The late Chancellor is said to have told his successor that the curse of German diplomacy was its subjection to a militarist clique which saw in war only an instrument of its policy, which believed in war and proclaimed the fact openly. Even if Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg said nothing of the kind to Michaelis, observes the London *Westminster Gazette*, the views are notoriously his. His organ, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, said recently:

"Things will remain as they are, and we shall never get a clearly-thought-out and firm guidance in our external relations until we have honorable Parliamentary conditions, until the impediments are removed which prevent co-operation between the Government and the Reichstag. There will be no improvement so long as the Chancellor is appointed first and begins his search for a majority afterwards, so long as we are contented with the head of the Government patching together a new majority when his old one has broken down. A reliable foreign policy can only spring from reliable Parliamentary conditions. As is the Government so is its demeanor to the world, and as is the Parliament so is the Government."

Here is another view from the same organ of the late Chancellor:

"It is the great misfortune of the German people that all its foreign business is traditionally weighed down by the internal struggle. This poisonous internal atmosphere destroys our diplomacy at its birth. The leaders of great historical parties, men who always have patriotism and loyalty in their mouth, are not ashamed of blowing into flame the spark of war, which is always glimmering

somewhere, in order to cook their party broth, and a whole retinue of professors and journalists give their assistance."

#### Secret Sympathy with Mr. Wilson's Theories in Berlin.

IF certain influential personages in the Kaiser's capital were at liberty to speak their minds freely, they would say that Mr. Wilson is quite right in refusing to have anything to do with the German imperial government as now organized. Gossip to this effect reaches Italian newspapers from Switzerland constantly and it is echoed in London organs no longer disposed to argue that the Germans are backing the imperial government. Indeed, says the London *Westminster Gazette*, Bethmann-Hollweg was thrown out bodily by the court party because he had imbibed Wilsonian heresies on the subject of politics. That is confirmed by the defenses of him in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. The London organ of liberalism notes:

"The argument on which it rests is that, in contradistinction to his predecessor, Bülow, who had embroiled Germany with both Russia and Britain, Bethmann-Hollweg had honestly and rightly endeavored to establish good relations with Britain, and was only overborne by the persistent and unscrupulous opposition of the Pan-German clique which finally captured the Government and rendered his work of no avail. That the effort to keep the peace was honest on our side as well as on the late German Chancellor's, and that we as well as he were thwarted by the militarist faction in Germany, is implicit in this argument, which, therefore, totally eliminates the theory, adopted for war purposes by that faction, that Sir Edward Grey and the British Government were in a conspiracy to force war upon the unsuspecting Germans. These facts have now been further brought home to us by the revelation made in the *Times* of the Potsdam Council of July 5, 1914, at which the finishing touches were given to the great war-plan. Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg cannot be acquitted of complicity in this design. There is evidence that he was reluctant and that he endeavored to draw back at the last moment, but he did not resign or otherwise effectively protest. All through the war we see him in the same attitude, seeing the mischief of German frightfulness and illegality, but reluctantly consenting and hoping against hope that the end would justify the means. There are no doubt hundreds of thousands of other men like him in Germany, but so far they have had neither the force nor the character to assert themselves in any effective way against the dominant power of their war-makers and war-lords."

#### The Solemn Mockery of German Imperial "Peace."

SUCH is the background of the imperial German peace picture, observes the organ of London liberal opinion. We do not know, it says, and we cannot judge the values of the different streams of opinion in Germany. "We see evident signs—of which the passing of the peace resolutions in the Reichstag is the chief—that there is a great body of opinion which is sick and tired of the military domination and the tests which it applies to European affairs; but we also see in power the same body of men who have controlled German policy for the last ten years and were responsible for the springing of war upon Europe in July, 1914." Here is the present chief obstacle to peace, as we may infer

from Mr. Balfour's recent speech in the House of Commons. These men in Berlin and Vienna are apparently struggling to say that they would be willing to give what may be roughly described as a *status quo* peace. But the *status quo* peace which left them free to continue their operations could not be satisfactory to us or, as Mr. Balfour suggests, to the people in Germany who are honest in desiring the reconciliation spoken of in the Reichstag resolutions. Mr. Balfour repeats that we cannot impose our forms of government on Germany. Nations, as he says, "work out their own schemes of liberty for themselves, according to their own ideals and on the basis of their own history and character," and it would be folly to suppose that any nation could do this work for any other. But we can frankly explain to the German people, says the influential liberal London organ, that there is one kind of peace to be made with a people whom we trust, possessing a form of government which they control, and quite another to be made with a people whom we cannot trust, and whose government may behind their backs and ours plunge Europe into another catastrophe like that which it provoked in July, 1914.

#### German Discontent Finding More Adequate Expression.

STUDENTS of newspaper opinion in Germany have detected a greater freedom of comments in organs of discontent lately than was possible some months ago. This is ascribed in the London *News* to a consciousness of weakness on the part of the bureaucrats and militarists. They no longer suppress Socialist papers with their former readiness. Quite typical of the new mood is an utterance in the class of sheets to which the *Karlruhe Volksfreund* belongs. This paper demands a parliamentary form of government that will be something besides a mockery of the term. The Chancellor of the Empire, it says, should not be a mere instrument of the will of the crown. He should owe his position as well as his policy to the elected representatives of the people, as is the case in all governments calling themselves modern. Sentiments of the sort find utterance in the Munich *Neueste Nachrichten*, altho in a somewhat more temperate and restrained style. The *Vossische Zeitung*, representing the solidly established commercial interests, remarks that it is all very well to abuse President Wilson, "but even President Wilson seems to know something of the political ills from which Germany has so long suffered." At the same time, as the London *Mail* points out, it is not necessary to attach too much importance to extreme utterances of revolutionary Socialists in Germany who are taking advantage of present opportunities to air their familiar republican views. For example, there is Herr Haase who said not long ago in the Reichstag:

"The feeling of the people as the result of the leaden weight of hunger is such as to startle even the most frivolous. You have read of riots and strikes in Silesia; do you think the masses can possibly endure it much longer? It is impossible, and when the crash comes you must not be surprised. Workers know better every day how they must act if they are to achieve what they have at heart. They will rise against these conditions."

The Austrians are to be congratulated on one point—they are not pulling any of that "retreat to victory" stuff.—*Southern Lumberman*.

The German terms are now slightly altered. They may agree to a peace without annexation, but they insist on a peace without punishment.—*Baltimore American*.



## PROGRESS OF THE LATEST UPHEAVAL IN PETROGRAD

THE supreme sensation of the upheaval in Petrograd last month, as interpreted in Socialist French organs, was the defection of Alexander Ivanovitch Goutchkoff—his desertion of Kerensky in favor of Korniloff. For weeks past the Socialist press of Europe has been busy with the name of Goutchkoff. He stands to the Paris *Humanité* for the "bourgeoisie" which seeks to control the revolution in a spirit of hostility to Socialism. This is the key to everything, we are told. The Milan *Avanti*, despite the censorship in Italy, has been allowed to warn its readers that a civil war between bourgeois and Socialist impends in Russia and that the Entente, especially the British part of it, wants the bourgeoisie to win. The accusation is denied with some heat in the London *Post*, never disposed to look with sympathy upon the elements that back Kerensky. What the Entente wants, says the British organ of conservatism, is a victory over Germany. Revolutionary Russia imperils that prospect. This brings up the name of Goutchkoff. He longs for a victory over Germany. The fact that he went over to the foes of Kerensky proves that he has given up hope of the Socialist revolution. Goutchkoff is perhaps the ablest military administrator in his own country. He has sat in the Duma, been minister of war, an Octobrist leader and always a patriot. His course makes the prospect for the immediate future ominous and Socialist papers admit as much.

### Treason at Petrograd at Berlin Instigation.

THE connection of the Wilhelmstrasse with the counter-revolution in Petrograd is difficult to establish out of the medley of comment in European organs. Germany, says the Paris *Temps*, is working through the clique exposed in the course of the Soukomlinoff treason trial. That trial reached a climax just before Korniloff marched with his Cossacks against Kerensky. The story requires the introduction of the beautiful young Madame Soukomlinoff, second wife of the aged soldier who was War Minister under Nicholas II. when the famous "separate peace" began to be heard of. The lady is described as an irresistible Jewess of mysterious antecedents with powerful friends and admirers in the Prussian Junker circle. She taught school in a Russian village until a minor bureaucrat married her, after which she fascinated Soukomlinoff, then in his glory at the Czar's court. He was about seventy and she is said to look about twenty. Not long after this lady became Madame Soukomlinoff, the general staff in Berlin became amazingly well informed on the subject of Russian unpreparedness for military enterprise. It has been affirmed in well-informed organs of British opinion that but for this intimate and detailed information, the militarist clique in Berlin would never have dared to invade Belgium at all, to back up Austria in the Serbian adventure, to defy the United States.

### Madame Soukomlinoff and the German Spies.

THE saturation of revolutionary Russia with the atmosphere of bureaucratic Prussia was begun when Madame Soukomlinoff set up her salon, we read

in the *Avanti*. The process worked itself out logically in the counter-revolution of the other day. General Soukomlinoff, a great man in his day, could not resist the pleadings of his young wife. She clamored for money. The old soldier got some from army contractors. He is said to have got more from Prussian bureaucrats, but this charge seems to have been disproved at the trial. The one man with sufficient courage to speak his mind openly on the subject of Madame—at least in powerful circles—was the Goutchkoff whom Kerensky arrested last month. Madame, it was observed, was afforded peculiar facilities for visiting Berlin. The war had not gone very far before mysterious documents began to disappear from the archives of the foreign office in Petrograd. These disappearances continued at a time when information of Russian military operations was vital to the efficiency of the general staff in Berlin. Spies of the Central Powers were frequenting the salon of Madame when Hindenburg was planning his campaign in the Masurian lakes. There was not a spy of this sort who did not avow advanced revolutionary or socialist opinions in Russian circles benevolently disposed towards that sort of thing. The shameless double-dealing that ensued seems to justify the comment that, at one stage of hostilities, the chief contributor to the defeat of the Russian arms was not Hindenburg, but Soukomlinoff.

### The Activities of the Suspicious Goutchkoff.

DURING the rise of Madame Soukomlinoff to importance in Russian society, Goutchkoff had been attacking her husband in and out of the Duma as an obstacle to his country's military efficiency. The story



THE RUSSIAN BALLET

—Thomas in Detroit News



is told in quite a variety of ways in different European dailies, but the one clear thing is that even prior to the war, Berlin was much better informed regarding the affairs of Soukominoff's department than he ever was himself. It is, as the *Paris Débats* remarks, the familiar tale of the German spy system. The fact explains the hesitation of many influential leaders of British and French opinion to commit themselves unreservedly to the support of the Kerensky régime at Petrograd. It explains the fiasco of the Stockholm conference, which, at one stage, threatened to become a German imperial gathering. The German spy peril led, finally, to the defection of Goutchkoff, to his espousal of the Korniloff crusade. His arrest does not affect the significance of his step. The more conservative Paris press has for some time insisted that the whole course of events at Petrograd for weeks to come must depend upon the action of the very elements among which Goutchkoff is a recognized leader.

#### What Berlin Did to Foment Petrograd's Upheaval.

THERE can be no doubt, in the opinion of the well-informed military expert of the London *Westminster Gazette*, that the attempted counter-revolution at Petrograd and the German attack east of Zloczov were parts of one and the same scheme. From the outset, this observer explains, the revolution in Russia had to face two dangers. The first arose out of the relations of the Czardom with the Entente. Altho Nicholas II. was put off his throne, and that owing to influences bringing disaster to Russian arms—exemplified in the Soukominoff episode—many in Petrograd believe that an understanding with the German people would be better than a continuance of the struggle in combination with the powers of the West. Lacking political experience, the revolutionaries thought despotism in Berlin could be dealt with through the medium of resolutions and propaganda. Out of this confusion, based partly upon an imaginary "German democracy" yet to be called into reality, grew the attitude of the soldiers' and workers' council. That body hesitated between ideals of pacifism and the prosecution of the war. Controlled by a turbulent assembly of which the decisions varied from day to day, the activities of Kerensky were impeded. The Russian armies were idle for week after week. Germany's military embarrassments alone prevented her from getting the full benefit of these dilemmas.

"There is not the slightest doubt that the institution in the Russian Army of regimental committees, having an authority to review orders, was considered in Berlin a crack-brained device which would render the Russian Army henceforth totally useless. Through extremists who held to the idea of an understanding with the phantom German democracy, the device was 'worked' as far as possible to prevent a resumption of hostilities. The threads of that conspiracy have lately been laid bare. . . .

"In face of that situation on the West the revival of energy on the part of the Russian Executive, marked by resumption of the Russian offensive, and the dangerous attack to the south of the Dniester, made it imperative to pull down the Russian Government by violence. Upset

by the rising in Petrograd, the Provisional Government was to be at the same time discredited by the breakdown of military discipline on the new footing. Such a breakdown, besides, it may have been thought, would prevent the Provisional Government from drafting troops into Petrograd to quell the rising."

#### What Do We Really Know of Events in Russia?

IN considering the events of the month in Petrograd it must be borne in mind that they are interpreted in European dailies from two opposing points of view. A newspaper like the London *Post* is fond of affirming that the revolutionaries at the bidding of the soldiers and workers are fantastic and vain Utopians who do not realize that the armed forces of the imperial German government must be destroyed before it is worth while to talk about democracy, Socialism and the rest of it. In a paper like the Manchester *Guardian* or the Paris *Humanité* there is a tendency to insist that the reactionaries in coalition European ministries are striving to throw ridicule upon Kerensky and upon all that he stands for. The Socialist press of Europe is especially infuriated at the effort to transform a war for the salvation of democracy into a crusade against the Marxian ideal. The situation is not rendered clearer by the admitted fact that news from Petrograd by cable is sometimes colored by the forces that control the censorship or the alleged censorship. Mr. Kerensky has enjoyed the advantage of being able to present his story in undiluted form. We have been getting his side of the case. He is accused of opposing secret diplomacy in words while he practices it in deeds, an insinuation repudiated by his supporters in the European press. The episodes of the month have led to a discussion of governmental secrecy in present diplomatic practice to which the Manchester *Guardian* contributes this impression:

"The conduct of foreign affairs is governed by certain ideas as to the right character of the State and of that large and international society of States which we may call humanity. These ideas, and not a particular technical skill and method, are the essential thing; to this there is no analogy in business. So long as the conduct of foreign affairs is wrapped in a veil of secrecy which is lifted only to the extent suffered by the professional diplomatists and the Executive there can be no guarantee that our foreign policy is governed by those ideas as to the character of the State and the society of mankind which the nation in its totality approves. Human nature being what it is, there is a high probability that this little controlling group will develop a group consciousness and spirit very much at variance with the spirit of the nation, and when that group is recruited by an artificial process which narrows strictly the area of selection that probability becomes a certainty. This is no mere theory; its living truth is witnessed to by the bitter experience of the world. Critics of our professional diplomatists complain of their technical inefficiency, but the chief count of the indictment is that their aims and their outlook upon the world are not those of the democracy. A Cabinet which practices reticence towards Parliament and the nation is no corrective for the secrecy of the Foreign Office; rather is it almost certain to catch the vices of the Foreign Office. That, too, we know by experience."

Many a German soldier in the trenches would have resigned long since if he had enjoyed the Imperial Chancellor's opportunity.—*Washington Star*.

"We oppose the submarine war," said Scheidemann, the Socialist leader in the Reichstag. It is a ruthlessly feeble opposition.—*Springfield Republican*.

# WHAT AMERICA IS FIGHTING FOR

By LORD NORTHCLIFFE

Head of the British War Mission

*This is the first of a series of important articles on timely subjects to be written expressly for CURRENT OPINION. Herebefore the magazine has been strictly eclectic, and the publication of this and of succeeding original articles marks a progressive change in the editorial policy of the magazine.—EDITORIAL NOTE.*

THERE are many delusions about the upheaval of the world which has been causing the solid ground to quake in Europe, Asia and Africa for three years past, and which has now begun to make this continent feel its disquieting tremors. The German people have been purposely deluded into the belief that they are defending themselves against foes who are set upon crushing them out of existence, a design which nobody but a lunatic would conceive or imagine possible of execution. Austria fancies that she went to war to defend herself against Russia, the truth being that she was used as a cat's-paw by the Hohenzollern gang. Bulgaria is still under the delusion that she will gain the reward promised her by Prussian Junkerdom for her treachery to her fellow-Slavs.

Even among the Allies there exist misconceptions as to the causes and aims of the struggle. A number of English people still fancy that Britain could have kept out of the conflict if Belgium had not been invaded. These people are still unable to understand that Prussia's object in forcing war upon France and Russia was in order to clear them out of the way and be able to

attack England and, in course of time, the United States, with a good prospect of success later on.

In Russia the pro-Prussian propagandists have infected many with the crazy notion that the new Republic has no interests of its own to defend against Germany, and only remains in the war for the benefit of France and Britain. I have even heard French people speak as if their country took up arms for the purpose of regaining Alsace and Lorraine, whereas we know that France would never have brought upon the world the frightful calamity of war for selfish aims.

Here in the United States I am told, and I have discovered proof for myself, that there are people deluded by German and pro-German propagandists into supposing that "this is a commercial war." It is not very easy to make out exactly what these people mean by that expression. So far as I can learn, they suppose that the cause of the war was commercial rivalry, and that the combatants are each seeking to obtain control of the world's markets. They even suggest that it was a motive of this kind which brought the United States in. The argument runs thus:

The big business interests in the United States were heavily committed by their dealings with the Allies, and they forced the Government of the United States to step in so that they might not lose their money.

## False Notes Disseminated By Enemies.

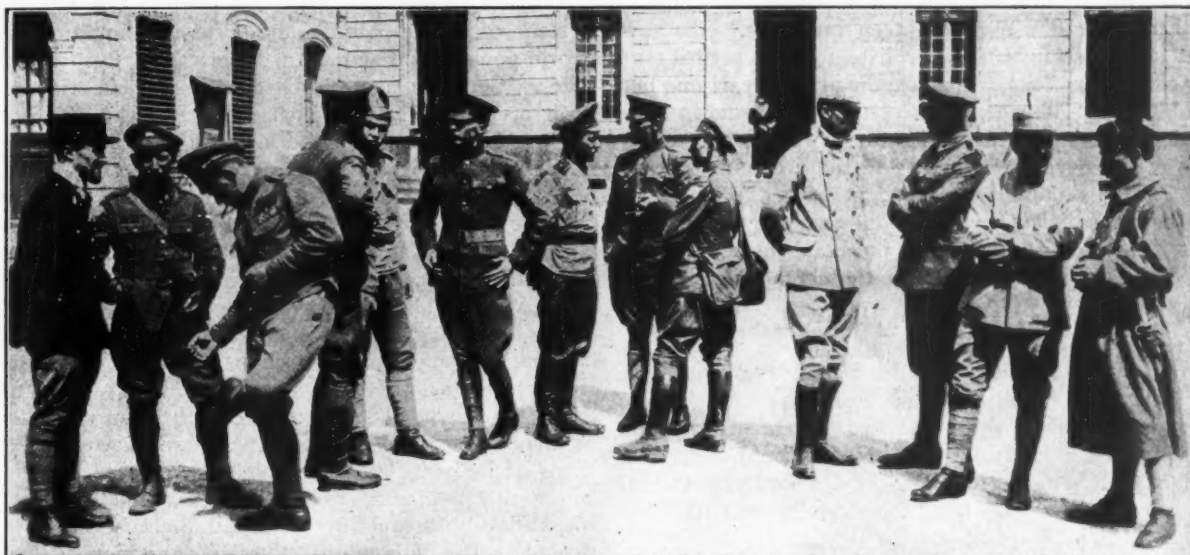
I AM afraid that some of my readers, having read thus far, may lose patience and throw CURRENT OPINION down, saying, "What is the use of taking any notice of such arguments as that?" I make an appeal to those who feel that way. I ask them to read on. I suggest to them that it is better to show up the falsity of notions disseminated by enemies than to let them have the field to themselves. It will be useful, I am sure, to examine this delusion and to knock away the props on which it stands.

Prussia's reason for making war, we know. It was not commercial. It was dynastic. No doubt there were commercial interests in Germany which were foolish enough to believe that they would be benefited. But the aim of the Hohenzollerns and of Prussian Junkerdom was to establish a world-domination. Commerce was to lend its aid, but commerce was to be a means towards the attainment of the war-party's object, and not an end in itself. So much is certain. Equally certain is it that commercial



HE DENIES WE ARE AT WAR MERELY TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY

Lord Northcliffe, proprietor of the London Times and head of the British War Mission to America, defines the great issues of the war and tells why we must send a big army to Europe.



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#### AMERICANS NOW CHUM WITH ALLIES IN PARIS

Soldiers of the Allies talking in the court-yard of the Pepinière barracks where the American soldiers in Paris are quartered. In the group are Russian, French, Canadian, English and American soldiers.

ambitions had nothing to do with Austria-Hungary's reasons for fighting, nor with those of Turkey and Bulgaria. They joined with Germany because Germany alternately threatened and cajoled their rulers. The men who bear the guilt of their sufferings and losses are the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, who was murdered (many believe with Prussia's connivance) after he had been made use of; secondly, Enver Pasha; thirdly, King Ferdinand, the Coburg fox, who was taken out of his dissolute obscurity to be the tool of the real rulers of Bulgaria, and who has ended by selling the country which was foolish enough to let him dishonor its throne. These three men have not, to my knowledge, ever been accused of desiring to improve the commercial positions of their countries through war. Indeed, their countries are commercially so unimportant that the very idea is absurd.

#### How Russia Was Goaded Into War.

**N**OW we come to the Allies. Russia is not a commercial country. Almost all the commerce she possessed was in German hands for many years before the war. She was goaded into mobilizing her armies by the attempt of Prussia and Austria to establish German influence in the Balkans; to insult and injure Russia by showing that she could not save her Slav brethren, the Serbs, from being crushed out of existence as a free nation. Next, it would be stupid to suggest that France made war for commercial aggrandizement. France stood by her ally Russia, as she had bound herself to do by "a scrap of paper." France is an honorable country. Her people keep their engagements. If France now asks for the return of Alsace and Lorraine, it is because she desires a guarantee against further Prussian aggression and because the populations are in favor of French instead of German rule.

This brings us to the British Empire. It is at her that fingers are pointed when there is talk of this being a "commercial war." With what justification? With none at all. It is quite true that some classes of German commerce had been catching up with British commerce. It is quite true that German competition, very

clever and active competition, had captured some markets and seized a share of others which once were entirely in British hands. But in other directions British trade was advancing by leaps and bounds. No one in England was ever insane enough to propose that Britain should try to meet German competition by fighting Germany.

#### Why Great Britain Was Unprepared.

**T**HE proposal was made that Britain should abandon her system of free trade under which Germans were able to do business as freely as Britons in any British dominion or dependency. But that proposal was not adopted. What would have been the good of Britain going to war with Germany in order to secure markets? As soon as she had secured them, they would have been open to German as freely as to British trade. The German Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Helfferich, has asserted that Great Britain's object was "the economic oppression of Germany." How could Britain oppress any nation economically so long as she allowed the traders of all nations to compete with her own traders upon equal terms?

Further, if Britain had planned a commercial war, is it likely that she would have been caught unprepared? How unprepared she was all the world knows. She had her navy, but it had been plain for many years (all the military writers insisted upon it) that the Germans would keep their fleet in port and would strive to win victories in as short a time as possible on land. Yet Britain refused to form a large army, in spite of the knowledge that on land her assistance would be essential to prevent France and Russia from being defeated, in spite of the plain truth that after France and Russia had been defeated, Prussia would attack Britain, and so dispose separately of all who stood in the way of a Hohenzollern domination of the world.

Britain had no motive for taking up arms beyond the saving of Belgium and the assertion of the right of all peoples to develop freely and securely as they desire, except the motive which led her to fight Philip of Spain and the Spanish Armada in the sixteenth century, and that which made her the leader of the nations in the struggle



against the attempt of Napoleon to become the master of Europe in the early eighteenth hundreds. She saw that she must fight for her life, for the security of her communications, which are the arteries carrying her life blood. "The war," Sir Robert Borden said in New York last winter, "has taught us two things. First, that the liberty, the security and the free existence of the British Empire are dependent upon the safety of the ocean pathways, whether in peace or war; next, that sea-power is the most powerful instrument by which world-domination can be effectually crushed."

**"A Pistol at the Heart of  
England."**

THE peoples of the British Empire did not want war. They had nothing to gain from war. They were threatened. They were attacked. Whether Prussia had invaded Belgium or not, Britain would have been obliged to fight in self-defence. It was not Brussels that the Germans wanted when "for strategic reasons" they marched their troops across the Belgian frontier which they had signed a solemn contract to respect. They wanted Antwerp, which Napoleon called, with clear-sighted understanding, "a pistol pointed at the heart of England." They wanted an outlet for their ocean-going submarines. They wanted Calais.

The delusion industriously sown in the United States by Germans and those who are in favor of Prussianism, including, I am sorry to say, many Irishmen, that Britain always fights for commercial advantages has long been a Prussian slander. Treitschke, the writer on whose teaching Kaiser William the Second was nurtured, taught that England's wars were always undertaken with a view to the conquest of markets. He did not explain why England should take so much trouble to conquer markets, seeing that she gave the whole world, including Germany, the benefit of access to them. He was so anxious to stir up the German race against England that he did not stop to choose sound arguments. He took the first that came to hand. He knew that Napoleon had called the English "a nation of shopkeepers." He repeated the taunt without troubling to think about it. The enemies of England are never tired of repeating it after him. This Treitschke, altho a writer of much learning and force, was lamentably ignorant of England for one who set up to be an authority about her and her people. He said, for example, that since duelling, which he strongly advocated, had been abolished among the English, "moral coarseness in the English army had been on the increase" and officers fought with their fists in public places. He deplored the "lack of chivalry" in England caused by the lack of such an army as Germany possessed, and contrasted with it the "simple loyalty" of the Germans. Watch a German walking into a room in front of his wife whom he has taught to follow meekly behind, notice how he sits in a street-car while women stand, and you will see very quickly what his chivalry amounts to! Treitschke believed that anyone could build railways in England without Acts of Parliament, and thought that "the idea of a British universal Empire" was very general among the English people, one of the most profoundly foolish verdicts a historian ever made.

Treitschke was a professor. He was very deaf. He had no experience of the real business of life. He merely theorized about it. He was not even a German.

He was a Czech. Yet upon his theories the Prussian system of world-politics, the Prussian ambition for world-power, is based. An American writer says of him: "Germans quote Treitschke as no historian has ever been quoted by English or by French. He is to the present generation of Germans an inspired scripture, a Bible." He it was who developed the notion that a State is something apart from the citizens who compose it and that it "lives according to its own laws." In other words, acts which would be criminal or brutal if performed by individuals may be performed by the State without blame. Now, if we keep in mind that a State is nothing more than a collection of individuals, we might apply the Treitschke argument with equal force to the acts of the trusts against which the American nation struggled so hard a few years ago and which it finally overcame. These trusts were likewise collections of individuals. They might have pleaded, sometimes the plea was put forward in their favor, that their illegalities could not be illegal "because they were trusts." The plain truth is that any act which is blameworthy in an individual is no less blameworthy when it is committed by a collection of individuals, whether they call themselves a State or a trust or a burglars' club.

**Reasons Why the United States  
Entered the War.**

THIS is what we have got to make Prussia admit and practice. Until she does so, she is as much outside the comity of nations as a man who robs and murders is outside the pale of human society. When she broke out into open violence in 1914, measures had to be taken to restrain her just as they are taken to keep in order the gun-men and the armed hooligans who infest our cities. These measures had to be forcible measures. None else would have been understood by her. A famous and very wise French philosopher, Joubert, said: "The Governors of the world are Force and Right . . . Force until Right is ready." It was because Prussia, in the course of her savage and criminal rage, injured the United States, and added insult to injury by telling American citizens that, if they did not want to be injured, they must keep out of the way, and only move about, by kind permission of the Kaiser, where Germany was pleased to let them go . . . it was because of this that the United States declared war upon the Central Empires. *If this country had meant to take up arms in defence of British or French interests; or in the interest of Belgium, or in order to spread democracy, it would not have waited until April, 1917. If its aims had been commercial, it would have been in the war long ago. The motive which brought the United States in was not sympathy with any other nation, was not desire for gain, was not an abstract fondness for democratic as opposed to autocratic government: it was self-interest, self-preservation, self-respect. The American people are not fighting to make the world safe for democracy, but to make the world safe for themselves.*

The only way to do this is to make Prussia admit that her theory of a State which has no conscience, a State which can do no wrong, is out of date. It used to be said "the king can do no wrong." We fought that and beat it. Up it bobbed again in a slightly altered form, "The State can do no wrong," just as dangerous, just as much a lie. Treitschke taught that one nation might deceive another, might behave as an individual

would be ashamed and afraid to behave, should always be ready to draw the sword to enforce its desires. He taught that "war is just and moral, while the ideal of eternal peace is unjust, immoral and impossible." He said that nations ought to prepare in secret to overthrow those who stood in their way. "War brings to light all that a nation has been doing secretly." How the present war has illustrated that!

#### Germany Ridicules a League of Nations.

GERMAN science took the wrong direction when it went after what the biologists call Neo-Darwinism. Darwin did not teach that "Nature red in teeth and claw" is the ideal for humanity to follow. The German professors transformed his teaching into this. They said that life for nations, as for individuals of all species, must be a violent competitive struggle. A distinguished American biologist, Dr. Vernon Kellogg, spent some time at the German headquarters on the western front. He met there a German biologist, and from him as well as from others he learned the German theory of international relations so thoroly that he came to the conclusion that "war to a decision is the only argument understandable of the men at headquarters into whose hands the German people have put their destiny." The view of these men is based upon the belief that the Germans are supermen, a chosen race, and that it is necessary for world-progress that they should forcibly impose their will upon the world. All their intelligence must be devoted to this, no scruple about honor or pity must be allowed to stand in the way. Every means to victory must be used without caring how brutal, how devilish, it may be. "We are the most advanced, the most effective nation, therefore we are meant to crush out the less advanced. That is our idea of progress."

Naturally the deaf professor ridiculed the idea of a League of Nations. He would have poured contempt upon Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's definition of the "international mind" as "that habit of thinking of foreign relations and that habit of dealing with them which regard the several nations of the civilized world as friendly and cooperating equals in aiding the progress of civilization, in developing commerce and industry, and in spreading enlightenment and culture throughout the world." Treitschke would have defined the international mind as one which considered nations as natural enemies and would look out for every possible opportunity to inflict upon neighbors who did not show themselves sufficiently humble, humiliation and injury.

This is a doctrine which the United States cannot accept or tolerate. "The nations of the world," said

Secretary Lane in a noble address not long ago, "the nations of the world must keep faith. There can be no living for us in a world where the state has no conscience, no reverence for the things of the spirit, no respect for international law." The United States refuse to accept Kaiser Wilhelm's insolent boast to Ambassador Gerard in Berlin: "There is no international law now." He meant that Germany had done away with it. She claimed to put her will in place of law.

If a ruffian stood in the street and declared "There is no law now. I have abolished it. I will kill any one who comes this way without groveling to me for my permission," would American citizens say, "Oh, very well, sir, I suppose you must do as you think fit"? No, American citizens would very quickly have that ruffian out of the way, either locked up or buried with holes through him. That, I think, would be the attitude of Americans as individuals, and the attitude of the nation is the same towards the ruffianly attempt of the Hohenzollern war party to substitute their will for the law of nations and to "bulldoze" the United States.

#### Either America or Germany Must Conquer.

FOR this cause American armies are being sent to France. That is where the enemy of the world's peace must be brought to book. Mayor Thompson of Chicago is reported as having said, "I do not believe in sending our youths to the trenches of Europe instead of providing an adequate army to prevent home invasion." The war can be ended, the world can be made safe for us all to live in, only by fighting the Germans where they are. History shows that all nations which have waited to be attacked have suffered in consequence. Ask any Frenchman whether he thinks it an advantage to France that the war is raging on French soil. There could only be one answer to such a foolish question. The American army must fight the Germans in Europe in order to prevent them from bringing the war to the United States.

The task which the United States has taken up in consequence of the Prussian attack upon its sovereign rights is the task of throwing into the scale the last weight which will turn it against Germany. That task may be summed up in the three F's—Feed, Finance, Finish. When there are two million American troops facing the common foe of all nations which put Right before Might, the Finish of the war will be at hand. The world looks to American initiative, enterprise and innate love of freedom to put an end, let us hope for all time, to an attempt to tyrannize, unprecedented in history.



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AMERICAN TROOPS RECEIVING INSTRUCTION BACK OF THE FIRING LINE IN FRANCE  
A French general, probably Gen. de Puygradin, reviewing the American soldiers behind the trenches in France. They are quartered with a French division close to the actual front.



## PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

### WHY THE "FIGHTING MAYOR" OF NEW YORK IS THOUGHT TO BE OF PRESIDENTIAL CALIBER

**A** WISE and observant student of politics has pronounced the task of being mayor of New York more difficult than that of president of the United States; and James Bryce has gone further in saying that "the government of cities is the one conspicuous failure of the United States." The president resides in what is, relatively at least, a small town. He is safeguarded against intrusion by elaborate machinery. He can isolate himself. Where the heads of twelve departments report direct to him, the heads of twenty-seven departments report to the mayor; and it is a curious fact, observes Julian Street, in *Collier's*, that, whereas in national matters anyone will accept the decision of a member of the Cabinet as final, New Yorkers are not satisfied to deal with the heads of city departments, but must take their troubles to the mayor himself. No home is provided for him by the city. Out of his salary of \$15,000 a year he pays the rent of the modest seven-room flat on Riverside Drive where he lives after the New York fashion: sandwiched in between the families of the floor above and the floor below, and flanked by the families across the hall. Nor can he isolate himself, especially

in his office, for he is regarded as the City Father to-day, when the metropolis has six million inhabitants, precisely as was the first mayor two hundred and fifty years ago, when the population of the entire town was about that of one good crowded block of the present city.

In view of his candidacy for reelection this fall, and of the presidential prognostications freely made regarding "this youngest, if not best, mayor" that New York has ever had, the following pen-sketch of him seated at the Duncan Phyffe table he uses as a desk is of photographic as well as of immediate political interest:

"The top of the table was almost entirely clear of papers, and there was no telephone. A man was sitting in a chair beside the table, talking. Evidently he had a long story to tell. The mayor listened intently. Every now and then he put in a brief question which made me think, somehow, of a long and very sharp instrument, like a rapier, which found its way between the bones and muscles of the story and touched a vital spot. Yet perhaps his questions were less like rapier thrusts than skilful manipulations of a scalpel. A rapier thrust suggests combat, and the mayor was, in fact, trying to help his caller say what he had to say. Each question that he asked cut away unessentials. Without the ques-

tions the operation might have lasted half an hour. With them it was over in five minutes. The mayor told the man in twenty words what he should do, and, as he left the room, turned to me. All his moves are quick. He has a quick, bird-like turn of the head, walks fast, passes swiftly in and out through doorways, gets up quickly from a chair, crosses the room with three rapid swings of his long legs—a horseman's legs they are, tho straight—takes up a batch of papers, runs his eye over them, and has absorbed them. No man I have known, except Colonel Roosevelt, can scan, accurately digest, and remember the contents of a document with such rapidity as Mayor Mitchel, and I doubt that even Roosevelt is the equal of the mayor when it comes to sheer genius for assimilating complicated figures.

"The lines upon which the mayor is built are those of speed. He doesn't fumble—mentally or physically. His mind and his muscles are perfectly coordinated. When he reaches out his hand for anything his long fingers take it up cleanly. He doesn't spill tobacco when he fills his pipe. And in the same way his brain reaches out for things and takes them without spilling.

"Having seen him only at a distance, or sitting, I had not realized his height. He must stand six feet. He carries his shoulders back, and his head is finely poised. When, at the age of thirty-four, he was elected—the youngest of ninety-seven New York Mayors—his hair was brown. Now, after four years, it is sprinkled with gray. . . . He is just a nice, slim, clean, human-looking, and exceedingly magnetic fellow, too taken up with real things to bother with self-consciousness or self-importance. The more you are with him the more absolutely certain you become that he is genuine all through, with that kind of genuineness which is born in some men and is as much a part of them as their hide."

Once, in the course of the hours through which this *Collier* writer sat as an observer in the corner of the office, a man whose appearance suggested the ward politician entered.

"He sat close to the mayor and talked in a low, confidential tone. I had the feeling that he wished I was not there, and my notion about politics is such that I half-expected the mayor to ask me to step outside for a few minutes. However, he didn't; nor did he, in replying to his visitor's low-voiced remarks, lower his own voice. This episode suggested a question which I asked him later.

"No matter how straight and clean a man may wish to be, doesn't he have to



HE WANTS FOUR MORE YEARS AS MAYOR OF NEW YORK BEFORE MOVING ON AND UP TO THE WHITE HOUSE

For John Purroy Mitchel is regarded by his constituents as the best Democratic "white hope" for the presidency—and they point to his record as proof of it.

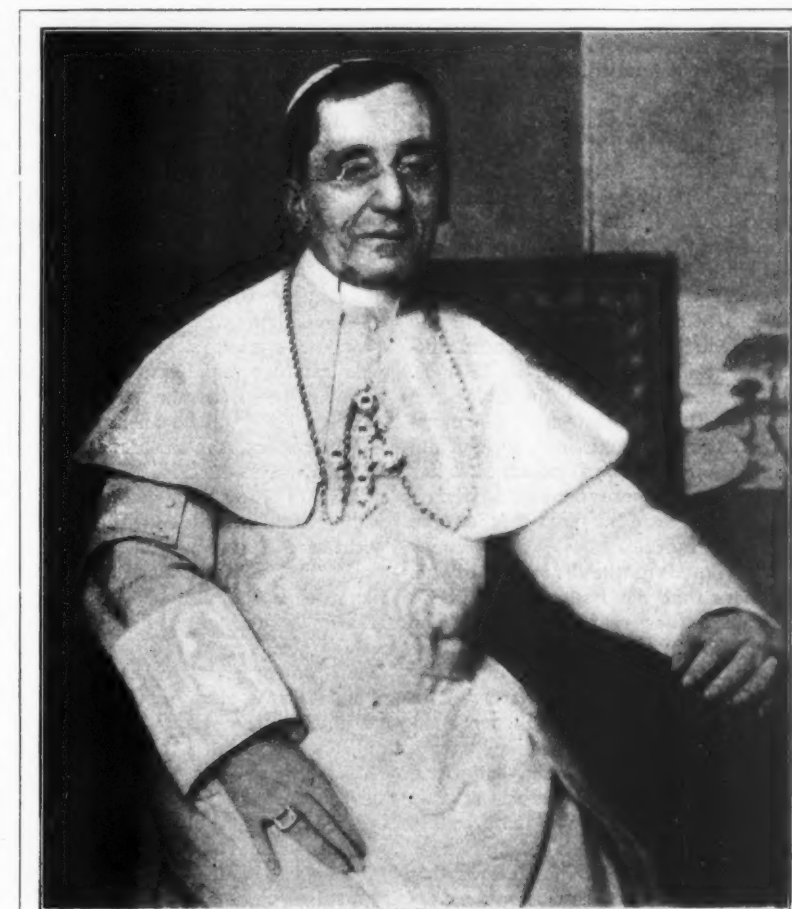


compromise a little bit now and then if he's in politics? Doesn't he have to balance one man, or one crowd, against another? Doesn't he have to trim and be artful, sometimes?"

"No," returned Mayor Mitchel promptly. "A man in public office has to associate sometimes with men he doesn't like to associate with, but the idea of being 'slick,' of 'playing the game,' is the old idea—the Tammany idea. I don't believe a man has to stoop to such devices. To my mind there is only one course to pursue: Be right and speak out."

As a result of his vigorous candor of speech and action, the "fighting mayor" of New York has provoked enmity and a deal of criticism, notably of Tammany inspiration. For instance, tho Mitchel has been, in the words of Theodore Roosevelt, "emphatically the mayor of the plain people," Tammany, we read, tries desperately to tar him with plutocracy. Other points of attack are his youth, his fondness for theatergoing and dancing, which criticism, it seems, he takes in good part, with a chuckle, one of his pastimes being to paste attacks of this kind in a scrap-book.

The mayoralty campaign is in the immediate foreground, but his supporters are confident that farther away loom other and greater possibilities for Mitchel. One of the shrewdest political prognosticators in the country is quoted (in *Collier's*) as saying that so far as the Democratic party is concerned, Mayor Mitchel is about their best "white hope" for the presidency. There is a political tradition that a mayor of New York never goes higher—that the difficulties of the office cause a man sooner or later to be disqualified for higher elective position, but "Mitchel is big enough to break the rule. He may make mistakes, but they are the kind of mistakes Roosevelt used to



THE PACIFIER

Benedict XV. is said to place faith in a prophecy dating from the twelfth century, which makes him the restorer of a ruined world.

make—likable mistakes; the mistakes of a strong fighter—and he gets away with them through sheer honesty of purpose, energy, and personality."

Should Mitchel not be nominated for the presidency in 1920, youth will still be on his side, we are reminded.

In 1924, 1928 and 1932 he will still be well under the age of fifty-five, the average age at which our presidents take office. Even when the campaign of 1936 comes along he will be but fifty-six—the age at which Cleveland was inaugurated.

## BENEDICT XV. IN THE FOURTH YEAR OF HIS PONTIFICATE

FOR the first time since the loss of the temporal power, a sovereign pontiff has actually gained in health and strength since taking up his abode in the Vatican. The testimony to this effect by European journalists writing from Rome to dailies all over England, France and Italy is overwhelming. Prior to his elevation to the papal throne, observes a writer in the *Messaggero*, which follows the course of events at the court of Benedict XV. with interest, Cardinal della Chiesa was in some slight degree an invalid. His figure is still frail, but the indigestion of former days has left him. His sight, once an occasion of some anxiety, has improved. The large dark eyes are even more animated than

ever. The lips are more firmly compressed, it is true, and the smile is less usual, but the nervousness of other days has departed. The personal appearance of the Pope in his study is conditioned by the pair of horn glasses he assumes from time to time. Sometimes the spectacles are laid aside altogether, especially in public, but the Pope, who is a great reader, uses them in the perusal of his correspondence and his favorite books.

Notwithstanding the improvement in his health Benedict XV., notes a correspondent of the *Débats*, still suffers from his constitutional shyness, a sort of stage fright obvious even in private audiences. He has not the temperament of the controversialist and a certain abstractness in his facial expres-

sion suggests a man whose days are given to solitary reflection or to the society of a few intimates. The receptions to the diplomatic corps, functions of much greater importance in this pontificate than in the last, show the subdued personality of the pontiff at its best. The details of these affairs are now entrusted to Monsignor Cerretti, who has recently arrived at the Vatican from the antipodes, but the heavy business of the presentations and the reception proper fall still upon the shoulders of Cardinal Gasparri, a man of sixty-five who looks older just as the Pope, himself in the sixties, looks at times hardly forty-five. The countenances of the diplomatists accredited to the Vatican are of all types and complexions. The procession of

them, including the heads of missions and the secretaries and attachés, is imposing with uniforms and decorations. A first sight of the Pope in his white vestments when the full corps bursts into his presence through the huge folding-doors of the throne-room is something of a shock. The boyish figure of the pontiff, his youthful aspect, not at all belied by the whitening hair, his animated expression and the quick extension of the hand to some familiar figure rob the spectacle of some of the grandeur investing it under Leo XIII. Pius X. took no interest at all in the diplomatic corps at the Vatican and receptions were hurried through in a formal and mechanical fashion. Benedict XV. has already made these occasions if few and far between at any rate of the first importance.

It is noted in the French daily as in others that the Pope clings still to the abstemious personal habits he brought with him from his archiepiscopal see. He rises at an unusually early hour, a circumstance ascribed in the *Messaggero* to his old enemy insomnia. Mass is said in the private chapel and it is considered bad form to press a request to assist at this function. When the pontificate began, many visitors to Rome assumed that the new Pope was to be deemed one of the sights of the city. It was necessary to break up a traffic in tickets to certain functions by which a clique of hack-drivers was affirmed to be growing rich. For some little time it was impossible to see the Pope unless one happened to be a communicant of the church in Rome with a pilgrimage or held some post that rendered an interview a matter of business. This policy accorded well with the disposition of the Pope, a man of meditation who has accumulated in his study a vast mass of correspondence and documents relating to the war. In recent months he has fixed his attention directly upon the work of the cardinal secretary of state. Not only is Cardinal Gasparri kept busy in consequence, but much labor has fallen upon Monsignor Tedeschini and Monsignor Cerretti, who

may be said to be for the time being the most intimate companions of the pontiff in his working-hours. These are long, quite apart from the time given to the saying of mass, the reading of the breviary and audiences to prelates and other notabilities. It is thus an unusual thing for the Pope to spend six consecutive hours in sleep. He lies down for an hour in the afternoon after a light lunch at which no meat is served. The Pope is almost a vegetarian, we read, and his pet aversion is tea, to which the Count de Sals can not make him partial. The Count is the British envoy.

There seems to be an impression in some quarters that the Pope knows no English. The fact is, according to a writer in the *Temps*, that when a young man he studied the language with care and could speak it fairly well. This accomplishment grew rusty from disuse. The Pope does not trust himself to talk English or write it, altho he is versed in French. Benedict XV. does not trust himself, however, in any tongue but Italian and Latin, altho his library is rich in works in Spanish and French. His favorite writers, apart from the masters of the spiritual life, are the historians. There is scarcely any historian of note with whom he has not at least an acquaintance. The Pope is particularly well versed in the history of Europe during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Since his accession he has had the archives of the Vatican during this period ransacked with care. In some of these researches considerable bundles of documents have to be taken to his private apartment, his Holiness sitting up until far into the night to master their contents.

In his preference for waiting upon himself rather than having his personal wants attended to by others, the aristocratic Benedict XV. is very much like the peasant Pius X., notes the French daily. His Holiness shaves himself, dresses himself and even prepares his own bath, precisely as he dispenses with the ordinary services of a secretary in such matters as taking notes or making memoranda.

The one sensuous pleasure to which the Pope is addicted is music. It is noted in the Italian dailies that there has been some relaxation of the severity of the practice under Pius X., who looked with suspicion upon all modern theories of orchestration and composition. Benedict XV. is rather partial to Beethoven, to Wagner and to other masters not ordinarily associated with devotion. The Pope is said to inherit his musical tastes from his mother, who was highly accomplished on several instruments and sang beautifully. The pleasure he derives from music seems genuine and soothing, and he leans back in his chair and closes his eyes during the performance of any favorite composition. Sometimes he follows a theme with his voice, a well-trained one, thanks again to his mother. In his walks through the Vatican gardens he occasionally hums an air, and it is easy to see, our authority thinks, that music is the Pope's favorite among the fine arts.

It would, however, be conveying an erroneous impression of Benedict XV. altogether, adds the *Messaggero*, to infer that any adequate impression of the Pope's personality could be conveyed through the medium of the ordinary character sketch. He is still something of a mystery even to the members of his court, owing to his shyness, his reserve, his apparent inability to unbosom himself to anyone but his confessor. In his punctiliousness in the matter of the sacrament of penance, Benedict XV. is certainly an obedient churchman but it is said that unlike his predecessors he has more than one confessor. He is likewise very strict in the observance of the fasts of Lent. The Vatican cook never had a task so easy, in fact, and the same may be said of the Vatican tailor. As for the vestments, they have been sombre and subdued during the whole reign. This is due to the war to some extent but there is an impression that the court would have been unostentatious in any event. It is obvious enough by this time that Benedict XV. will never be a spectacular pontiff in the style of Leo XIII.

## CONGRESS HAS CAUGHT A TARTAR IN BAER OF NORTH DAKOTA

JOHN M. BAER, most recent of political curiosities, representing the First Congressional District of North Dakota, also the Farmers' Non-partizan League, has arrived in Washington with his mental baggage liberally placarded en route with such engaging labels for identification and of welcome as "anti-American," "pro-German" and "traitor." He

has been taken to dine and to be dissected at the Press Club, has been holding crowded levees at his new office in the House Building; and from his very complete and documentary account of himself and of his constituents, two facts emerge which William Hard chronicles in the *New Republic*. First, we are informed, the words anti-American, pro-German and traitor are highly

inaccurate and highly misleading clews to Congressman Baer as well as to the state of mind of his constituents. Second, that state of mind is nevertheless an alarming and therefore a profitable study to all citizens who wish this country to remain firm for the war till a true useful international end is reached.

Apparently this leader of a new third party, as the Farmers' League is called,



is, by temperament, a peculiarly faithful funnel of public sentiment. Interviewed for the *New Republic*, he confessed with elation that while in New York on his way to Congress he himself "interviewed" one hundred and fifty-three people on the war and on the cost of living, and that he has their answers all sorted and classified. Needless to say, they confirm him in his position with regard to those important primary problems. We are informed that he is possessed of a very clubbable character, that he has "slow eyes, oddly slow and steady and inquiring, with heavy eyelids which seem to capture and close down on what he is learning." Also that "he learns almost entirely from people," and he has a quality which often appears in a man of that type, being "charmingly naive in the receptive film which he unrolls to the world and then stonily shrewd in the conclusions to which he comes." In short, Baer is much like his own cartoons, for he was a cartoonist before he became a two-thousand-acre farmer or had any thought of going to Congress. "He is precisely as ingenuous in manner and precisely as pointed in purpose as those homely driving pictures with which he so remarkably divined the public sentiment of North Dakota and so powerfully helped to consolidate it." Incidentally, it was his cartoons that paved the way to his nomination and election to Congress, in this manner:

"He was a postmaster in North Dakota for a while, by invitation of Mr. Wilson, but he could not cease to be a cartoonist, an interpretative cartoonist; and his contributions to politics continued to be principally his portraits of ideas, his photographic portraits of locally dominant ideas, done in his capacity of natural official court jester to the Nonpartizan League. In that capacity, when delegates of the League met to pick a candidate for Congress, he felt it to be his duty to amuse them with an illustrated talk. He prepared it. It was very humorous. It showed what a grand Congressman a cartoonist would make. It was manifestly very humorous. He took it down to the convention hall and delivered it. To his chagrin it turned out to be, as humor, a disastrous flivver. The applause with which it was greeted was an applause of a profound and perfect seriousness. In his absence he had been himself named to be the candidate."

His cartoons in the *Nonpartizan Leader* and elsewhere had not been journalistic cartoons at all. They had been folk cartoons by an American of the soil, who knew the people he was drawing. His first ancestor in this country landed in 1742, and he is the seventh of descent. One fought in the Revolutionary War, we read, one in the Mexican War and one in the war between the States. The Congressman himself would now be in the uniform



BIG BUSINESS IS A PIRATE THAT HE WOULD SCALP

Congressman Baer, of North Dakota, is more interested in safeguarding the American farmer than in humbling Germany, but he is not a pacifist.

of the navy had he not been debarred by a defect rather annoying to a cartoonist—bad eyes. His brother enlisted in the war with Spain and died of a disease brought on (so his family believes) by embalmed beef. This and the fact that he is a farmer with a grievance, to the effect that "when the farmer has taken his money for his crops and paid for his labor and machinery and taxes and interest on his mortgage he is no better off on December 31 than he was on the previous January 1," have deeply tinged his view of the war.

"He and his fellow farmers have only

an annex of their mind to give to the war. The main body of it is filled to overflowing with their bitter fight against big business. Their enthusiasm for a foreign war, as is bound to be the case with every class of people who feel themselves genuinely exploited, is quite eclipsed by their enthusiasm for their own private domestic war against their exploiters."

In other words, this champion of the agricultural classes asserts that, through false grading and dockage of wheat by big business, the farmers of North Dakota every year lose \$115,000,000. There being approximately sixty thousand of them in the state, each farmer loses, on the average, \$1,900 in this way alone. Baer wants that money. It is not \$1,900 of new money, owned by nobody, he argues. It is \$1,900 of old money, owned by him, the farmer, and stolen from him and his wife and from his children, as he sees it, ruthlessly, frightfully, autocratically, and—to put the final anti-foreign-war touch on it—under government auspices. Consequently, Baer has been no ardent advocate of this war. But:

"He did not attack it in his campaign. His patriotism is of a quality that might seem astonishingly complete to a man like David Lloyd George, who could and did attack one of his country's wars while it was in progress, or to a man like Charles James Fox, who was carried to Westminster Abbey after having risen in the House of Commons during the Revolutionary War to say, 'It would have been a most fortunate circumstance for England if the noble lord in the blue ribbon had been asleep on the day when he planned this accursed war with America,' and after having also risen, during the war with France, to inform the House that he quite agreed with Cicero's 'Iniquissimam pacem justissimo bello antefero.'"

If Baer should ever call any war of the United States an "accursed" war, he "would have a fit of shudders"; and if he should ever rise in the House of Representatives during any war to say that Cicero was right in advising us to embrace the most oppressive peace treaties conceivable rather than continue the justest hostilities, he "would never get buried by his fellow citizens in any North Dakota equivalent of Westminster Abbey."

## LORD RHONDDA: THE STATESMAN WHO CONTROLS THE FOOD OF THE BRITISH

**S**O wonderful a food controller is Lord Rhondda that the English obtain American food for less money than it now costs an American. That, at any rate, is the charge. Rhondda has been a lord for only a very little while. Before that

he was a Mr. Thomas. His people were originally in the coal business, and, in spite of the fact that he is a nervous sort of Welshman, it is said of him in character sketches that come out regularly in London papers that he is a romantic type—the sort of person out of

which novelists make their heroes. He was put in charge of their food by the English and given all sorts of dictatorial power over sugar and other things because he had long made a recreation of farming. This is the summing up of the whole matter by



the *London News*. He is a humorist, a writer of epigrammatical notes, a pugnacious controversialist and the most typically Welsh creature imaginable—far more so than Lloyd George. He is not so charming a person as that other ornament of the ministry, Winston Churchill, but he has, says the *London Post*, far more ability. He has not the eloquence of his chief, the Prime Minister, but he is more lovable. He has spent much time in calculating the amount of bread a working man ought to eat in a week, how much milk a three-year-old child may consume in a day and how long a growing youth ought to go without meat. His application of his own rules to these cases makes him one of the most canvassed personalities in the whole British Isles. Lord Rhondda has been famous in England, indeed, for some months—a long time in these days of war.

He has, affirms a writer in *To-Day* (London), a manner no less romantic than his physiognomical aspect, the latter being especially noticeable owing to his jaw and his smile. They are both fine. He was intended, we read, for a painter, and his early propensities with brushes were deemed remarkable for one so young. Finally he took up his father's coal business, which he expanded and rendered prodigiously lucrative. He had already gone through Cambridge and achieved distinctions like a seat in the Commons and the presidency of various commercial chambers and trade federations. Yet these things, we are told, do not interest him. He is all for farming. He has at different times expended princely sums in finding out that tropical fruits will not flourish in Wales and that the climate of London is unfavorable to the banana. Experience has thus moderated the fury of his first agricultural enthusiasm, but he is a romanticist as much as ever.

He likes beans, and the English, generally, do not, and this is a grave disappointment to Lord Rhondda. He has to be satisfied with seeing that they now get no more sugar than is good for them. In that, according to the *London Post*, he displays a really Welsh genius. It has long been a theory of his that people eat too much and the war has enabled him to prove it. Another idea of his is that fasting is excellent for the complexion, his own being, however, but an indifferent illustration of his theory. It is Welsh and swarthy, for Lord Rhondda belongs to the breed, our British journalistic authority affirms, which produces the black-haired, short and stocky strain. He proves it with his fist, a powerful weapon by means of which in days past he delivered uppercuts and fought until his nose bled and his antagonist had black eyes. Time has taken away this prowess of his as a boxer, but he

still in his sixties talks learnedly of the ring. This propensity does not commend him to the churchgoers of his Merthyr constituency, but he is famous for the big majorities he gets on election-days.

How much money Lord Rhondda has made out of coal is one of the subjects concerning which Socialist leaders occasionally manifest curiosity. He has a genius for talking coal-land-owners into signing contracts, altho in the Commons he can not make a grand speech in Mr. Balfour's manner. He has an excitable way of working himself up to passion's point when engaged in business transactions and this emotion communicates itself to the other party to the transaction. In the innumerable controversies over coal-rights in Wales "D. A." (David Alfred Thomas), as he was then dubbed, would appear at a critical moment with a contract in his pocket, duly signed and sealed. He has painted the most terrible picture of the ruin awaiting anyone who would not give him a contract to extract the coal under a certain Welsh surface, land or water. This aptitude for getting rich by revolutionizing a great industry caused one Welsh labor leader to term Lord Rhondda a demon in one aspect, altho an angel in another. "Lord Rhondda has a dual personality. He is a sort of industrial Jekyll and Hyde. He is both an industrial organizer and a capitalist and the functions of the two are quite distinct. The capitalist pure and simple is a non-producer. In so far as Lord Rhondda is an organizer of industry, a man whose talents enable wealth production to be made more efficient, he is a producer, a worker and a public benefactor. But in so far as he is a capitalist, a mere owner of wealth and a drawer of profits, he is a public menace." Nothing is more characteristic of Lord Rhondda than his compilation of sketches of himself in which he is depicted as an exploiter of the wealth of his native land for his own capitalistic behoof. Whenever he is inclined to conceit, as he admits himself, he reads over the various studies of his career which represent him as the economic monster gorged with coal profits. "How often," he was asked, "do you feel conceited?" To which he replied: "Not often." It appears, too, from the sketch in the British paper, that Lord Rhondda once said an indiscreet thing. If he were a coal miner he would be a Socialist. This confession was thrown in his teeth by a writer in the *London Times*. "It is quite likely that I may have said that," conceded Lord Rhondda. "If I were a miner I would in all probability be a Socialist, for I should not then have the knowledge and practical experience of the application of economic principles which I now possess." He was having one of his fights with

David Lloyd George at the time, whose senior by seven years he is. They were furious fights but the men have patched up their differences until the war ends.

Lord Rhondda was on the "Lusitania" when she was torpedoed by a submarine. He is said to have expressed considerable annoyance subsequently at the finding of Lord Mersey's court that "probably the disastrous attempts of the frightened passengers to assist in the launching operations" added to the difficulties of the crew in lowering the boats. His own view seems to be that the passengers were all heroes. "I suppose, in deference to Socialist opinion," he told a journalist, "I ought to except myself." The editor of *The New Age* does not think so. Lord Rhondda had gone to Canada with full powers to negotiate with the Dominion Government, altho what he achieved there is one of the secrets of the war. "How did you feel," he was asked by a reporter when he landed after the torpedoing, to which he replied: "Wet." Upon reaching home—he lives in South Wales, he was asked by a constituent if he had prayed during those awful moments after the torpedo struck, to which he replied: "I had already said my prayers before I had my breakfast." The statement is received, says the London paper, with ridicule, at least in South Wales.

If farming were not so notoriously the recreation of Lord Rhondda, he would never have been food controller at all. This is the opinion of a writer in the *London Chronicle*, a paper not disposed to view the statesman sympathetically. He thinks he knows all about the condition of agriculture in England, but he has only the knowledge of the amateur. The stolid English farmer of the unscientific type does not take kindly to some of the Welshman's innovations. The householders do not relish the introduction of cards for this and that. Lord Rhondda has surprised those who knew him best by his unexpected patience with the discontented, his diplomacy, upon occasion even his fluency. At the end of a weary round of interviews with deputations and experts he plunges into a mass of statistics at home in a small room on the ground floor of his London residence. He has a passion for figures as well as for farming. He worked out in his own somewhat crabbed hand the calculations upon which are based the rationing system that goes into effect in Great Britain this very month. His main objects, as stated in the *London Spectator*, are to conserve supplies, to distribute them equally between rich and poor and to keep prices down. He works through local food committees and has arranged to extend his system to bread and meat. His scheme for feeding his countrymen goes into full effect by the end of December.



## "THE VERY IDEA"—A NEW DRAMATIST'S COMEDY OF VICARIOUS PARENTHOOD

**I**N farce the touchstone of success is the idea. Most farces that have been offered in recent years to the American public have been utterly devoid of idea. But now, in this first legitimate play of a new American dramatist, William Le Baron, we have, according to the critic of the *New York Times*, that rarest thing in drama, a farce that is really original and truly funny. Its idea is Eugenics. And Mr. Le Baron has exhibited the rare gift and power of handling this idea in the most skilful fashion, never allowing himself to be buried under the obvious solemnities that lurk in waiting for most unsuspecting playwrights. It is wild farce from the beginning, but it is played at the Astor Theater by Messrs. Ernest Truex, Richard Bennett and a small company in an effective spirit of mock seriousness.

We find ourselves, when the curtain rises on the first act, in the New York home of Gilbert Goodhue, 2nd. Gilbert is a little, quiet, unobtrusive, home-loving New Yorker of about thirty-five. Mrs. Goodhue is an up-to-date, attractive woman who has everything to make her happy—except a child. She is vivacious and enthusiastic, with a broad streak of sentiment in her nature. Her brother-in-law, Alan Camp, lives with them. He is wealthy, highly educated and cultured, and is an ardent athlete. He has absorbed a set of radical beliefs and has even gone so far as to write a book on Eugenics, which has been published under the title of "A Race of Thorobreds." George Green, Gilbert's partner and really the director of their business, his wife, who is very proud of her husband's business ability, and their daughter Dorothy, a child of eight, have been in to dinner. Gilbert is delighted with the company of the little girl and we are made to feel that the childlessness of the Goodhues is the one missing factor in their marital happiness. We also make the acquaintance of Nora Tracey, the Goodhue's maid, a handsome Irish-American girl of twenty-five. Joe Garvin, Alan Camp's chauffeur, is in love with her, but is not making enough money to suit Nora. Joe is a boxer, an athletic instructor, and had been a taxicab-driver before entering Camp's employment.

The Greens finally discover a copy of Alan's book on the table. A discussion of the subject ensues. Edith Good-

hue explains: "It's a plea for the practical application of the Eugenic idea—the physical fitness and suitability of people who are to marry. The result, of course, is supposed to be better, healthier, stronger children." George Green, the typical New York business man, declares this idea is tommy-rot. Alan Camp enters the room in the midst of their discussion.

GEORGE. How can a man be serious about this sort of twaddle? (*Holds Camp's book up.*) "A Race of Thoro-



HIS FIRST PLAY IS THE FIRST HIT OF THE SEASON

With "The Very Idea" William Le Baron taps a new vein in American comedy.

brods!" Why! the whole idea is idiotic! It's plain tommy-rot! (*Slams the book down on the table.*)

ALAN. (*Quietly.*) I didn't know you had read my book, George. (*All turn and see Alan for the first time. George and Marion are very embarrassed. Edith is apprehensive but tactful.*)

MARION AND GEORGE. Hello! Alan.

MARION. Really, Alan, you mustn't pay any attention to what he says.

EDITH. It was a frank criticism, at least. I'm sure Alan doesn't object to that.

ALAN. Not a bit! In fact, I am honored. I didn't know he had read it.

GEORGE. As a matter of fact, I haven't.

ALAN. Then how do you know it's tommy-rot?

GEORGE. I didn't mean the book—I meant the whole idea.

ALAN. I see—you mean you think that any intelligent, scientific attempt to improve the human race is tommy-rot?

GEORGE. Yes—No! I don't mean it the way you put it—

GILBERT. Anything new at the club tonight, Alan? (*No one notices him.*)

MARION. George, why do you try to argue on a subject you know nothing about?

ALAN. Let him alone, Marion! This is where he's going to learn something about it. He's just the sort of mentally, morally and physically tired business man I'm after with my book.

GEORGE. (*Sarcastically.*) "A Race of Thorobreds!" At first I thought it was a horse-racing story. If I'd seen it on a book-stand I might have bought it—and been stung? (*Gilbert has picked up the book and is looking into it.*)

MARION. George!

ALAN. That's exactly why I gave it that name. If I had called it "The Practical Application of Eugenics," you wouldn't have known what it meant. That's why my book is written in popular style, it is meant for the people—for the lowbrows—for you, Mr. Green.

EDITH. Alan! You mustn't talk like that—

MARION. Let him alone! He deserves it.

GILBERT. Dear me—it is humorous. Listen to this! (*Reads from the book.*) "The time must come when the producing of children will be put on as scientific a basis as cattle-raising or horse-farming."

GEORGE. There you are! If that isn't tommy-rot, I don't know what is.

EDITH. (*Shocked.*) Gilbert, I don't think I would read it aloud if I were you.

MARION. Decidedly not!

GILBERT. I enjoy a bit of spice.

EDITH. Gilbert!

ALAN. Spice! Is that what you call my book? Well, I couldn't expect you to understand that the production of children is as important as the breeding of cows and horses.

EDITH. Alan!

GEORGE. I don't see anything the matter with our children under the present system. It's been good enough for several thousand years. Our fathers and grandfathers got along without your plan.

ALAN. They got along without telephones and surgery and automobiles and electricity, too. We'd still be doing without them, if all men thought as you do.

MARION. There's something in that, George. (*Gilbert is still reading the book and chuckling to himself.*)



GEORGE. But those are mechanical inventions and children are human beings. You can improve machinery, but the human being is the most perfect creation in the world.

ALAN. (*Looks at Gilbert, who is wholly unconscious of everyone.*) "Some human beings."

GEORGE. Why, look at our Dorothy! Do you see anything the matter with her?

GILBERT. (*Reading aloud.*) "Many times a child seems to be perfectly normal for a number of years—then suddenly the taint appears. Sometimes it is not until the next generation—"

EDITH. Gilbert!

GILBERT. I do hope Dorothy will be all right.

GEORGE. How absurd—she's the picture of health!

MARION. Oh, George—knock on wood—

ALAN. I'm sorry now we've touched on it, but that's the terrible part of it—Dorothy looks all right, but if, mind you, if by any chance she is physically perfect, well, it's just pure luck!

EDITH. Alan, really you forget yourself.

GEORGE. (*Rises.*) Oh, let him talk! I want to know what he means about Dorothy. Why! she has been brought up in the most careful way. As for anything hereditary, did you ever see a healthier woman than Marion?

ALAN. You never can tell—

GEORGE. (*Marion looks.*) Or a huskier-looking specimen than I am?

ALAN. You! Great Heavens! Why, you're red in the face now as the result of a little friendly argument—that shows your heart is all wrong—I have seen you consume a whole box of indigestion tablets at one sitting. You wear glasses when you read—astigmatism! If I remember correctly you had a complete nervous breakdown not a year before Dorothy was born. (*George laughs and coughs as a result.*) You can't laugh without coughing—which shows your lungs must be affected!

GILBERT. Dear me, and he's just in the prime of life, too!

Alan Camp declares that he could have picked out thousands of men who would be fathers superior to Green. He speaks of his chauffeur Joe Garvin as a superior specimen of man who has the physical right to bring children into the world. George Green declares that he wants to hear more about this "perfect" man.

ALAN. Oh, you do, do you? Come out to the garage some day and I'll let you look him over. He has everything. Heart, lungs, measurements—all perfect! When I found him he was driving a taxicab in the daytime, and giving boxing lessons in a gym at night. I seized him up in the shower-bath, and decided to engage him on the spot. I had no idea what I was going to do with him, but he subsequently turned out a very good chauffeur, and a splendid sparring partner for me. His forbears were the finest Scotch-Irish old country folk. He's a natural-born athlete. He's a human thorobred!

GILBERT. I must say I don't admire him socially—

GEORGE. I must say it isn't very flattering to be so minutely compared with an ex-taxicab-driver, and be put in a class with a boxing teacher!

EDITH. Alan doesn't really mean to put you in the same class.

ALAN. Not for a minute! Why, Joe is so far superior to you that there's no comparison. If you and Joe were dogs, he would be winning blue ribbons at Madison Square Garden and—you—why you'd be a mongrel.

GEORGE. (*Flabbergasted.*) Well, I must say—I don't care so much about that argument—I was merely trying to explain.

ALAN. And furthermore in the breeding—

EDITH. Both of you—let's talk of something else. (*Pause.*)

GILBERT. It's been a lovely day. (*Mrs. Green starts toward the library door, Edith following her.*)

EDITH. Oh, Marion, don't go! You mustn't mind anything Alan says.

The discussion of Eugenics, made so personal by Alan Camp, hastens the departure of the Greens. After they leave, Gilbert and Edith speak of their own childlessness and begin to discuss the advisability of adopting a baby. Alan returns during their conversation. Gilbert confesses that he loves children, especially on Christmas Day.

EDITH. I must say, Alan, this new Eugenic hobby of yours is most unpleasant. You don't want us to adopt a child and you are glad we haven't one of our own. According to you, we are condemned to live our whole lives alone, to be denied the joy and comfort of having a little boy or girl to bring up in our home—(*As Edith speaks, Alan is half listening, half thinking. Suddenly he bursts out.*)

ALAN. Wait a minute! I don't condemn you to anything of the kind. Don't cry! There is a way for you to get a child. Yes, it's a perfectly possible way—it's an inspiration. Just leave it to me—I'll arrange everything.

GILBERT. What are you going to do?

ALAN. (*Laughing.*) Do? Why, it's the simplest thing in the world—I can't understand why I didn't think of it before.

EDITH. What do you mean?

ALAN. Mean? Why, don't you see, you don't have to adopt a child that's already born!

GILBERT. (*Astonished.*) What!

ALAN. No, we'll begin at the beginning—I will select a man and woman, who, according to my Eugenic standards, are physically fitted to bring children into the world. I will arrange with them to be the parents of your child. (*Gilbert and Edith look at him aghast.*)

GILBERT. I never heard of such a thing! I'm sure it isn't being done.

EDITH. (*Rises.*) Alan!

ALAN. If you wanted a thorobred colt, pig or a chicken, what would you do?

GILBERT. I don't know, what would you do?

ALAN. You'd breed for it! Now why not give your child the same chance?

GILBERT. I don't know!

EDITH. Alan! Have you lost your senses? I think you might have some modesty even before your sister.

ALAN. What has modesty to do with it? When it will give you a child that you can be proud of, one that will be capable of unlimited development as it grows up? (*To Gilbert.*) Think what Gilbert might have been with such a start!

GILBERT. What! Do you dare to criticize my parents?

ALAN. Yes, I do! Look at you!

GILBERT. What is it?

ALAN. They didn't know any better in those days.

EDITH. But Alan, you can't be serious, you must realize that your Eugenic idea is impossible—it can't be done!

ALAN. But why, pray? It seems perfectly easy. Of course it will cost some money—perhaps \$10,000.

GILBERT. How much?

ALAN. Five or ten thousand—but what's that if you get a perfect child?

GILBERT. You mean you would pay these people—?

ALAN. You couldn't expect them to go to all that trouble for nothing.

GILBERT. But who could you get to do it?

ALAN. Leave that to me. I have the man already. He's a wonder. All I have to do is to get the right woman.

EDITH. Alan! What man would do such a thing?

ALAN. My chauffeur—Joe Garvin.

EDITH. Alan!

GILBERT. What! Joe Garvin—never—

ALAN. Why not?

GILBERT. I refuse to have a chauffeur as the father of my child.

EDITH. Why, Alan, Joe isn't married.

ALAN. What difference does that make? I want him for a father, not a husband.

EDITH. But think what people would say!

ALAN. That's another advantage <sup>owle</sup> would say all sorts of things if you adopted a foundling. Your good friends, the Greens, for instance, would never consider an adopted child socially equal to their little Dorothy. Now, with my plan, they need never know that it isn't your own baby. I will manage everything. As soon as I have arranged with the prospective parents, you can go away somewhere for about a year. Then when our child arrives, I will let you know and you can come home. Naturally everyone will take it for granted that the baby is ours. You see how simple it is.

GILBERT. It does begin to sound plausible, doesn't it?

EDITH. The deception—

ALAN. The only reason for any deception is to give the child a fair chance as it grows up. I think that justifies it.

GILBERT. The more I think of it, the more I believe it could be done.

The idea takes root in the minds of the three. Nora, the handsome maid, shall be the mother of the child. Alan decides to give Joe Garvin a copy of his book in order to convince him of their exalted nobility of purpose. The next morning they try to make the plan seem plausible to Nora, but she is not



easy to convince. Presently Joe comes in to express his opinion of Eugenics to Alan Camp.

ALAN. I take it you are willing to contribute your share to the experiment?

JOE. Wait a minute, boss—who is the other party to the deal?

ALAN. Oh, I thought I told you—it's Nora!

JOE. (Startled.) Nora?

ALAN. Yes—and make no mistake, Joe, she's an ideal specimen for our purpose.

JOE. (His anger rising.) Hold on, Mr. Camp, Nora and me are engaged to be married.

ALAN. So she said—

JOE. (Half threatening.) Well, just leave her name out of this—Oh, I know, you don't mean anything wrong—but just leave her out—that's all!

ALAN. Why, what are you talking about? She is just as necessary as you—in fact more.

JOE. I tell you to leave her out—she ain't that kind. Why, Nora's the finest girl.

ALAN. Now, Joe, if you look at it in that way, you can go back to the garage. You started out by looking at this matter intelligently—now you are talking like a mushy schoolma'am. Of course Nora is fine—that's why I chose her to be your partner in this important experiment. Simply because I hit upon the woman you love, you balk. I should think you would feel very proud.

JOE. (Shamefacedly.) You're right, boss. I didn't think of it that way. It is a big opportunity for both of us.

Joe Garvin promises to speak to Nora about the plan. He believes that he can convince her of its feasibility. They do need the money. A charming love scene ensues between the pair. And presently Garvin is given the opportunity to tell Gilbert Goodhue that they are willing to act as pioneers in the new movement. Poor little Gilbert tells the chauffeur that he has always wanted a boy. "I have always thought it would be so interesting to bring up a boy, to watch him develop, to select his nurse, his governess and his tutors." Joe confesses that as a child he himself had been in the habit of playing "one-a-cat" in the wagon yard of a brewery on Avenue A. This shocks Gilbert. "I wouldn't let my boy play around a brewery," he cries haughtily. "Well, I'd let my boy play there," retorts Joe. Gilbert makes it distinctly understood that he is discussing his child. "I'm going to be his father before you are," asserts the chauffeur.

GILBERT. Yes, I know, but then your responsibility ends. I will direct his training and education. I shall send him to Bedford Academy, in Pittsfield, Mass. You know, somehow Massachusetts has always seemed to me just the state for a preparatory education. Has it ever occurred to you?

JOE. No, sir, I went to public school six hundred and thirty-five.

GILBERT. Oh, I don't mean to say anything against the public schools. I went to one myself once—on election-day to vote—Sit down Joe, sit down—sit down—sit down—(Joe hesitates, then sits.) But I want my boy to prepare to enter the Colorado School of Mines.

JOE. How did you think of that?

GILBERT. Well, it's practical. I've been buying a good deal of copper-stock lately.

JOE. I've always thought if I had a son, I'd want him to go to Princeton.

GILBERT. Princeton! (Rises.) Prince-



"I'M COUNTING ON YOU, JOE!"

Gilbert Goodhue (Ernest Truex) implores Joe Garvin to assure him that the eugenic baby will be a boy.

ton! I wouldn't hear of it. There's no culture in New Jersey!

JOE. (Rises.) I don't want my boy to be cultured—I want him to be a man!

GILBERT. My boy will be both.

JOE. And what if it's a girl?

GILBERT. A GIRL! A GIRL! Why, it's unthinkable! Joe, I'm relying on you!

Alan Camp and the Goodhues decide that it will be best for Gilbert and Edith to take a long trip, to go away somewhere for a year at least, and to return when the baby will be ready to adopt.

This departure develops difficulties. George and Marion Green presently appear. Neither Edith nor Gilbert know where they will go. False explanations

ensue. Finally Alan comes back. They are to go to southern California for a year. Marion Green, who has heard from Edith all about the virtues of Nora, the housemaid, now wishes to take that young woman into her own house during the absence of the Goodhues. But the new plan has of course rendered that impossible. The second act ends.

A year elapses. Finally the Goodhues return from their lengthy sojourn in California. Alan has kept them informed of the events in the household of the newly-wedded Joe Garvins, and at the proper moment wires them that they may now safely return. On their way home Gilbert indiscreetly wires to George Green that they are coming and suggests an event of an intimate and happy nature. The third act reveals a nursery on an upper floor in Gilbert's house—an extravagant, fairy-tale nursery done up in fluted pink satin and charming white furniture. There is a picture-book cradle in the middle of it, and a trained nurse, armed to the teeth with efficiency, is somewhat impatiently awaiting the arrival of the much-discussed Goodhue baby.

Marion Green, thrilled with the news implied in Gilbert's telegram, has rushed over, impatient to see the baby, dragging George with her.

Hoping that Joe and Nora will soon appear at the house with the baby, Gilbert and Edith finally persuade the Greens to wait in another room until the child is presentable. At last the parents, prouder than they can express, arrive on the scene with the eugenic baby. Gilbert demands if the baby is a boy.

JOE. (Proudly.) It's a boy! (At the words, Gilbert swells up, looks about proudly and struts down stage.)

GILBERT. A boy! Well—well—thank you, Joe! Did you hear that, Alan?

ALAN. Yes, I heard it—but let's get down to business.

GILBERT. Here's your check! You can turn the baby over to us now—we have made all preparations for it.

EDITH. Let me take him in my arms, Nora!

(Nora starts back defensively and looks at Edith with a frightened look—then turns beseechingly to Joe.)

NORA. Joe—Joe—do you hear?

JOE. Now don't get excited—it's all right.

NORA. (In a panic.) Well, tell them—you must tell them now.

ALAN. (Puzzled.) Tell us what?

JOE. (Embarrassed.) Well, you see, when we made that agreement, a year ago—it sounded all right—

GILBERT. It was all right! You're going to get your money, aren't you?

JOE. That ain't it! The point is we didn't have the baby then.

ALAN. We knew that—what are you getting at?

JOE. Well, now that we've got it—it



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN—YOU CAN'T GIVE IT UP!"

Alan Camp's (Richard Bennett) theories of vicarious parenthood crash ignominiously when the eugenic parents refuse to consent to the adoption of their baby by the Goodhues.

all seems different. I know you made us a business proposition, and we accepted it, but hang it, when it comes to our part of the bargain, Nora says she just can't give the child up.

ALAN. What? (*Gilbert and Edith are stunned.*)

NORA. (*Impulsively.*) No, I can't—I won't—I don't care what happens—I don't care what you think—I won't give him up!

EDITH. Nora, you don't mean that!

NORA. Yes, ma'am, I do. I can't help it.

GILBERT. (*Turning pale.*) But, Nora—! NORA. Oh, Mr. Goodhue, you don't understand a mother's love for her child!

GILBERT. (*Dazed.*) Well, of course, I've never been a mother.

ALAN. Look here—this is all foolishness! You can't do a thing like this, Nora. We are willing to live up to our end—now you must make good on yours. I contracted for this child over a year ago—\$15,000 was the price. Here's your check.

NORA. Mr. Camp, you don't understand.

ALAN. Don't I? We are willing to live up to our end of the bargain. Surely you have some sense of honor.

NORA. You don't know what it means to me to feel his warm, soft little body nestling in my arms, to know that he is mine, that he is part of me. You don't know what it means to me when I lean over his little crib in the morning and see him laying there all wide awake and stretching his chubby arms up to me to take him.

(*As she talks, Gilbert has become more and more affected; he takes out his handkerchief and weeps softly.*)

GILBERT. (*To Edith.*) To think that we had to live a whole year in San Diego for this? Don't you remember the baby we almost adopted? Joe, can you run down and get it. It's only two blocks away.

ALAN. You're taking an awful chance on a child with unknown parents.

GILBERT. To hell with eugenics! This is going to be my child—I've let you run things long enough. Joe, you rush down to the Foundlings' Home and get the child whose number is 66.

EDITH. Wait a minute, Joe—Gilbert, that child's number was 99—

GILBERT. My dear, it was nothing of the sort.

EDITH. But 99—

GILBERT. Don't argue with me. I remember it perfectly. Go on, Joe.

JOE. I'll run all the way. Nora, you wait here for me. (*Exits quickly, leaving Nora standing bewildered. Gilbert seizes the telephone book and looks for a number.*) . . .

(*Gilbert gives Alan a meaning look—then all three are silent. Up stage Nora stands with her baby, waiting for Joe to return. Suddenly door at left opens and George enters—he turns and beckons to Marion, having seen Nora and the baby—then George turns toward the others with a broad smile.*)

GEORGE. Well, how long— (*Seeing Nora and Baby.*) Oh, Marion—the baby is here! (*Gilbert and Edith and Alan start.*) It's easy to see who the baby looks like! Gilbert, old man, it's the very image of you!

MARION. But it has Edith's eyes!

(*Gilbert is startled—Edith is stunned—Alan chokes—Nora draws back frightened.*)

GEORGE. Oh, but it has Gilbert's nose.

ALAN. And Gilbert's intelligence. Hold on, George—that isn't our baby—it's Joe's and Nora's.

GEORGE. What?

ALAN. Yes, you knew they were married.

MARION. What a coincidence that they should have a child about the same time.

GILBERT. (*Comes down between George and Alan.*) Why shouldn't they? I don't see anything strange about it.

GEORGE. My mistake was quite natural.

GILBERT. Not if you had seen our baby!

MARION. What do you mean?

GILBERT. (*Throws a confident look to Alan and Edith.*) Why, our baby is much larger than Nora's.

GEORGE. Really?

GILBERT. Oh, yes—twice as large!

(*Alan and Edith look at each other—George and Marion look surprised.*)

MARION. Gilbert, I'm afraid you are exaggerating.

GILBERT. No, I'm not; you'll see.

GEORGE. But it isn't possible—it was born in July.

GILBERT. Yes, but in California. Don't you know how much bigger things grow out there? Big trees, big oranges, big grapefruit—

GEORGE. Gilbert, you certainly are the proud father.

MARION. George did just as much bragging about Dorothy.

GILBERT. Well, you wait and see—that tropical climate *does* have an effect.

GEORGE. But where is this wonderful baby?

ALAN. Oh, it's coming.

GILBERT. Yes, we have sent for it.

MARION. Sent for it?

EDITH. That is, we have sent for Joe—he has it.

GEORGE. What in the world is he doing with it?

GILBERT. Oh, he loves children—he can't let them alone.

ALAN. (*With a look at Gilbert.*) He's gone to have it weighed.

EDITH. He'll be back any minute.

MARION. Dear me, I just can't wait to see it.

GEORGE. That's right, Marion is as interested as if it was her own child.

GILBERT. So am I. (*Alan slaps hand on table.*) I mean to have you see the little dear. (*Enter Joe with a five-year-old ragamuffin on his right. Alan, Gilbert up, George up back, Marion Right. Edith collapses extreme Right, sitting.*)

JOE. I asked for 66, but this is what they gave me.

GEORGE. 66?

ALAN. Big trees—big oranges—big lemons!

GEORGE. What sort of a joke is this?

MARION. Come, George!

EDITH. Wait, you don't understand! We wanted to adopt a child.

ALAN. Then Nora refused to give up her baby at the last moment, and Gilbert sent Joe down to the orphan asylum and you see what he got.

Miss Duncan, the efficient nurse, then appears and Gilbert tells her that there isn't any baby. Poor little Gilbert is disconsolate, and quite discouraged suggests to his wife that they send the whole nursery outfit to Nora and Joe, so that the perfect child may have the proper start in life. Whereupon Edith confesses that she wants to keep them. The farce thus concludes with Gilbert Goodhue in the ecstatic happiness of anticipation, repaid for the jibes and bruises he had suffered in this experiment of vicarious parenthood.

## HENRY JAMES'S FAILURE AS A DRAMATIST EXPOSED BY A LONDON CRITIC

**T**HOSE very qualities and powers which gave Henry James such a supreme place in the field of fiction evidently contributed to his abject failure as a dramatist. The Stage Society of London recently produced "The Outcry," a comedy by Henry James which, if we may accept the somewhat caustic criticism of John Francis Hope of the London *New Age*, proved to be one of the most curious specimens of drama ever offered to the British public.

"It is called a comedy, but it might as well be called the nebular hypothesis, or the meticulous mystery of high life. People certainly walk the stage, and talk about their souls in the under-secretarial style beloved of Henry James; indeed, if he had supplied them with an elaborate system of cross-references to each other's arguments, the illusion would have been complete. 'Referring to your eleventh rejoinder, clause four, subsection two, concerning the activity of the right ventricle of my heart, I beg to inform you that it still beats firmly for you, and assure you of my continued affection, esteem, and regard.' They nearly said such things; if they had been real, they would have said them, and I suspect that, whatever their appearance in the drawing-room, they must have taken copious shorthand notes of the conversation as soon as they left the room. These people must have kept diaries, for they were always quoting them; and Henry James's

task was the conversion of their idiosyncrasies of style into his own idiom; for the style is not the man, it is Henry James."

There was a distinct snobbishness in Henry James's choice of subject for his comedy. It concerned the sale of masterpieces of Italian art by their English owners to American millionaires. To Henry James, relentlessly pursues Mr. Hope, possession was at least nine points of enjoyment, and he was aghast at the folly of owners who permitted such treasures to depart from their possession. "The culture of England, the grace of our women, the nobility of our men, all depended on the possession of a number of well-authenticated masterpieces of Italian and English painting."

"On this exalted plane, the play is constructed; the serpent in the Paradise is the purchaser. How these priceless treasures came into the possession of Lord Theign, we are not told; but if we may judge by the contempt lavished on purchasers throughout the play, we must conclude that they were originally obtained by theft. Perhaps Napoleon stole the Moretto during his Italian campaign, and bribed with it the great grandfather of Lord Theign to betray his country; anyhow, we must be sure that it did not come into the family honestly, for Lord Theign's hearty contempt of honest bargain and sale excludes the supposition.

There was the Moretto, and there it would have remained, ennobling the nobility by its presence and yielding 'its ancient and fish-like smell' to the pedigree of its possessor, if it had not been discovered by two men who wished to be ennobled, one by possessing the peer's picture, the other by possessing the peer's daughter."

There is pathos in the thought of Corot weeping over the work he was compelled to sell; there is nothing, not even comedy, Mr. Hope proceeds in his dissection, in the frantic protests against the transfer of possession of dead men's works. If the Old Masters possess the civilizing influence Henry James claimed for them, "they ought to be publicly exhibited in Prussia."

"What little sense could be got from the play was put into it by the actors. They were entangled again and again in the circumlocutions and parentheses of Henry James; and I judged the average length of their sentences to be one kilometer. But they bore up bravely; these angels of the Schoolmen looked for the Euclidean point of the dialog, and danced upon it. There was room for them; for if the point had no magnitude, they had no substance, not so much as would constitute a metaphysical Nifflheim. They formed what Browning called 'a twilight piece'; they were compounded of the phosphorescent glow of a decadent ideal, the ideal that possession, and not creation, is the reality of culture."

## TRANSLATING MUSIC INTO WORDS

**I**S "absolute" music always absolute? Or is it frequently descriptive music with the "program" concealed? This is the question raised by Mrs. Mabel Wagnalls in a new form of lecture recital described as "imagery and music." Mrs. Wagnalls contends that so-called program music has become more and more popular with the great mass of the people because it suggests a "story," and so makes an immediate appeal to the imagination. This story or program, however, is frequently little more than a fragment, incident or scene calculated to conjure up a "mood" in consonance with the music, which does not always follow it in detail. Indeed if it were not printed in the program, the music would no doubt suggest something quite different to the average listener. The story or the title, then, is merely a summons to the attention, fixing the otherwise groping imagination to a concrete picture. Brahms' "Tragic" Overture is perhaps no more absolute or "classic" than Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet," but in the latter work the appeal to the listener's sympathy is immediate: he

fits his own version of the great story into the music. And this does not detract from the enjoyment of the music itself; it leads, rather, to greater intimacy with it. In subsequent hearings, the music itself takes the place of the story, since the listener has become as familiar with it.

Now, whatever may have been in the mind of a composer when he wrote an "Impromptu," a "Musical Moment," a "Nocturne" or a "Polonaise," it is quite natural to a hearer's mind of literary habits to conjure up plots, characters, decorative scenes, upon hearing such pieces. Mrs. Wagnalls, combining in her person the functions of the writer and the musician, has developed this "musical imagery" to a finished art, and presents to her hearers, first the literary version, illustrated by snatches of the music (giving the "high lights" of the picture), then the music itself upon the piano.

The first of these recitals aroused favorable comment in the musical papers as "something new and worth while." A writer in *Musical America* describes the effect of this unique performance:

"Reversing the order of the composer, who has for ages translated the written words into music, Mrs. Wagnalls has translated music into the written word, visualizing the images conjured up by the score into sketches of fancy and fantasy. Having won fame as a writer as well as a musician, the blending of the two mediums of expression brought an entertainment of rare beauty and charm."

In a Zielinski Gavotte Mrs. Wagnalls finds the story of Harlequin and Columbine. In the F major Impromptu of Rubinstein she sees a lone troubadour "passing through a woodland at night, twanging on his lute to keep himself company, while over and again the warble of some strange night-bird is heard, far and near, high and low, daintily, dreamily floating over the unceasing accompaniment." The F major Etude of Chopin suggests a vision of the old miracle play "Everyman," and so forth. The Chopin Polonaise in D minor has been made, according to the *Musical Leader*, "into an exquisite fairy-tale" which suits the music so well as to make one wonder if the composer himself had not had it in mind.



## CONSPICUOUS CONFUSION AS THE BESETTING EVIL OF PLAY PRODUCTION IN AMERICA

**A**LL of the innermost secrets of play production have finally been revealed.\* These secrets, if we may believe Hiram Kelly Moderwell, lead one to the conclusion that in producing plays, our American managers also produce a great deal of confusion. Conspicuous confusion, in short, if we may believe Mr. Moderwell, is the one most significant trait of the whole process. Mr. Krows has traced in his book the metamorphosis of a play from the manuscript to the storehouse; and, says this critic in the *New Republic*, "you get an impression of an immense number of excited people doing an immense number of rather ridiculous things for the entertainment of a fat and sleepily public that doesn't know what it wants."

Mr. Moderwell, who has made a thoro study of the drama and the theater of Europe as well as of this country, summarizes with a tinge of satire the production of the American play:

"The play is written by someone called an author, and 'placed' by a broker with a manager. It is then 'doctored' by a professional hack and 'laid out' by a hired director who further doctors it to 'accomplish work properly belonging to the play-doctor or to the author.' Next it is 'cast' with such actors as happen to be out of a job at the moment, and rehearsed to machine-like regularity, literally by means of a chalk-line. In the meantime some 'scenic studio' is building sets according to rigid specifications—to wit, that there shall be so-and-so many doors, practicable or otherwise, so-and-so many pieces of furniture in such-and-such locations. At the appointed day play and scenery are for the first time brought into juxtaposition, lights are turned on, gowns hastily pinned together, and all parts adjusted to each other as well as may be. Next the assemblage is moved out of town to be tried on 'the dogs'—New Haven, Albany and Atlantic City papers please copy. The dogs delight to bark and bite, and the manager usually steps in to do more doctoring. Finally the play with all paraphernalia thereunto appertaining is moved back to New York, in such theater as happens at the time to be vacant, and the first night impends. A host of petty bosses and officious underlings assist in the process, and the net result is that in two cases out of three the play fails utterly. Production is several times in excess of the demand, and the losses are paid out of the absurd profits from occasional 'successes.'"

The whole system, continues the critic, is as expert and infallible as American ingenuity can make it. The

American theater has spared no pains or expense to secure the best in each department. But this complex division of labor is apt to defeat its own aims. It suggests a landscape in which the trees are done by a tree expert, the water by a water expert, the clouds by a cloud expert, and so on to the last detail. In the production of the American play, it seems to be again the case of too many cooks.

"With the first night come the advertizements, the free-press stories, paid for on another ledger, and the critics. My compliments to the critics, an honest and able crew, and may they some day have a job worthy of their powers. At present, tho some of them have complete freedom of opinion, they receive their salaries in effect from the advertizing department and not, as you had supposed, from the city editor's pay-roll. Their function, whether they know it or not, is to keep the advertizing-pot boiling, not to report a part of the artistic life of the town. About ten per cent. of the money received by New York theaters is expended on advertizing. In other words, you spend twenty cents, each time you go to a theater, to persuade yourself

to see the show. As for the press agents, they are relatively useless and harmless."

But the confusion does not end on the "first night," continues Mr. Moderwell. Even before the success of the play is assured, while the first performance is still going on, "A group of gentlemen on the sidewalk, in no way connected with the theater, are determining the price of admission." These are the ticket speculators. Box-office prices are for the most part fictitious.

"The actual price is determined by the group of gentlemen on the sidewalk, in exact ratio to the reputed success of the play. If the verdict is 'success', then these gentlemen extract from the box-office some scores of the best tickets for some scores of future performances, to distribute them among hotels and little holes-in-the-walls. . . . Here the seats—all the desirable ones in the house—are sold for \$2.50, \$5.00, or even \$10.00 a-piece. On the other hand, if the play drops below par, there is a certain eminent person, one Joe Leblang, who will sell you seats at half-price or less. After all, why deal with the box-office at all? If a play is a success you will be turned away; if it is a 'flivver' you will pay double the market-price."

In this field of endeavor, Mr. Moderwell pessimistically concludes, American efficiency has failed absolutely. Play production in America is a process of which we ought to be thoroly ashamed. He concludes:

"This clumsy business is one of the least of America's contributions to international development. As an art it is not comparable with the English, French, German or Russian. As a business it is wasteful, slipshod, unwieldy, and supremely scornful of the consumer. The foreign theater which has developed each process in the business under a single directing intelligence, and has made itself an indispensable part of the life and thought of its community, will hardly sit at our feet in these matters. The only cause for admiration is the amount of free and vigorous endeavor which somehow manages to survive in this hamstrung system. Actors, producers, designers, managers, are doing admirable things individually, but whenever they move a free arm they are caught in the cogs of the machine. We thank Mr. Krows for having industriously described its creaking wheels, but we resent this patriotic complacency with our national muddling."

If the "claque" forms no part of managerial arrangements in this country, it nevertheless lives and prospers under various forms. In the jargon of the theater, the "house" is "papered" or "dressed up," and on opening nights a good deal of spurious enthusiasm is apt to greet the poorest play.



Courtesy of Vanity Fair

MADE BY A CUBIST TAILOR

Here is one of the costumes designed for "Parade" by the famous Pablo Picasso. It represents a Parisian impresario.

\* PLAY PRODUCTION IN AMERICA. By Arthur Edwin Krows. New York, Henry Holt & Co.

## THE CUBIST COLLABORATORS WHO HAVE GALVANIZED THE RUSSIAN BALLET INTO NEW LIFE

THE war may come to an end sometime, but evidently the Russian ballet will go on forever. Just at the moment when we have forgotten it and with sighs of relief turn our attention to other things, we are suddenly made aware of its existence again. One recent occurrence of this sort was its production in Paris of Igor Stravinsky's ballet of the bees, with settings by Maxime Dethomas. That, it seems, was nothing less than a translation into music and dance of some of M. Fabre's insects with their extraordinary love affairs. And now it is a "ballet réaliste" with which M. Diaghilev's troupe has seemingly galvanized itself into new life—a ballet which was the outcome of a cubistic collaboration between Pablo Picasso, leader of the cubist school of painting in Europe; Erik Satie, the incarnation of the comic spirit in music; Jean Cocteau, the daring modernist poet; and Leonid Miassin, the Russian dancer, who devised the choreography. It caused a storm when it was produced in the Chatelet in Paris a few months ago, Jean Cocteau himself describes the ballet in the pages of our own American *Vanity Fair*:

"The plot of *Parade* is supposed to take place on a street in Paris, on a Sunday. Certain music-hall artists show themselves in the street, outside of a music-hall, in order to draw a crowd. This is always called a parade, among the traveling circuses in France. The headliners are a Chinese magician, a little American girl, and two acrobats. The managers, in their atrocious language, try awkwardly to attract the crowd, but are unable to convince the people sufficiently to draw them into the theater. The Chinaman, the American girl, and the two acrobats come out onto the street from the empty theater, and, seeing the failure of the managers, they try the power of their charms; but all their efforts are to no avail. In short, the story of *Parade* is the tragedy of an unsuccessful theatrical venture. Simple—innocent enough."

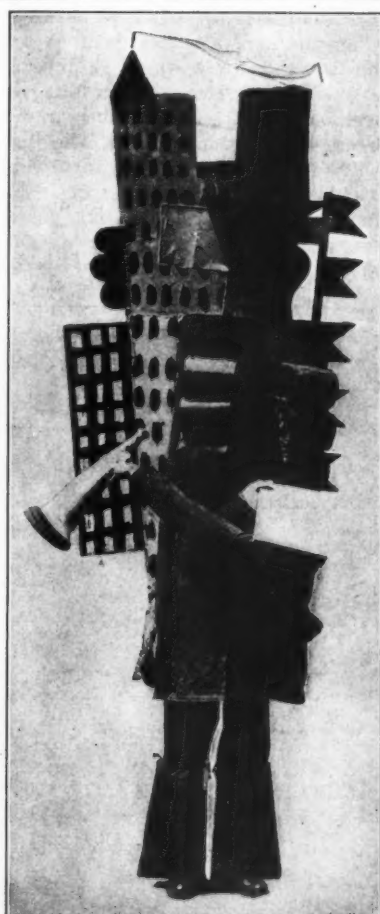
Picasso's daring curtain aroused no protest, nor did his two gigantic "managers" who were depicted somewhat in the fashion of miniature skyscrapers. But the horse he designed, says M. Cocteau, created a tumult. "I feared that the hall would collapse. I have heard the cries of a bayonet charge in Flanders, but it was nothing compared to what happened that night in the Chatelet." The Finale, he continues, in which the whole company breaks loose and collapses, brought about another tumult of conflicting opinion. But seven enthusiastic calls evidently drowned out the hisses and protestations:



Courtesy of *Vanity Fair*

### HORSEPLAY

This animal caused almost as much of a riot when he appeared at the Chatelet theater as did his only predecessor when he loomed up outside the walls of Troy.



Courtesy of *Vanity Fair*

### A SUGGESTION FOR BEAU NASH

This also is a man—a theater manager as depicted by M. Picasso. Evidently this costume makes up in convenience all that it lacks in beauty.

"We expected the unusual hilarity, but not the bad humor, which Abel Hermant has so cleverly explained is the result of the habitual seriousness peculiar to adults who dislike being entertained by a 'Punch and Judy' show. For 'Parade' is really a 'Punch and Judy' show, with all its traditions and perspectives. No symbolism is hidden in it. The subtitle of 'Parade'—'ballet réaliste,' is no impertinent fantasy. I long considered the selection of this subtitle. I wanted to give true realism its place in the ballet. What has been known, until now, as realistic theatrical art is a sort of absurdity, as that sort of realism consists in putting on the stage real objects which lose their reality as soon as they are introduced into artificial environments. The theater is the art of illusion and should always remain so."

"In all of Picasso's work there is true realism: that is to say, the world is weighed, measured, verified and felt, with a love and respect for its volumes, its material aspects, its movements, its shadows. He often declares that he goes along the street armed with a foot rule, measuring objects before putting them on canvas. In 'Parade' the dances are not the result of an effort to achieve decorative effects, but of a desire to amplify the real, to introduce the detail of daily truths and rhythms into the vocabulary of dancing; for truth can always arouse the highest emotions."

M. Cocteau declares that it was not the intention of the collaborators to shock the public, but to follow in the path of the masters. But there is something almost ingenuous in his surprise. What could be expected of a Pablo Picasso and an Erik Satie working together? He interprets the music of the charming M. Satie:

"Picasso and Satie opened the spectacle with a curtain and a fugue of a classic nature, from which all the scenery and all the music that followed seemed to flow as a natural development. Satie's orchestration was wholly free. The utter absence, in his music, of slurring of pedals, of all evidences of the melted and the hazy, resulted in the unfettering of the purest rhythms and frankest melodies. Certain motifs of a serious character in Satie's music give to 'Parade' its ambiguous charm. In it two melodic planes are superimposed. Without causing the slightest dissonances, his music seems to marry the racket of a cheap music-hall with the dreams of children, and the poetry and murmur of the ocean. 'I only composed,' says Satie, modestly, 'a background to throw in relief the noises which the playwright considers indispensable to the surrounding of each character with his own atmosphere. These imitated noises of waves, typewriters, revolvers, sirens, or aeroplanes, are, in music, of the same character as of the bits of newspapers, painted wood-grain, and other every-day objects that the cubist painters employ frequently in their pictures, in order to localize objects and masses in nature.'"



# MOTION PICTURES

## THE SUPERIORITY OF AMERICAN TO EUROPEAN FILMS AS EXPLAINED BY A FRENCH CRITIC

**I**T has remained for a brilliant Frenchwoman, Madame Gabriele Buffet, to make a comparative study of the films of all nations, and to point out wherein lies the infinite superiority of the American film. Madame Gabriele Buffet, who is one of the most lucid and interesting interpreters of modern art, contributes the results of her investigation to "391," an organ of certain intransigent spirits of modern art, which is published now in Barcelona, Spain, now in New York. Because it can adapt itself to all countries, classes and civilizations, because it can express the characteristics of all countries with a simplicity and a force other arts have not attained, the motion picture has become an essential element of modern life. "The film brings out the most general psychic state of a race, its deep instincts, and that is doubtless why it has imposed itself on the world." She proceeds to show the essential characteristics of the Italian film:

"The Italian film leads us into strained, tragic, and banal love complications. Its heroes, always persons of the most opulent classes, wander with rare and undefined attitudes among sumptuous set-

tings: palaces, gardens, majordomos, autos, rich gowns, all effects especially happy from the photographic point of view, in which we again find the Italian taste for virtuosity, and in which the plot interest fades out. Comprehension of the Italian film is most difficult. How is possible not to understand the absurdity of making the characters talk at length, to watch the motions of their lips without hearing the words they so eloquently pronounce? The influence of the Italian picture is an inauspicious one upon the art in general and entirely contrary to the nature of the motion picture. The interest that it imposes on the crowd comes from flattery of its mediocre aspirations for sentimental vulgarity, for tinsel and cheap finery—material and spiritual, for high-flown declamation."

The Scandinavian film is preoccupied with moral and humanitarian considerations,—cases of consciences in which the heroes reveal themselves as the direct descendents of the characters of Henrik Ibsen. It is long, difficult to follow, and lacking in any great cinematographic effect. The Spanish film is much inferior to the Italian. It moves slowly, more obscurely and more tragically, and does not possess even the secondary interest of good photography. The poses of terror,

anguish, and despair are at best but feebly expressed. The Swiss film is beneath consideration.

Of the moving-picture achievements of her own country Madame Gabriele Buffet recognizes both the excellence and the faults:

"The French film is often clever and well composed, but it lacks breadth. It has borrowed its best effects from the American film and knows how to use them at the psychological moment. It limits its subjects and does not seek innovations of any sort. Variations on the Gallic themes. Adaptations of detective stories. It reads clearly without becoming tedious, shows off its characters in pleasant costumes and landscapes, and possesses the secret of the theater—to spring upon the spectator a well-planned dénouement."

But it is the American film, in the opinion of Madame Gabriele Buffet, which is the only one worthy to be called a creation. It realizes a mode of expression which is quite new, while the films of Europe are nothing more than adaptations of the old literary and dramatic methods. Thanks to the growth of mechanical means, the American film, she avers, is the only one which has been able to allow free



MAXINE ELLIOTT SCORES A PICTORIAL TRIUMPH IN "THE ETERNAL MAGDALENE"

This remarkable morality screen-play opens with a prologue which reaches a climax when the Biblical Magdalene is stoned, but is saved by the intervention of the Christ.



flight to that fantasy and prodigiously active imagination which characterize the American genius.

"The American film has not bound itself merely to a series of happy effects. Its inventiveness is being renewed ceaselessly. The most disparate elements of modern life find their place in it, and often an unexpected place, which is one of the reasons of its comic power. Above everything else, the American film is active, and does not waste itself in useless representations or in pantomime, the vagueness of which the spectator must surmount by the work of mental speculation. The plot is advanced by a succession of facts of direct significance. Fisticuffs, kisses, falls, chases! Even the natural scenery is no mere passive setting. The screen reproduces it under its changing aspects; as a whole, in detail, from afar, close up, the right side of it, the wrong side. This succession impresses itself upon the memory in a vibrating form. The unity of the work is so effectively maintained by the simultaneous progress of all the characters that no matter how complicated the plot may be, no matter how numerous the actors, the film evolves without effort, captivating the mind which skips from one to the other, jumps from the grotesque to the tender, from sports to love, always held by the restrained intensity of interest and attention.

"It must also be said that the charm of the American film is aided by its presentation. The 'movie' theater, the proximity of the spectators to the heroes, the brutal intervention of the 'noisemaker' who can imitate the sound of the sea or the motor of an aeroplane; and especially the rudimentary orchestra based on the



AN INTERNATIONAL CRITIC OF THE FILM

Gabriele Buffet (Mme. Francis Picabia) has been to the movies and studied them in many lands. She explains just why the American film is the only one that can be considered "a real creation."

drum, and the continuous rhythm of ragtime, the rise and fall of which stimulates the visual effect,—all this forms a surrounding just a trifle languid, in which the mind disengages itself from external impressions and adapts itself more integrally to the luminous screen, the source of its pleasure."

But, warns our French critic, who

has recently returned to this country after an absence of several years in France, Italy, Spain, Switzerland and Scandinavia, the American film is being influenced by unpleasant European methods—especially Italian—and is already tainted by elements of decadence and impurity. "Toward what destiny is it to be directed?"

## CAN THE MAKING OF MOTION PICTURES EVER BE A FINE ART?

IT appears that the public has been deceived, or at least misled, by such savants as Hugo Münsterberg and Vachel Lindsay into believing that there are fundamental elements of art in the photodrama and that it is destined to take rank eventually as an eighth art in the cultural world. As a matter of fact, we read with a degree of surprise, the movies have no concern with art at all. Their sole concern is with life, and the trouble is that the public has been taught to expect more of them than they have been or ever will be able to deliver. Such, at least, is the interesting assertion made by one motion-picture magnate who has no illusions about the industry and who has been making a confidant of William Marion Reedy. This captain of the industry which, he insists, is not an art, is quoted in the St. Louis *Mirror* as saying that the day of the big motion-picture production at \$2 and \$2.50 a seat is over. There will be few, if any, more long stories running for weeks at a time, because the public,

demanding simply to be amused or entertained, will not support them. The business of the producer is to "keep the pictures simple and, of course, clean—and to keep the stories short." Furthermore:

"They must be stories like the best sellers—Gene Stratton Porter, Harold Bell Wright and some better and worse authors. They must not be too long, must not take a whole evening. The movie fan must be able to drop into a show any time and get a complete piece. He must not feel that he has to appear at 7 p. m. and stick it out until 9 p. m. to get something. He must be able to drop into two or three shows of an evening and get a complete story at each. . . . A number of film-corporation companies are now in the hands of business doctors, getting straightened out. And all of them have to specialize in getting material so that their names will be as sure guarantees of good shows as any of our great trade-marks. There may be startling inventions in film making, but the fact is that the crowds now know every photo trick. The wonders are

mysteries no more. Everybody knows how the picture is made showing an automobile and its passengers falling over a precipice. Maybe there will come an invention which will do away with the division of attention between pictures and their printed explanations, but until it comes we shall have to continue to make our appeal as nearly as possible to the picture itself. . . . The great future of the screen drama is along educational lines, showing people how to do things, making them see a thing in the doing rather than making them listen to someone telling how the thing is done."

This producer prophesies a brilliant future for the cinema along educational lines and is chiefly concerned with the problem of getting it into every schoolroom in the land, teaching everything from geography to bacteriology. For "the story of creation, as the movie can show it, with creative evolution in operation under our eyes, beats them all. Don't worry about the art of the photoplay. Art is all right, but life is greater—and the movie must serve life."

## A STEP FORWARD IN THE SCENIC ART OF THE FEATURE FILM

IT is a hard thing to say whether the scenery of the legitimate stage or of the motion pictures has been worse, remarks Kenneth MacGowan, a young critic who has followed artistic developments in both fields. The movies have had the advantage, he asserts in the *Seven Arts*, of many natural exterior settings, thus escaping the artificial canvas of the stage and the splay corners of its drawing-rooms. "But the movies have fled into acres of genuine mouldings, forests of Grand Rapids products, oceans of fur rugs and china statuettes, and in general whole hemispheres of aimless clutter." In the opinion of this critic, the movies ought never to have followed the conventions of the theater in the matter of settings. Yet, fortunately, scenic reform has finally penetrated the theater and the movies are thus being beneficially influenced. Simplicity and beauty is annihilating the conventional mess of bad taste one usually finds in "feature films." This has been accomplished specifically in the new Goldwyn films, through the efforts of artists like Everitt Shinn, Hugo Ballin and William Cotton, working under the direction of Arthur Hopkins. Describing the Ballin production of "The Eternal Magdalene," Mr. MacGowan notes:

"His few rooms in 'The Eternal Magdalene' are quite devoid of devitalized polar bears, bronze statues of Shakespeare and gold picture-frames. The bareness of his smooth gray walls is broken by simple pilasters devoid of decoration. A stairway turns upward with something of both grace and graciousness in its lines. 'Baby Mine' seems ornate beside 'The Eternal Magdalene'; yet its gay, deft ornamentation of beds, mirrors, window frames, pictures and cradles is restraint itself compared with what the decorators of movieland lavish on such flats. Some of Ballin's best work is to be found in 'Fighting Odds.' With a suggestion of

Gordon Craig and Sam Hume, he has made a handsome, plausible yet quite uncopied Sherry's out of sections of plain, flat stone columns, very tall, with black draperies between. As a background for Maxine Elliott he has designed boudoirs rich with the most starkly simplified use

not pictures worth looking at produced occasionally in the course of story-telling. These artists have been given an even share in the direction of the acting as well as complete charge of designing the settings, because it is felt that ultimately artists must be in entire control of the



"BARBARY SHEEP," AS A PHOTOPLAY, HAS THE DESERT GLAMOR OF "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH"

In the rôle of "Lady Wyverne," this adaptation of the novel by Robert Hichens affords Elsie Ferguson an admirable introductory vehicle to the screen.

of Eastern motives. Even the interior of a jiggling taxi is the jiggling and very little more. With these settings goes an excellent light of medium brilliance but of splendid sculptural qualities. In its evenness, however, in its neglect of the dramatic qualities of shadow demonstrated by Ince and Brunton, and in its usual position above the actors, lies one of the few technical shortcomings of Goldwyn Pictures. Naturally this new company is still feeling its way, looking for flaws and correcting them.

"It is remarkable in the movie-world to see so Minervan a birth. Yet still more remarkable development is aimed at. Artists were introduced because those in charge of production believed that the story must be drawn out of the pictures,

whole process of composing a photoplay. It is an epoch-making idea; its accomplishment will put the movies securely upon their feet as a fine art."

These pictures produced under the direction of Arthur Hopkins, we read further, are also subject to "stylization"—each story being stamped with a distinct and peculiar something which no other story would call forth. In "The Eternal Magdalene," practically the whole story is played against a black velvet semi-circle in which appear bits of wall, doors and other suggestive details as the swinging characters follow the principal character on through the dream.

## LEADING PHOTOPLAYS OF THE MONTH

[The following film productions are selected by CURRENT OPINION in consultation with the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures as being among the best new achievements of the photodrama in addition to those mentioned in the magazine previously.]

**THE ETERNAL MAGDALENE.** Goldwyn, 6 reels: This daring drama on the screen becomes a sort of life panorama—one in which youth, beauty, passion, virtue, sin, charity, mercy are vividly portrayed and permitted to place their stamp on human character. What "Everywoman" and "Experience" achieved on the stage is even excelled by this screen morality-play because of the wider scope of the camera-drama, aside from its vocal limitations. Under the direction of Arthur Hopkins this is a great allegorical picture, in which Maxine Elliott makes the most of her opportunities in the stellar rôle.

**BARBARY SHEEP.** Artcraft, 6 reels: This adaptation of the popular novel of the

same title by Robert Hichens serves as an admirable vehicle to introduce Elsie Ferguson to the screen. She, of course, has the title rôle, that of Kathryn—Lady Wyverne, wife of a typical English nobleman, who accompanies him on a hunt for barbary sheep in Algeria. The fascination and mystery of the desert and the dark-skinned people of northern Africa furnish a romantic background for the story. On an Algerian street, Benchaalal (posed by Pedro de Cordoba), an officer in the native Algerian cavalry, is introduced to Lady Wyverne and is divided between a craving for the woman and for her jewels. His plans for her abduction are upset in dramatic fashion by the Mad Marabout, a maniac who learns that Benchaalal is the murderer

of his daughter and assassinates him. Lord and Lady Wyverne later view the funeral procession and look at one another with love and a new understanding. The picture has much of the desert glamor that characterized "The Garden of Allah."

**DOWN TO EARTH.** Artcraft, 5 reels: Douglas Fairbanks, strange to say, furnishes no thrills in this screen comedy, but it is a panorama of ludicrous situations. There is no leaping from sky-scrappers, no hanging by eyelashes or other acrobatic stunts. It is straight comedy drama in which the Fairbanks smile is made to work a little bit more and his nimble body a little bit less than usual—and the change is a sort of comic relief.

# SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

## THE MOST STRIKING EVIDENCE YET PRODUCED OF PERSONAL SURVIVAL AFTER DEATH

**A** REMARKABLE "cross-correspondence," alleged by the members of The Society for Physical Research to be the most convincing testimony yet advanced from any quarter of the continuation of conscious personality after death, is given in the proceedings of this famed organization. The alleged communicators (the late Doctor Verrall and the late Professor Butcher) were in this life, says the London *Westminster Gazette*, learned and brilliant scholars, and tho, it adds, on the hypothesis accepted by Mr. Gerald Balfour, a distinguished authority, the method chosen by the departed is the one best calculated to establish their identity, it is difficult to follow and still more difficult to explain clearly to those who are not acquainted with the recent developments of psychical research. Our London contemporary therefore gives a brief explanation for the benefit of those who are not familiar with the method of cross-correspondence.

The theory is that the communicators are trying to construct a kind of literary jigsaw puzzle by giving one portion to one automatist and another to a second automatist, each being unintelligible by itself but becoming ultimately intelligible when combined with the other. The method is designed to exclude telepathy from the living—since, presumably, no living intelligence could be in possession of the completed design—and also to prevent either the conscious or the subconscious mind of the automatist from evolving a complete alleged communication and palming it off as a communication from the dead.

If the test conditions are observed, which means especially if neither of the automatists knows until the end what communications have been made to the other, neither can separately complete the design. The automatists write both in the trance state and in the normal state, and in the trance state they dictate. In both states they are alleged not to know consciously what they are writing or dictating. The completed design should be of such a character as to bear strong evidence of the identity of the communicators.

With this preliminary explanation, observes the well-informed writer in *The Westminster Gazette*, we can get to the facts:

"The automatists in the present case are 'Mrs. Willett' (a lady now living who for this purpose bears that name) and the late Mrs. Verrall. The puzzle is spread out over six years. On August 26, 1910, Mrs. Willett gets the first fragment:

Dionysius's Ear—the lobe.

That is easily interpreted by Mr. Gerald Balfour as a reference to the grotto in one of the stone quarries at Syracuse where the Athenian prisoners were set to work after the failure of the Syracusan expedition. It is actually called 'L'Orecchio di Dionisio' because it has the qualities of a whispering gallery, and the elder Dionysius, who also used it as a prison, was supposed to listen in it to what his prisoners were saying. The allusion seemed to lead nowhere, and it dropped for four years. Then on January 10, 1914, it was revived in another alleged communication to Mrs. Willett, and there were added perplexing references to Euripides and Philemon, and an 'ear-ly' pipe, which looked like and apparently was an abominable pun. The clue to Philemon and Euripides was discovered without much difficulty in 'Aristophanes's Apology,' and is clearly an allusion to the story which Balaustion tells Philemon that she sent the original tablets of Euripides's Hercules Furens to Dionysius, who, more appreciative than the Athenians, hung them up in the Temple of Apollo. The object of this is apparently to identify the Dionysius referred to and to prepare the way for what followed."

The next communication was to Mrs. Willett on February 28. In this there are all manner of allusions, which to those who knew them seem to identify the alleged communicators as the late Professor Butcher and the late Dr. Verrall. This script is closely packed with roundabout literary allusions, but the previous fragments are repeated, and there is added to them references to the stories of Polyphemus and Ulysses and Acis and Galatea.

In the next script (March 2) the material is added to by references to Aristotle, a zither, satires, jealousy. It is surmised that jealousy is the motive of some story or piece of literature which is in the mind of the communicators. So far the principal pieces in the puzzle may be summarized:

"The Ear of Dionysius.

"The stone quarries of Syracuse in which prisoners were confined.

"The story of Polyphemus and Ulysses.

"The story of Acis and Galatea.

"Jealousy.

"Music and the sound of a musical instrument.

"Something to be found in Aristotle's *Poetics*.

"Satire."

For a year and a half that was all, and the investigators tried in vain to piece the fragments together. Then on August 2, 1915, the clue came in a communication to Mrs. Verrall, who, we are assured, knew nothing about the communications to Mrs. Willett. In her script occurred these words:

"'Cythera.' 'Philox.' He labored in the stone quarries and drew upon the earlier writer for material for his Satire, Jealousy."

Even an accomplished scholar might, as Mr. Balfour says, have been pardoned for not understanding the reference. Who, indeed, has ever heard of Philoxenus of Cythera? A very little research discovered him. He was a writer of dithyrambs, a species of poetry combining music (the zither) with verse, a native of Cythera, who spent some time at the Court of Dionysius, the Tyrant of Syracuse. He ultimately quarreled with his patron, who sent him to prison in the stone quarries (the 'Ear of Dionysius'). The story is that his patron, who also thought himself a poet, was jealous of him, because he not only refused to praise the tyrant's poems, but, when asked to revise one of them, bluntly refused, and said that the best way to correct it would be to draw a black line through the whole of it.

But why are Homer and Galatea dragged in? The answer is found in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica':

"The masterpiece of Philoxenus was the Cyclops, a pastoral burlesque on the love of the Cyclops for the fair Galatea, written to avenge himself upon Dionysius, who was wholly or partially blind of one eye."

Why, again, is Aristotle dragged in? The answer is that in the second chapter of the *Poetics* (upon which Professor Butcher wrote a standard book) the Cyclops of Philoxenus is mentioned as an example of the poetry which aims at making men worse than they are, i. e., satirical poetry. It only remains to add that there was subsequently found among Dr. Verrall's books a presentation copy of a learned work by an American scholar on the *Greek Melic Poets*, which deals, among



others, with Philoxenus. This Dr. Verrall is known to have used in his lectures.

Here, says *The Westminster Gazette*, we should be tempted to stop, and leave our readers to form their own judgment, or, still better, to get Mr. Balfour's paper and study in extenso the complete story of which this is a bald summary.

"Let us say boldly, that if all the links are made good, we see no escape from Mr. Balfour's conclusion that 'the communications have their source in some intelligence or intelligences not in the body.' The next step—that the communications are from the disembodied spirits of those known in life as A. W. Verrall and S. H. Butcher—depends on cumulative evidence about which our judgment is of little value, and we can only record Mr. Balfour's opinion that 'those who have got so far as to ascribe the communications to intelligences not in the

body are not likely to find any difficulty in the personal identity claimed for the communicators. To do so would be to strain at a gnat after swallowing a camel.'

"Everything, then, depends on the essential links having been made good under test conditions. Here the all-important point is the final communication to Mrs. Verrall. The rest is merely the setting of the conundrum to which Mrs. Verrall's script supplies the solution. We may think it improbable that Mrs. Willett, not being a classical scholar, could have planned the riddle and evolved this strange classical lore from either her conscious or subconscious self, but the negative is hard to prove. If, however, Mrs. Verrall, without knowing the conundrum, produced the solution, the most incredulous could not ascribe it to coincidence. If, on the other hand, some knowledge reached her of Mrs. Willett's communications during the year and a half between the last of these and

her own script of August 2, 1915, the mystery would be explained. Mr. Balfour is positive that Mrs. Verrall knew nothing of the previous communications until she had received her own, and he tells us explicitly that they were known only to the six members of the 'group' engaged in the investigation. He tells us, further, that Mrs. Verrall knew nothing of Philoxenus until the mention of 'Philox' in her script led her to look him up in the Dictionary of Biography and Mythology—which excludes the last remaining hypothesis, viz., that she dredged the previous communications telepathically from Mrs. Willett's mind and then found the solution. The only weak link in the chain is unhappily that Mrs. Verrall is no longer present to give evidence on her behalf, but, assuming that Mr. Balfour has made no mistake in reciting the facts, we cannot challenge his conclusion that 'the communications have their source in some intelligence or intelligences not in the body.'

## THE LATEST THEORY REGARDING LIFE ON THE PLANET MARS

A VERY plausible theory regarding the canals on Mars has just been advanced by Professor William H. Pickering, of the Harvard College observatory, and is set forth by Dr. Vincent Francis in *Popular Astronomy* (Northfield, Minn.). The atmosphere of Mars is considerably more rarefied than our own. Therefore evaporation takes place much more rapidly than it does here and the boiling point of water must be considerably lower than 212 degrees Fahrenheit or 100 degrees Centigrade. On the strength of this, Professor Pickering suggests that the Martians have built the canals as much to prevent the water from evaporating or boiling away as for distributing it over the surface of the planet, as the loss due to evaporation or boiling would be very great, especially under the heat of the midday sun which must be very great, as the Martian atmosphere is so rare that the percentage of heat absorbed by it would be much less than that absorbed by our atmosphere, and a great deal less than would be necessary to balance the smaller amount of heat received from the sun.

"The reason given that such a stupendous work as this canal system might be possible is the advanced civilization that must exist there and the small gravitational force, which would allow of more than twice as much work being accomplished on Mars as could be accomplished on earth with the same expenditure of energy. But the critics ask, how can we, never nearer than thirty-five million miles to the planet, see such a marking as a canal, when the smallest possible spot visible to us is miles in diameter? These canals do not always appear the same, sometimes appearing

more distinct and sometimes fainter and often quite invisible. This phenomenon has been found to correspond with the Martian seasons, and the canals in a certain region are most conspicuous at just the season when the water from the melting snows of the polar caps would have had time to reach them. Therefore what we see are not the canals themselves but the vegetation along their banks springing up in the Martian spring-time.

In summarizing the conditions observed on the planet, we may refer to the three conditions that must be present on a body in order that it may support life. Firstly, Mars has a sufficiently hard and permanent crust; secondly, that he has an atmosphere, tho much rarer than ours; and thirdly, that he receives only from one-third to one-half the light and heat that we receive per unit of surface. This is the one point upon which the possibility of life on the planet hinges. It has been calculated that the temperature on a body receiving so little heat must be below the freezing point, but the polar caps, when they melt, seem to show every characteristic of snow turning into water, and Professor William H. Pickering has seen considerable areas of snow or hoar frost appear over the sunrise terminator which almost always disappear by an hour corresponding to nine or ten in the morning and never lasting later than eleven A.M., so that it looks, in spite of calculations, as if, owing to some cause which is probably the heat of the sun's rays but slightly tempered by the thin atmosphere, there is sufficient warmth on the surface of Mars during the middle of the day to melt snow, which puts the possibility of too low a temperature there out of the question. The above would also be

borne out by Professor Pickering's new theory. Therefore our three requirements are fulfilled, and as, in addition, Mars has day and night and seasonal changes almost identical with our own, more and more astronomers are coming to the belief that if life does not actually exist on the planet to-day, it has existed there at some time in the recent past, geologically speaking, and that a population, possibly very much like our own, tho declining in numbers and at a much higher civilization, probably exists there to-day.

"This race of beings must be veritable giants owing to the small size of the planet and its consequent small gravitational force. They, like the planet itself, must have passed their zenith and must also be on the decline with a steadily decreasing population. Their atmosphere has grown, during the long ages of Martian civilization, very rare, and all the permanent bodies of water have dried up, the only amount of this very important necessity of life worth mentioning that the population have to draw upon being that obtainable from the melting of the solar caps. But how is it possible for inhabitants, possibly thousands of miles from the polar regions, to obtain sufficient water? Astronomers have found a solution for this problem in the canals. They say that these canals are links between the populated portions of Mars and the melting polar caps, and that the Martian race, gasping for breath and dying of thirst, have made one last and supreme effort to obtain water by building this vast and inconceivable irrigation system before which any engineering feat ever accomplished on earth shrinks into insignificance. It is thought that the oases, or lakes as they are sometimes called, are either distributing-centers for the canal system, or centers of population."

## THE RECENT REVOLUTION IN MAP-MAKING

ONE of the large-scale maps of a section of northern France looks very different from the same map issued by the Paris government four years ago. Over the original map there stretches what looks like an irregular lacework of red lines—broken zigzag lines, continuous lines, lines of dots, lines of little red crosses, and here and there spaces covered by small red dots, and in others large patches of red print. Each of these signs has its special meaning. The red markings are a large-scale map of the enemy's trenches printed over the original map; and studying it with the help of the key printed in the margin, one can make out the successive line of fighting-trenches, the communication-trenches linking them together, the zones of wire entanglements marked by red crosses, the redoubts and gun positions—in a word, all the details of the enemy's defensive organization. In the words of Mr. A. Hilliard Atteridge in *Chambers's Journal*:

"There are indications which show if a trench has been abandoned, or if it is still kept in good order for fighting. Crowds of red dots here and there mark the effect of bombardment, for they indicate ground extensively cratered by shell-fire. How is it all this information is obtained, and that it is possible to mark

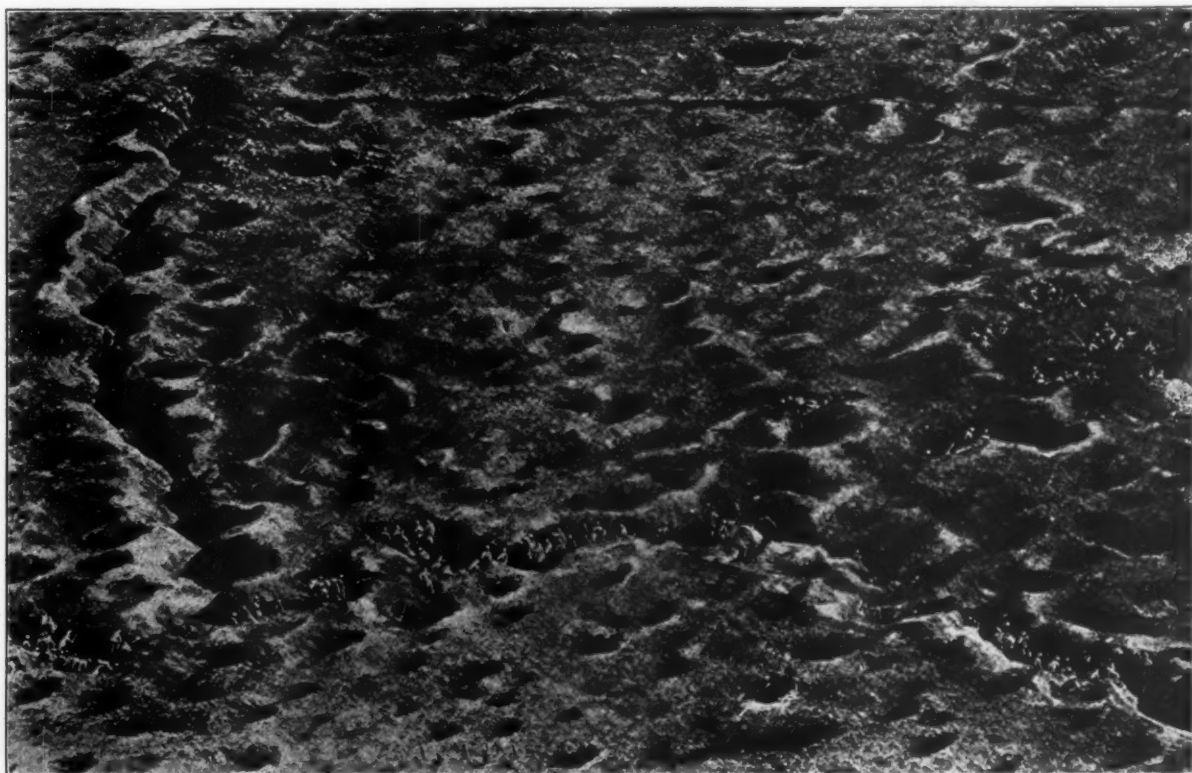
the enemy's entrenchments so fully, not only in the first line, but in line after line behind it, perhaps for the depth of several miles?

"These results are due to a skilful application to war purposes of two inventions of the last few years—the aeroplane, and the camera which is used for producing cinematograph films. No sooner had the aeroplane come into existence than its value for military reconnaissance was recognized. But even the most skilful observer flying rapidly over an enemy's lines could not collect the detailed information now shown on the maps. He collects it by using the eye of the camera. The instrument is of the same general type as that used for cinematograph work. During the flight over the trenches the camera, pointed downwards, with the film running past its lens, supplies a negative which is brought back to our lines and handed over to experts in the work of development. In a few minutes it is developed and a proof printed off."

To most of us this picture would not give much information, but it is put into the hands of men who have had long practice in interpreting the details shown on aerial photographs. The first step is to compare it with the large-scale map. Roads and villages are picked out on the photograph, a comparison with the map shows their precise position, and then it is possible to transfer to the map the details of

the enemy's trenches between these points as revealed by the photograph. The fact that much of the fighting has taken place in chalk districts facilitates the work, for the trenches appear as well-marked white lines in sharp contrast to the unbroken ground around them. By taking a succession of photographs day after day, the enemy's positions can be watched to see how this or that part of the line is being strengthened, or reserve-trenches are being constructed behind it, and new communication-trenches opened from front to rear. Note can also be taken of the cutting down of woods, the destruction of buildings, the laying down of new branch-railways, the making of stations, the formation of depots and ammunition-dumps—all useful information for the attacks of our airmen. The work is heavy, because it is not a case of making a trench map once for all, but the map has to be continually revised and kept up to date.

"The work of collecting the material for the map-maker entails a certain amount of fighting in the air. The aeroplane which carries the photographer and his camera has to be protected by fighting-aeroplanes armed with machine-guns and ready to attack and drive down any hostile aircraft that attempts to interfere with the reconnaissance. Indeed, those



BEFORE THE CRAZE FOR CAMOUFLAGE

Here we see a simple, unsophisticated landscape after the superfluities of vegetation have been burnt and purged away by the purifying shell and shrapnel. This is the foundation of the revolution in map-making, altho in our period of the war the surface here shown would be elaborated to deceive the eye of the camera.



aerial surveys could not be regularly and effectively carried out unless we held a more or less complete command of the air. There is also the danger of coming under the fire of anti-aircraft guns. In the early days of the war, before this kind of gun became very effective, aerial reconnaissance was carried out at two thousand or three thousand feet from the ground; but before the end of the first year the development of anti-aircraft guns forced the aeroplanes to fly higher, and aerial photographs are now taken at a height of five thousand or six thousand feet, or even at still greater heights. The photographic apparatus available gives so much detail and such perfect definition, even on a very narrow band of film, that an enlargement can be secured after development and all the details brought out."

The placing on the map of the information collected by the airmen is only one part of its preparation for practical use. It is important to find ways for describing accurately the

precise position on the ground of guns, troops in movement, &c., in giving orders, and selecting the targets for artillery fire. Before the war, in our peace maneuvers very rough-and-ready methods were used for describing points on the map—"so far and in such a direction from a farm or cross-road," or, again, some chance letter on the map would be taken and the distance and direction from it given. One found in orders and reports such expressions as "Four hundred yards north of the 'L' in 'Blackwater.'" Much more precise methods are now adopted. The system had already been in use in most countries for directing the fire of coast-defense guns. The sea on a coast map is mostly a blank; so, in order to signal to the gunners the exact position of a hostile ship, the sea spaces on the maps used in the batteries were divided by a system of squares.

"This system of squares is now used on

the war maps in a very elaborate form. First there are large squares marked with a capital letter. These are subdivided into smaller squares denoted by a number, these squares being one thousand yards long and wide; these are again divided into quarters—squares of five hundred yards—always described by the letters *a, b, c, d*. Transparent celluloid scales are provided with the five hundred yards square ruled on them, and divided into ten rows of ten little squares each. By laying this on the map and counting the small squares from the lower left-hand corner, one can tell, for instance, that there is a battery in the fifth square of the sixth row. This defines the position within fifty yards, and one can be still more precise by noting that the guns are in the middle of the square or in one of its corners, or at some point between these. Thus a position can be described with quite sufficient accuracy for opening fire upon it even at long range, the further regulation of the fire being carried out by 'spotting' from an aeroplane or an anchored balloon."

## ONE OF THE GREAT UNSOLVED PROBLEMS OF MODERN PHYSICS

THE newest of the problems of physics, according to Professor Robert Andrews Millikan, is at the same time the oldest. The brilliant professor of physics at Chicago University, in his recent study of the electron, takes up the nature of radiant energy as one of the most alluring of the unread riddles of our day. Nothing, he points out, is earlier in the experiences of the child or of the race than the sensation of receiving light and heat from the sun. But how does light get to the sun and the stars through the empty interstellar spaces? The Greeks answered this query very simply and very satisfactorily from the standpoint of people who were content with plausible explanations but had not yet learned perpetually to question nature experimentally as to the validity or invalidity of a conclusion. They said that the sun and all radiators of light and heat must shoot off minute corpuscles whose impact upon the eye or skin produces the sensations of light and warmth.

This corpuscular theory was the generally accepted one up to 1800 A. D. It was challenged, it is true, about 1680 by the Dutch physicist Huygens, who, starting with the observed phenomena of the transmission of water-waves over the surface of a pond or of sound-waves through the air, argued that light might be some vibratory disturbance transmitted by some medium which fills all interstellar space. He postulated the existence of such a medium, which was called the luminiferous or light-bearing ether.

Partly no doubt because of Newton's espousal of the corpuscular theory, the ether or wave theory gained few adherents until some facts of interference began to appear about 1800 which baffled explanation from the standpoint of the corpuscular theory, but which were easily handled by its rival. During the nineteenth century the evidence became stronger and stronger, until by its close the corpuscular theory had been permanently eliminated for four different reasons: (1) The facts of interference were not only found inexplicable in terms of it, but they were completely predicted by the wave theory. (2) The fact that the speed of propagation of light was experimentally found to be greater in air than in water was in accord with the demands of the ether theory, but directly contrary to the demands of the corpuscular theory. (3) Wireless waves had appeared and had been shown to be just like light-waves save for wave-length, and they had been found to pass over continuously, with increasing wave-length, into static electrical fields such as could not possibly be explained from a corpuscular point of view. (4) The speed of light had been shown to be independent of the speed of the source as demanded by the ether theory and denied by the corpuscular theory.

By 1900, then, the ether theory had become apparently impregnable entrenched. A couple of years later it met with some opposition of a rather ill-considered sort, as it seems to Professor Millikan, from a group of extreme advocates of the relativity theo-

ry, but this theory is now commonly regarded, he thinks, as having no bearing whatever upon the question of the existence or non-existence of a luminiferous ether. For such an ether was called into being solely for the sake of furnishing a carrier for electromagnetic waves, and it obviously stands or falls with the existence of such waves *in vacuo*.

Up to 1903, then, the theory which looked upon an electromagnetic wave as a disturbance which originated at some point in the ether at which an electric charge was undergoing a change in speed, and was propagated from that point outward as a spherical wave or pulse, the total energy of the disturbance being always spread uniformly over the wave front, had met with no serious question from any source. Indeed, it had been extraordinarily successful, not only in accounting for all the known facts, but in more than one instance in predicting new ones. The first difficulty appeared after the discovery of the electron and in connection with the relations of the electron to the absorption or emission of such electromagnetic waves. It was first pointed out by Sir J. J. Thomson thus:

X-rays unquestionably pass over or pass all but an exceedingly minute fraction of the atoms contained in the space traversed without spending any energy upon them or influencing them in any observable way. But here and there they find an atom from which they hurl a negative electron with enormous speed. This is the most interesting and most significant charac-



teristic of X-rays. Now this characteristic of X-rays introduces a serious difficulty into the ether theory. For if the electric intensity in the wave front of the X-ray is sufficient thus to hurl a corpuscle with huge energy from one particular atom, why does it not at least detach corpuscles from all of the atoms over which it passes? Again, when ultra-violet light falls on a metal it, too, like X-rays, is found to eject negative electrons. This phenomenon of the emission of corpuscles under the influence of light is called the photo-electric effect.

Facts of this sort, says Professor Millikan, lend themselves, in connection with others, to interpretation in terms of a corpuscular theory. In view, however, of the facts, Thomson could not go back to the old corpuscular theory. He tried to reconcile certain troublesome new facts as to the emission of electrons under the influence of ether-waves by assuming a fibrous structure in the ether. He then pictured all electromagnetic energy as traveling along lines of force conceived of as actual strings extending through all space.\*

"Altho this concept, which we shall call the ether-string theory, is like the corpuscular theory in that the energy, after it leaves the emitting body, remains localized in space, and, when absorbed, is absorbed as a whole, yet it is after all essentially an ether theory. For in it the speed of propagation is determined by the properties of the medium

and has nothing to do with the nature or condition of the source. Thus the last three of the fatal objections to a corpuscular theory are not here encountered. As to the first one, no one has yet shown that Thomson's suggestion is reconcilable with the facts of interference, tho so far as I know neither has its irreconcilability been as yet absolutely demonstrated.

"But interference aside, all is not simple and easy for Thomson's theory. For one encounters serious difficulties when he attempts to visualize the universe as an infinite cobweb whose threads never become tangled or broken however swiftly the electrical charges to which they are attached may be flying about.

"Yet the boldness and the difficulties of Thomson's 'ether-string' theory did not deter Einstein in 1905 from making it even more radical. . . ."

The semi-corpuscular theory out of which Einstein got his equation seems to be wholly untenable and has in fact been pretty generally abandoned, tho Sir J. J. Thomson and a few others seem still to adhere to some form of ether-string theory, that is, to some form of theory in which the energy remains localized in space instead of spreading over the entire wave front.

Two very potent objections, however, may be urged against all forms of ether-string theory, of which Einstein's is a particular modification. The first is that no one has ever yet been able to show that such a theory can predict any one of the facts of interference. The second is that there is direct positive evidence against the view that the ether possesses a fibrous structure.

"It is possible, however, to go a certain distance toward a solution and to indicate some conditions which must be satisfied by the solution when it is found. For the energy with which the electron is found by experiment to escape from the atom must have come either from the energy stored up inside of the atom or else from the light. There is no third possibility. Now the fact that the energy of emission is the same, whether the body from which it is emitted is held within an inch of the source, where the light is very intense, or a mile away, where it is very weak, would seem to indicate that the light simply pulls a trigger in the atom which itself furnishes all the energy with which the electron escapes, as was originally suggested by Lenard in 1902, or else, if the light furnishes the energy, that light itself must consist of bundles of energy which keep together as they travel through space, as suggested in the Thomson-Einstein theory.

"Yet the fact that the energy of emission is directly proportional to the frequency of the incident light spoils Lenard's form of trigger theory, since, if the atom furnishes the energy, it ought to make no difference what kind of a wave-length pulls the trigger, while it ought to make a difference what kind of a gun, that is, what kind of an atom, is shot off. But both of these expectations are the exact opposite of the observed facts. *The energy of the escaping corpuscle must come then, in some way or other, from the incident light.*"

Now the corpuscle which is thus ejected by the light cannot possibly be one of the free corpuscles of the metal, for such a corpuscle, in motion within, constitutes an electric current.

\* THE ELECTRON. By Robert Andrews Millikan. University of Chicago Press.

## A MEDICAL PLEA FOR THE EXTINCTION OF THE BIG GAME OF AFRICA

IN slavery days in this country it was noticed that often in a ship-load of slaves that had been captured in the interior of Africa a large number would sicken in a peculiar way and then die. They first became dull and listless, then so drowsy that they could be roused only with great difficulty. They refused to eat and then died. Other and subtler symptoms were overlooked. It was natural that illness and death should be ascribed to homesickness. These people, we now realize, explains Doctor Walter B. James, had the "sleeping-sickness." In their jungle homes they had been bitten by the tsetse flies that had previously bitten persons, or perhaps animals, having this disease, and had conveyed the parasite in this way. For the germ—a worm, not a bacterium—inhabits the blood of its victim, and multiplies there. We quote Doctor James from the *American Museum Journal* (New York):

"When the blood containing them is

taken into the stomach of the fly, the germs multiply there (the fly acting as the intermediate host between the two human beings) and go through a phase in their lives that may be likened—to use a comparison familiar to us all—to one of the stages in the life of a butterfly. The progeny find their way to the salivary glands of the fly and lie there, ready to be injected into the blood of the next person to whom the tsetse turns for a meal. If we take a drop of blood from the finger of a person who is in the advanced stage of sleeping-sickness, and put it under a powerful microscope, a remarkable situation is evident. Enormous numbers of the parasites (trypanosomes) are seen rushing about, apparently aimlessly, knocking the blood corpuscles about like so many ninepins, and one wonders that a man could live at all with such weird things going on in his blood."

Whole tribes of blacks in Africa have been annihilated by this disease and, as one of the methods of controlling it, it has been suggested that in the parts of Africa most affected,

the wild game should be killed off, for it has been shown that animals, too, may be hosts for such parasites and thus help to preserve them. The laws that secure the perpetuation of these minute enemies of man are just as effective as the corresponding laws that seem to work for our benefit. Nature is impartial.

"To be sure she has given us an intelligence that leads us, or ought to lead us, to the use of microscopes, laboratories, and through these to a successful combat with disease; but as an offset to this, she has, as a rule, made us more susceptible to disease than are the lower animals. As far as we know the antelope with trypanosomes in the blood is not made ill by them. The killing of the vast herds of buffalo that once ranged our own western prairies was necessary in order that these lands might support great herds of cattle; and so perhaps when the Dark Continent comes to be settled, it may be necessary to kill most or all of the wild game animals in order to eliminate this terrible disease."

## APPROACHING COMPLETION OF THE WORLD'S MOST IMPORTANT TELESCOPE

A GREAT telescope lens or mirror is designed not to magnify but to gather light. To be sure, admits the expert in charge of instrument design at Mount Wilson Observatory, Francis G. Pease, the more light the telescope lens or mirror gathers the longer may its focus be and the larger will be the focal image. But the real magnifier is the eyepiece which is a powerful microscope that enlarges the image formed at the focal plane of the great objective.

The objective of the human eye is extremely small. It gathers very little light and hence stars fainter than 6th magnitude are invisible, adds Mr. Pease, whose account we take from *The Scientific American*. Only about five thousand stars may be seen with the unaided eye throughout the entire sphere of the heavens. With the 60-inch reflector of Mount Wilson Observatory it is estimated that 219,000,000 stars may be detected, while the great 100-inch reflector, now nearing completion at the same observatory, will probably bring within its range over three hundred million stars.

"To be sure, the purpose of the large telescope is not merely the discovery of new stars, as this adds very little to our knowledge of the universe; but there are many problems in astronomy, particularly as regards stellar spectroscopy, upon which the great reflector will probably shed new light. The huge reflector will hold the world's record for size, the next largest being the 72-inch of the Dominion Observatory, Vancouver Island. So gigantic is it that many of the larger parts had to be constructed in a ship-building yard equipped with machinery for fabricating the big steel members of battleships. At the same time the work had to be done with the utmost precision. Difficulties of construction were multiplied by having to transport the heavy parts up the steep road to the summit of Mount Wilson. As for the mirror itself, it was necessary to import from France a great disk of glass, 13 inches thick, which, in the rough, weighed four and one-half tons. It has been shaped, polished, and tested by the most exacting methods, in the optical shop of the Mount Wilson Observatory, and will be in service this autumn ferreting out secrets of the sky which have remained beyond our ken for the lack of an eye large enough to see them."

The mounting of this great reflecting telescope required the construction of an enormous dome, 100 feet in diameter and 100 feet high, beyond which the shutter and the fin project four feet. The lower 28 feet of the dome is stationary and all above this level rotates. The dome is of metal double-walled throughout to preserve

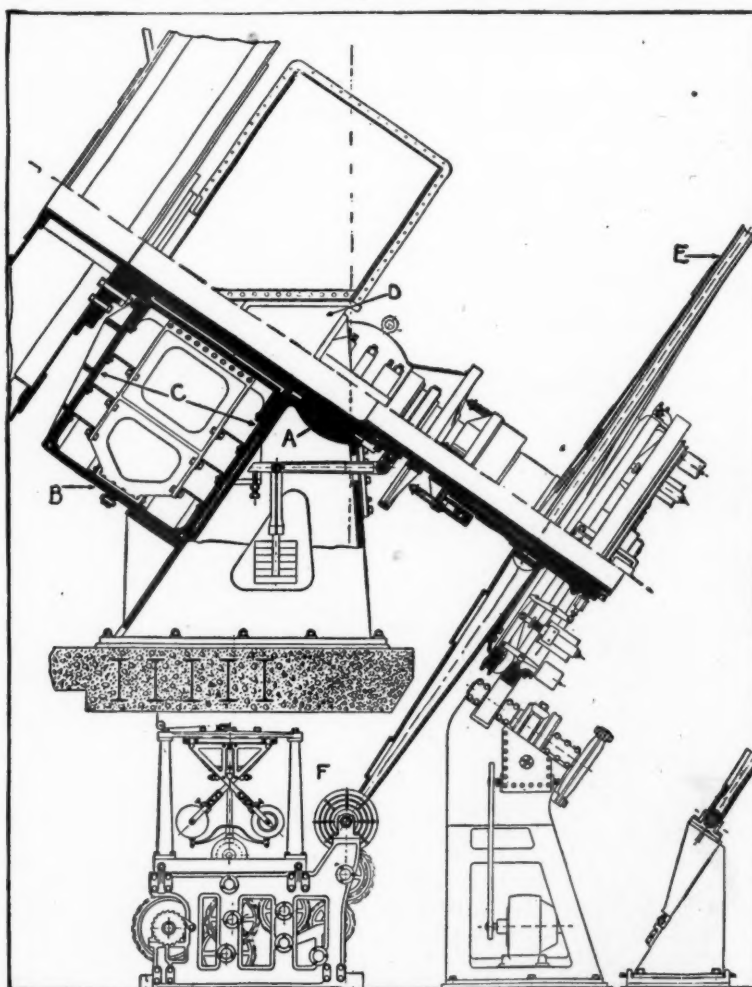
a more uniform temperature through the day. Forty massive piers arranged in two concentric rings around the main pier on which the telescope is mounted provide substantial footings, heavy enough to stand severe winter winds.

The main pier which carries the telescope is of hollow reinforced concrete, and rises to a height of 33 feet so as to remove the telescope from ground radiation at night. A solid wall extends to the south of the pier on the side of which the Coudé spectrograph of 30-foot focal length is to be hung. The pier and wall are placed on a bed of sand six inches deep to prevent any vibration of the dome from being felt at the telescope and no part of the dome itself is allowed to touch either the pier or the wall. At the top of the pier is a circular floor 52 feet in diameter and this carries on its outer rim a metal wall rising

nine feet to the upper floor of the dome and designed to shut off air currents between the top and bottom of the dome. Within the pier there is a system of tanks and pumps arranged to maintain a constant temperature system for the mirror, and here are located the dark rooms, silvering room, etc.

"The mounting of the telescope is of the English type, in which the polar axis is in the form of a yoke supported on pedestals at either end, while the tube swings in the yoke. The pedestals are made of cast iron, that at the north consisting of five sections.

"The yoke is a massive structure built of four sections, each weighing about ten tons. One of the illustrations shows the yoke of the telescope as it is being assembled, and some idea of its huge dimensions may be obtained by a comparative study of the details. Before the yoke was shipped to the Observatory it was assembled and the seats for the



SECTIONAL VIEW AT THE SOUTH END OF THE YOKE, SHOWING THE FLOTATION SYSTEM AND THE CLOCK DRIVE

To prevent binding a sleeve A having spherical outer surfaces that fits into a corresponding cup in the pedestal is slipped over the cylindrical trunnion. The latter is thus free to turn in the sleeve, to move axially, etc. A tank is shown at B and a floating cylinder at C. In order to obtain a greater depth of mercury a steel sleeve D is fastened to the south half of each tank.

trunnions and bearings for the declination axis were bored very carefully in line and at right angles to each other. Since the polar axis is unsymmetrical in section the flexure depends upon the position of the yoke with respect to a given plane. To prevent binding, a sleeve (see cut) having the spherical outer surfaces that fits into a corresponding cup in the pedestal is slipped over the cylindrical trunnion. The latter is thus free to turn in the sleeve, to move axially, and, on account of the slipping permitted at the spherical surfaces, to change its alignment."

The moving parts of the telescope weigh 100 tons. In order to permit of rotating this enormous mass without undue friction the bulk of the weight is taken up by a flotation system. Forty tons of the weight is taken at the north pedestal and 60 tons at the south pedestal. The displacements are obtained by floating steel cylinders built up in cast-iron tanks with less than one-eighth of an inch clearance between them. This is filled with mercury in which the cylinders float. The tanks had to be carefully machined in

order to keep the volume of mercury small and to insure freedom of contact with the float. In the diagram a tank is shown at "B" and a floating cylinder at "C." In order to obtain a greater depth of mercury a steel sleeve "D" is firmly fastened to the south half of each tank, thus bringing the level about two feet higher in each tank. As the different cages and attachments of the telescope have weights differing by several tons, a plunger device is installed to adjust the mercury to any desired level.

## WHY WORRY KILLS MORE CITY PEOPLE THAN COUNTRY PEOPLE

**T**HE lower death rate of the country as compared with the city is not primarily due to better sanitary conditions, altho that factor has its place. The fact is that worry kills the city folk and spares those who live in the country. That is, the relative security of the farmer's position is the explanation of a death rate in the country which is actually as well as relatively

low. The farmer is not harassed by the uncertainty of his job and his income, as are the salaried and wage-earning classes in the city. He does not need to fear that some machine will be invented to take his job, nor that he will be turned off in hard times because of lack of work or because of the eccentricities of the market in a world turned upside down. There is no danger that the countryman's industry will move away from him, forcing him to take up some new work or to spend all of his savings to move his family to a new home. Nor do strikes and lockouts affect the farmer in an appreciable degree. Besides, he does not have to compete with an ever renewed supply of immigrant laborers. The farmer has his "hard luck," as have the city workers; but it is not likely to force him into such dire straits. If crops are a failure, the whole neighborhood feels it; but no farmer is likely to lose his position because of that. Dr. James Frederick Rogers, in *The Scientific Monthly*, goes into the subject further:

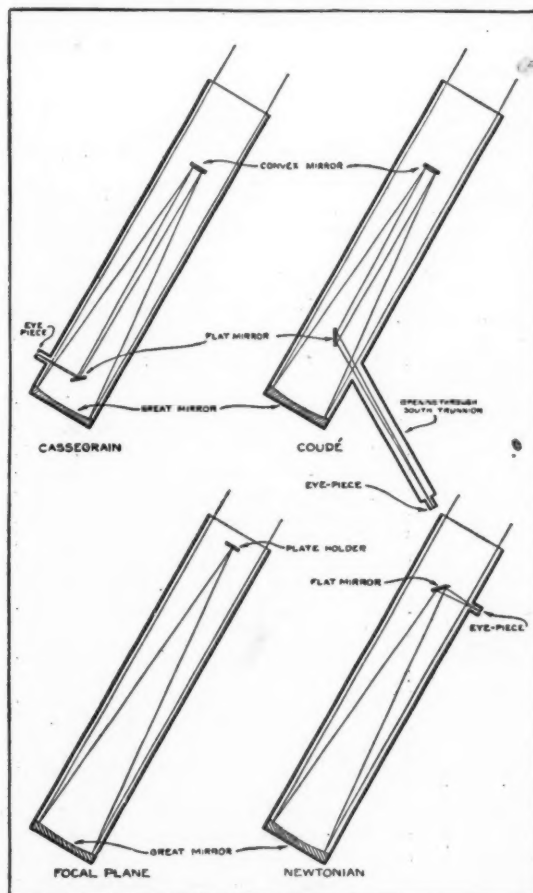
"There is also very good reason to believe that the burden of accidents, industrial and other, falls more heavily on the city population than on the country population. Certain it is that a casual perusal of the daily papers leaves this impression. But more significant is the fact that it is the practise of insurance companies selling insurance to the lower classes in the cities to charge them a much higher premium than they do farmers and those in other occupations. There seems to me to be no

doubt that a part of the greater risk assumed in the case of hand laborers is due to the greater frequency of accident in this class.

"Moreover, accidents in the city have more indirect effects contributing to a high death rate than they have in the country. Even with compensation from the employer, the city man's family is more likely to become destitute than the farmer's if he is injured. The farmer has more resources to fall back upon. For one thing, the farmer's family is still an economic unit, in which each member, from a very early age, contributes something to the welfare of the whole, while in the city the workingman's family is very largely dependent upon him alone until the children are old enough to escape the provisions of the child-labor laws. Besides, even when the city boy can go to work, he can not at once take the place of his father, except in the unskilled occupations in which it is practically impossible for a man, single-handed, to make a living for himself and family. The farmer boy, on the other hand, can do his father's work in a pinch, and thus hold the fort until his father gets better. Even the wife and daughters can help in case of necessity, and they often do. Then, too, neighborliness is more common in the country and can render greater assistance without savoring of charity than in the city."

Another cause of the freedom from worry is what may be called the lower tension of compensation in the rural districts. In the industrial and commercial world positions are graded so that there is always a more desirable position just ahead. This keeps the ambitious man continually striving for a better place and, since there are always more men who want a really good place just ahead than are needed to fill it, there is a constant struggle to secure it. There is no place in which one can stop to take breath without cause for worry that someone else will step in ahead. Similar processes of anxiety are always going on in the minds of the laborers of the city.

There is also the unending conflict of the skilled artisan with the machine designed to do his work. There is the constant change in methods.



VARIOUS OPTICAL COMBINATIONS USED WITH A REFLECTING TELESCOPE

The mirrors and attachments permitting these combinations are carried by means of steel bands in the cages. The focal plane cage used for photographic work carries the spectrograph. The plate holders and small spectrographs are directly under the hands of the observer. With the Cassegrain combination the convex hyperboloid mirror reflects the rays back to a plane mirror inclined at 45 degrees, thence to the eyepiece and spectrographs at the side of the tube near its base.



# RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

## CAN WAR BE WAGED WITHOUT HATRED?

ON the occasion of a recent conference with a delegation of Presbyterian clergymen in connection with the war, President Wilson urged the necessity of "keeping the hearts of Americans free from hate and revenge." His remark opens a wide field for discussion. Have we reached, asks a writer in the *New York Evening Sun*, that Utopian age when men's hearts and minds have developed in piety and love to the extent of not feeling bitterness and hate toward that which our higher instincts and civilization denounce and God Himself rejects? Are our natures so developed that we can neither hate that which is wrong nor love that which is right?

The writer in the *Sun* answers both of these questions in the negative and leaves the subject with the admonition: "Don't weaken the moral fiber of this country more than has already been done at Washington, Mr. President." But it is worth pointing out that one of the strange phenomena

of the war is the lack of hatred of the enemy, especially among soldiers. "Fighters have no time to hate," says Ernest Poole, in an article in *McClure's*. He writes further:

"I remember a woman in London who was like many now in New York. She told me in a voice quivering with bitterness that even when the war was over she wanted nothing but evil to come to every man and woman and child in the German empire. Meanwhile, as far as I could find, she was doing nothing for the war. She took it out in talking. In London there were not many like her, for the English are not good Haters. But in Berlin there were thousands. I remember, one evening in Beethoven Saal, looking down from the low gallery upon a throng of well-dressed people listening to an actor who was reciting the 'Hymn of Hate.' The little man was hysterical; he tore his rage to tatters; his hatred of the people of England was to endure to the end of time. And those people rose and cheered him until the great hall seemed to rock with the noise. I was told by one of them that night:

"We Germans now all feel like that.

You will hear the 'Hymn of Hate' sung by the boys in the trenches all along the Western front."

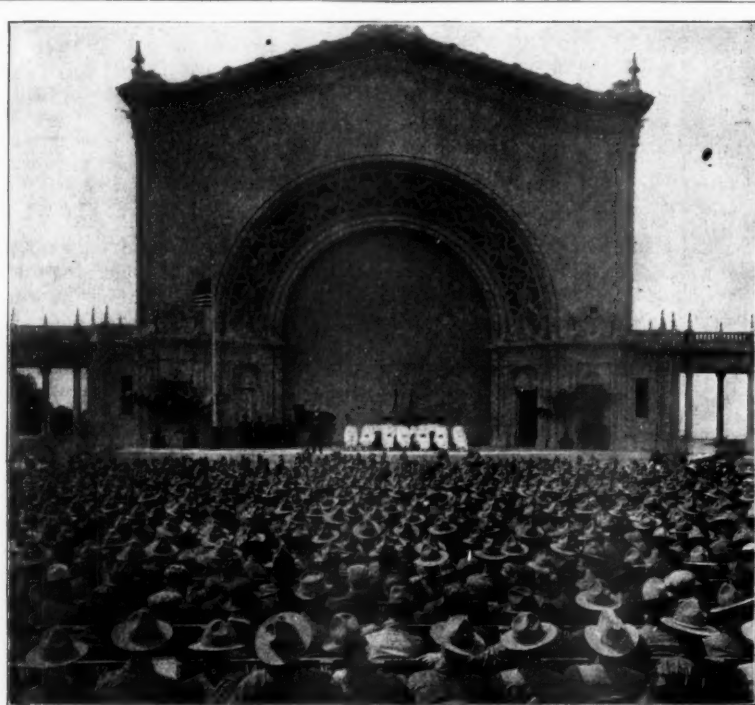
"But I went to the boys in the trenches and found them big stolid German youths, standing out there in the drenching rain and quietly fighting for Germany. They had no time for hating. And from all the correspondents I know I have heard it is the same in the French and English trenches. They are too busy killing Germans to hate them. And so it is all over Europe. As you leave Berlin or Vienna, London, Paris, Petrograd, Rome, and travel toward the battle lines, the shrill, hysterical cries of the Haters die away; and you come upon the Fighters, the quiet men who are working hard at the business of war, enduring privations, exhausting toil, and suffering and disease and death, and taking it all as a matter of course."

Similarly, Charles Bird, of Clark University, in an article, "A Psychological Study of the Soldier," in *The American Journal of Psychology* (Worcester, Mass.), tells us: "Under peculiar circumstances, such as when enraged by unnecessary violence or brutality, temporary states of intense hate may prevail, but the trench warfare has been characterized by its absence." He continues:

"The soldiers do not revel in killing; they seldom think of the enemy in person; their warfare is mechanical. The prime motive for killing is self-preservation. They kill the enemy that they may not be killed. Such phrases as 'I kill Fritz because if I don't he will kill me,' and 'It was his life or mine' are very commonly expressed. Hankey perhaps has best defined the soldier's attitude:

"The Cockney warrior does not hate the Hun. Often and often you will hear him tell his mate that 'the Boches is just like us, they want to get 'ome as much as we do; but they can't 'elp themselves.' At times he has regretful suspicions of the humanity of the Prussians and Bavarians; but they are not long-lived, and even while they endure he consoles himself with the proved good fellowship of the Saxon.' (A Student in Arms.)

"Even the sniper, who notches the butt of his rifle every time he scores a hit, will tell you he is proud of his marksmanship, but he instinctively feels that every man he kills saves the life of a comrade. The artillerymen regard the enemy still more impersonally. They never see him in battle, yet they are



"SOMEWHERE IN THE WESTERN DEPARTMENT"

Showing an open-air service in which the Y. M. C. A. and the military authorities cooperate. At this point the Association plans to have three large buildings for its work among 5000 naval recruits and 2500 soldiers and marines.

subjected to intense fire from his guns. Their own success is reported by telephone, their fire is directed by observers and their attention, in an attack, is focused upon comrades. It is only after the battle is over that they learn of their ultimate success or failure."

So it seems that hatred is *not* an indispensable part of the soldier's equipment, and a man can be a Christian without echoing the Psalmist's words: "Do I not hate them, O Lord, that hate thee? And am not I grieved with those that rise up against thee? I hate them with perfect hatred; I count them mine enemies." At the very moment when the war is passing to its sternest and cruelest phase, the Bishops of the Church of England have reached the decision to expunge from the Psalter those passages which invoke a ruthless vengeance upon the wicked. The proposed reform is concerned with what are commonly known as the imprecatory Psalms, those strange, passionate human documents in which thoughts and aspirations of rare beauty, phrases so noble in conception and of such exquisite art that they

will ever be upon the lips and in the minds of men, are mingled with wild screams of barbaric rage in which reason, morality, respect for humanity and reverence for God seem alike forgotten. The changes which have now received the approval of both Houses of Convocation, without any important opposition, involve the deletion from the Psalter of the whole of the 58th Psalm and of certain verses from nine others. Psalm 58 contains the appeal: "Break their teeth, O God, in their mouths, smite the jaw-bones of the lions, O Lord . . . let them consume away like a snail and be like the untimely fruit of a woman"; and proceeds to declare the joy of the righteous when he "shall wash his footsteps in the blood of the ungodly."

A significant fact in connection with the Bishops' decision is that the omission of the dubious passages was resolved upon by a large majority of Convocation. This, the *London Telegraph* thinks, marks an important stage in the evolution of religion. It continues:

"Not many generations have gone by

since Christians of all denominations were wont to use the most violent passages of Scripture as weapons, not only against the infidel, but against each other.

"Many of us can remember a time when any proposal to strike a word out of the Psalter would have been met with the united opposition of all parties. It is only in the lifetime of men not yet old that the Churches have learned to resign the claim to invoke the thunders of Divine vengeance on all who cannot share their faith, and have discovered that in putting from her all desire of imprecation and commination Christianity but fulfils her mission, and is endued with new strength. There have, indeed, all down the ages, been divines of many a creed who chose to preach and live by love, not fear, but they have spoken for themselves, and often under the stigma of heresy and excommunication.

"A momentous change is made when one of the great Churches of Christendom resolves to declare to the world, by an alteration in services sanctioned with the use and authority of centuries, that it is not for Christianity to preach the joy of vengeance, or to pray that men may go down into the pit of destruction and find none to pity them."

## THE INSTINCT OF SELF-IMMOLATION AS A KEY TO THE WORLD'S WAR-FRENZY

THE age-old instinct for rebellion against the limitations of mortality, working blindly through an unresisting people, is accountable, says Frances Gregg, in *The International* (New York), for war. "To be, not a single human entity, but a People, and that a great People: to fulfil the need of dependence: to create and to destroy: these are the things that beget wars." She continues:

"An exile, I have seen crowds surging through the streets of Rome, crying out for war; I have seen the conscript trains drawing out from Paris, and I have seen the recruiting agent at work in England, and on the faces of all these peoples there was the glamor of romance. What did it matter to them that thin rationalists were crying through the cities: 'There is no romance, there is no glamor, there is no personal glory in this war of the machine!'; that the cry was going out: 'What does it matter to you, Man-in-the-street? Will you be any better off for their war?'

"They were the 'better off,' if only for that one ecstatic vision of adventure. The emotional occasion justified all shattering and mangling of bodies. Where there had been poverty, there was richness of experience. Where there had been a man smitten into stupidity, or brutality, or genius, by the reverberating echo of hopeless human desire: where there had been a soul crying up through the darkness of the commonplace: where there had been an ego ceaselessly demanding its legitimate annihilation: there

was now a unit of force, of force made noble by the subjection of all life to an inexorable obedience.

"Does it not matter to any god that, in the shameful humor of our Creator, our thoughts, our minds, our identity, were made to spin round and round in those rocking bowls, our skulls—were made to clap and jangle in those bone boxes, subject to all the petty limitations, the extraordinary chance thickening of the senses, of separate human bodies? And to the impotent gesticulation of our shamed fury only the god of war responds with the one word, 'Immolation.'"

Average men are inarticulate. They go to "do their bit" in response to some crude and sentimental appeal, and they don't talk about it. But "it is the glamor of adventure," Frances Gregg declares, "that whirls the English volunteers and all the conscripted hordes into the agonized vortex of war—adventure, that deep-rooted longing for romance."

"The very word stirs in us that instinct for the grand manner, the wish to live in the grand style, the desire for more enthralling situations, for a heightening of existence, for more than human emotion.

"That alone, that 'more than human emotion,' accounts for the inhuman atrocities of all these civilized nations. That lurking savagery in us, that drop of black African blood, that blown dust of an Egyptian king, that atom of an Assyrian slave-driver that was in the manure that fertilized our vegetables—that archaic cruelty assimilated by one means and

another into each human being, to lie in uneasy restraint before expediency, fear of consequences, pride of virtue, and those other ape-like moral mannerisms imposed by civilization—burst forth at last under pressure of 'crowd psychology' (that strange subsidizing of emotion), into an orgy, an ecstasy, a more than human frenzy of Sadistic indulgence.

"What accounts for the astounding spectacle of thousands of men advancing, cheering, to almost certain impact with tons of explosive material that is being voided upon them by invisible machines? Any one of these men, under normal conditions, put into range of a .22-caliber repeater, would turn and run like a rabbit; but surround him with a thousand of his kind, all acting in unison, with the danger heightened beyond a thousand-fold—nor is he, poor wistful fool, any less solitary than he has always been—yet he will drive on, at a high tension of poetic fervor, to a revolting and filthy dissipation of all his parts. Again it is an orgy, an ecstasy, a frenzy, this time for an ideal emotion, the purely esthetic quality of courage. . . .

"And, as one strains back the petals to gaze into the heart of this thing, there is 'immolation' written upon the very core. And before this last mystery one draws back; here is a veil that a bolder than I must lift. Men have seen stars hurl themselves into the nothingness of the abyss, and souls shrivel before dreams of their own making; they have seen the frost lay waste the earth's surface, and the hot sun parch already fevered places, and the moth's wings curl in the flame of the candle: these things are immolation."

## DID ABRAHAM LINCOLN BELIEVE IN CHRISTIANITY?

**S**OON after the death of Abraham Lincoln in 1865, one of his biographers put forward the claim that he was a devout believer in Christianity. The claim was promptly denied by Lincoln's friends, and a controversy began which has continued until this day. Last winter, ex-Governor Dunne, of Illinois, made the statement, in an address before a Roman Catholic Club in Buffalo, that "Lincoln was not a Christian, but was probably a deist and a disbeliever in miracles, revelation, the atonement, etc." This statement, tho challenged in several religious papers, is supported by the testimony of Lincoln's closest associates, including the three men—John T. Stuart, Stephen T. Logan and William H. Herndon—who at various times were his law-partners. Herndon asserted Lincoln's heresies most emphatically in the "Abbott Letter" of 1870, so called because addressed to the *Index*, a paper published in Toledo, Ohio, and edited by Francis E. Abbott. Mr. Herndon wrote:

"From what I knew of Mr. Lincoln, and from what I heard and verily believe, I can say, first, he did not believe in a special creation, his idea being that all creation was an evolution under law; secondly, he did not believe that the Bible was a special revelation from God, as the Christian world contends; thirdly, he did not believe in miracles as understood by Christians; fourthly, he believed in universal inspiration and miracles under law; fifthly, he did not believe that Jesus was the Christ, the son of God, as the Christian church contends; sixthly, he believed that all things, both matter and mind, were governed by laws, universal, absolute and eternal."

All this was challenged in a lecture on "The Later Life and Religious Sentiments of Abraham Lincoln" written by the Rev. James A. Reed, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Springfield, Illinois, and published in *Scribner's Monthly* in July, 1873. Mr. Reed's contention was that while Lincoln may have been an "Infidel" when a young man, he changed

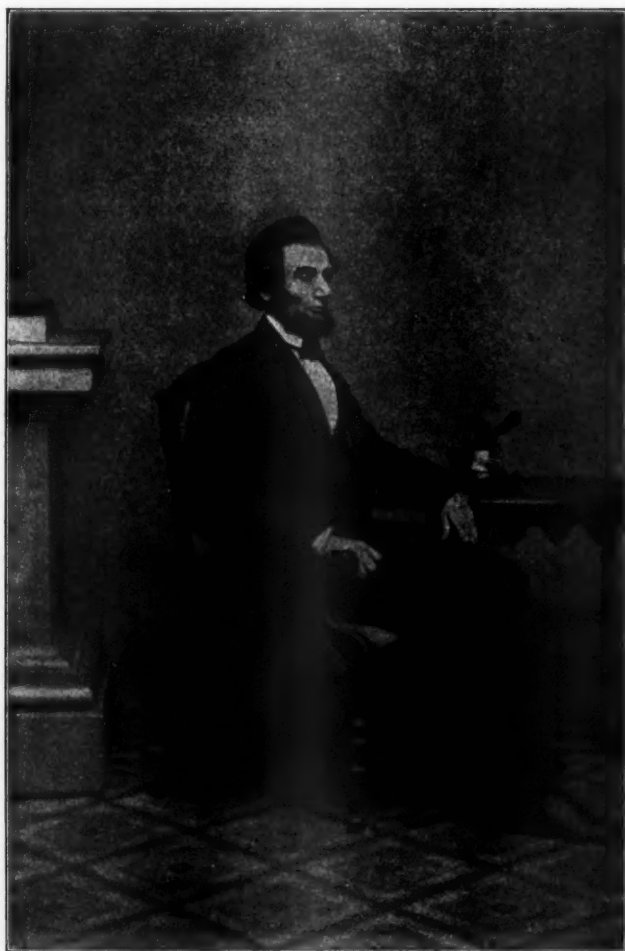
his views as he grew older. The lecture, with Herndon's rebuttal, has been lately published, in a private edition, by Judd Stewart, of Plainfield, New Jersey. He states that the Herndon rejoinder was in danger of being forgotten until he discovered and republished it, and he offers the following comment on the debate: "No one can read these documents and fail to be convinced that Abraham Lincoln had an abiding faith in God, that he was deeply religious, that he had great charity and gentleness of soul, but there is nothing in this record to justify the claims of those who would prove him an orthodox Christian."

Evidence tending to show that Lincoln was not so radical in his religious beliefs as Herndon and others have claimed is furnished by Henry B. Rankin in his recent "Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln" (Putnam). Mr. Rankin was for several years a student in the Lincoln and Herndon Law Office in Springfield, Illinois, and he tries to show that "the

charge of infidelity was originated and circulated by Lincoln's political foes." A great deal has been made by Herndon and others of a Freethought manuscript which Lincoln is declared to have written and which was supposedly snatched from his hands by an indignant storekeeper and thrust into a stove. Mr. Rankin concedes that papers were burned, but maintains that they were partly of a business and partly of a personal character. In the Rankin home Lincoln met Ann Rutledge, and it was widely believed that the shock caused by her death was responsible for his religious skepticism. When questioned by Rankin's mother on this subject, Lincoln is reported to have said:

"Those days of trouble found me tossed amidst a sea of questionings. They piled big upon me experiences that brought with them great strains upon my emotional and mental life. Through all I groped my way until I found a stronger and higher grasp of thought, one that reached beyond this life with a clearness and satisfaction that I had never known before. The Scriptures unfolded before me with a deeper and more logical appeal through these new experiences than anything else I could find to turn to or ever before had found in them. . . . I doubt the possibility or propriety of settling the religion of Jesus Christ in the models of man-made creeds and dogmas. It was a spirit in the life that he laid stress on and taught, if I read aright. I know I see it to be so with me."

"The fundamental truths reported in the four gospels as from the lips of Jesus Christ, and that I first heard from the lips of my mother, are settled and fixed moral precepts with me. I have concluded to dismiss from my mind the debatable wrangles that once perplexed me with distractions that stirred up but never absolutely settled everything. I have tossed them aside with the doubtful differences that divide denominations. . . . I cannot without mental reservations assent to long and complicated creeds and catechisms. If the church would ask simply for assent to the Saviour's statement of the substance of the law, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and thy



AN ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF LINCOLN  
For which he sat to Brady, the Washington photographer, when President.

*Rankin*



neighbor as thyself—that church would I gladly unite with.”

The entire question of Lincoln's religious faith has lately led to an interesting discussion in the *New York Times*. One participant, W. M. van der Weyde, President of the Thomas Paine National Historical Association, insists that the evidence is overwhelming that “Lincoln was not a believer in Christianity, but was, to the contrary, a disbeliever—an Agnostic or Infidel.” He cites the statement of Herndon that “Mr. Lincoln was an Infidel and so died,” and continues:

“Colonel Ward H. Lamon, author of an important ‘Life of Lincoln,’ who was the warm friend and confidant of Lincoln and accompanied the newly elected President from Springfield to Washington, remaining in that city with him until his death, when he led the great funeral

procession in the capital and then accompanied the great man's body to its final resting-place in Springfield, wrote the following paragraph:

“When he [Lincoln] came to New Salem he consorted with Freethinkers, joined with them in deriding the gospel history of Jesus, read Voltaire and Paine, and then wrote a deliberate and labored essay wherein he reached conclusions similar to theirs. The essay was burned, but he never denied or regretted its composition’ (Life of Lincoln, page 487).

“John G. Nicolay, private secretary to Lincoln in Washington and one of the martyr President's closest friends and also his biographer, wrote in a letter to Mr. Herndon: ‘Mr. Lincoln did not, to my knowledge, change his religious ideas, opinions or beliefs from the time he left Springfield to the day of his death.’

“John E. Remsburg's ‘Abraham Lincoln: Was He a Christian?’ (New York, 1893) goes into the subject of Lincoln's

religion very exhaustively. Mr. Remsburg proves conclusively by a large array of witnesses gathered from Lincoln's most intimate friends that Lincoln was not a believer in nor a supporter of the system of Christianity. The same writer produces further evidence in his work entitled ‘Six Historic Americans’ (Truth Seeker Company, New York).”

Another correspondent of the *Times*, Thomas Mayo Roberts, takes the view that Lincoln was not an Infidel in the strict sense of the term. “To-day we would call him liberal, and in another generation, it may be a hundred years hence, he will be rightly placed in the list of great liberal-minded Christians. Lincoln is a magnificent historical example of one who was a Christian in every essential respect, without subscribing to any church ritual as a member.”

## HERBERT SPENCER AS A FALLEN IDOL

A CONTROVERSY recently raged in England regarding Spencer's theory of the State and its relation to the present war. It was occasioned by the publication of a biography of Spencer, written by Hugh Elliott. Havelock Ellis argued from an individualistic point of view; Bernard Shaw took a Socialistic attitude; while Mr. Elliott upheld the view that “if Europe had followed Spencer this war could never have occurred.” The discussion reached no definite conclusion, but is illustrative of a disposition on the part of contemporary thinkers to make a new appraisal of Spencer's intellectual standing. While Havelock Ellis talks of Spencer's “triumph,” Basil Williams, the author of the series of “Makers of the Nineteenth Century” in which the Elliott biography appears, sees Spencer's influence declining. He speaks of “Spencer's already almost neglected tenets,” and adds that, “as far as one can see, whether as a philosopher or a man of science, Spencer is not likely to live for future generations.”

In an article lately published in *The Catholic World* (New York), Dr. James J. Walsh calls Spencer a fallen idol. “Herbert Spencer,” he says, “was a name to conjure with twenty-five years ago in certain scientific and cultural circles. But how are the mighty fallen! How little interest is shown in Herbert Spencer at the present time!”

“A generation ago he was quoted confidently, and by many his opinion on a question was accepted as final. Occasionally a man now far beyond middle life still quotes him, but the quotation is

received with a shrug of the shoulders and a conviction that an old fogey is speaking, one whose intellectual life ended during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. For we of the twentieth century have other divinities to worship, tho in philosophic circles I venture to doubt if any of them exercise the influence that Herbert Spencer did in the nineties.”

Dr. Walsh finds much, even as a Roman Catholic, to admire in Spencer's writings; but he thinks that what is sound in his doctrines represents a falling away from his earlier views. He speaks, for instance, of the way in which Spencer lost faith in the education of the intellect. At the end of his life, Spencer confessed that he had overvalued, in certain respects, the power of knowledge. In his essay on “Feeling versus Intellect” in “Facts and Comments,” he wrote: “Everywhere the cry is—educate, educate, educate! Everywhere the belief is that by such culture as schools furnish, children, and therefore adults, can be molded into the desired shapes. It is assumed that when men are taught what is right, they will do what is right—that a proposition intellectually accepted will be morally operative. And yet this conviction, contradicted by every-day experience, is at variance with an every-day axiom—the axiom that each faculty is strengthened by exercise of it—intellectual power by intellectual action, and moral power by moral action.” In the same essay, Spencer declared: “The emotions are the masters, the intellect the servant, so that little can be done by improving the servant while the masters remain

unimproved. Improving the servant does but give the masters more power of achieving their end.” On all of which Dr. Walsh comments:

“Cardinal Newman said that one might as well try to hold huge ships with silken threads or quarry marble with razors as expect that the intellect would do the rude work of repressing human passions when they are really aroused. Spencer and Newman might perhaps not be expected often to agree on ethical subjects, and yet here at least they were in excellent accord.”

That Spencer abandoned his aggressive Agnosticism as he grew older, is well known. He said: “Sympathy commands silence towards all those who, suffering under the ills of life, derive comfort from their creed.” Perhaps the reversal of opinion on the part of Spencer most disturbing for his disciples was that expressed in the last chapter of “Facts and Comments.” In it he wrote: “Could we penetrate the mysteries of existence there would remain still more transcendent mysteries.” Space eternal, self-existent, uncreated, infinite in duration and extension, assumptions required by Spencer's previous mode of thinking, now seemed to him staggering. The last sentence of his book was: “Of late years the consciousness that without origin or cause infinite space has ever existed and must ever exist produces in me a feeling from which I shrink.”

Dr. Walsh finds Spencer's philosophy superficial and unsatisfactory. He sums up his argument:

“What is perhaps most amusing with regard to Herbert Spencer, considering the interest of scientists in his work, sci-

entists who were quite sure that the only way to get at truth was by inductive reasoning, that is by gathering together a number of instances and then finding the law in them, was the fact that Spencer's philosophy was entirely one of deduction. His mind lit upon some principle and then he proceeded to find facts that

would support it and illustrate it. He had a marvelous memory for instances that would confirm his notions, but paid no attention at all to anything that disagreed with his preconceived ideas. Nothing illustrates better the place of deduction in any system of philosophy than Spencer's devotion to it, tho he appeared

to be so intent on modern science and the accumulation of instances that a great many of his disciples were quite sure that he was writing an inductive philosophy. Even the great accumulation of facts in his 'Sociology' had no influence except to confirm certain principles already outlined in Spencer's mind."

## HOPING FOR A REVIVAL OF PAGANISM

**E**VEN as the guns thunder and the nations go out to slaughter, Edward Lewis, a writer in the *Atlantic*, finds time to indulge in a poetic reverie on "The New Paganism" and to express the hope of those who look for a revival of Paganism, sooner or later, in the modern world. Mr. Lewis recalls that, some years ago, there appeared in England a single number of a magazine styled *The New Pagan Review*. It was edited by William Sharp, whose writings under the pseudonym of Fiona Macleod had had considerable vogue. But it was unsuccessful, and, in Mr. Lewis' estimation, its lack of success was in large part due to its name. "For to give a name to a thing is often to damn it. A label is a distinguishing mark which not seldom has an extinguishing effect." Mr. Lewis goes on to illustrate the point:

"The Germans were rapidly conquering the world by a process of 'peaceful penetration,' but in a fatal hour they inscribed 'Pan-Germanism' upon a banner, hoisted it over a park of heavy artillery for all the world to see, and the world—saw it! William Sharp may have thought that it was the Neo-Pagan element in his books which made them so attractive to a large and faithful company of readers, and he may have been quite right in so thinking; but he did not perceive the risks he ran in abstracting them from their imaginative and literary setting, and exposing them in all the nakedness of their proper name. It is one thing to have 'The Dominion of Dreams' upon your table; and another to be seen handling *The New Pagan Review*; the former might reveal the delicacy of your taste in modern literature, the latter would throw some shadow of suspicion upon the correctness of your morals."

The greatest difficulty which Neo-Paganism has to overcome is still, as Mr. Lewis sees it, the fact that the word "Pagan" continues to stink in the nostrils of Christendom. This, he remarks, is an obstinate reminiscence of those far-past days when the early Church perceived Paganism as among its most powerful and subtle foes, fought it tooth and nail by every device it could lay its mind to, and celebrated the triumph achieved on Golgotha with the ringing cry, "Great Pan is dead!" But Pan, Mr. Lewis asserts,

is not dead; nor, happily, is he ever likely to die. "No deity has a juster claim to live than he; and, could he die, all other deities would perforce become silent and powerless, for the natural is the tap-root of the spiritual." The argument proceeds:

"Doubtless to the early Christians Pan became as one of the devils, perhaps the very Devil. Paganism meant—Saturnalia. There was, of course, a good deal more in Paganism than that! There were Socrates and Aristotle; there were Phidias, Homer, and Pindar; there were Æschylus and Euripides; there was even Archilochus! But to the sheep in the Christian fold, Paganism was the wolf. To the children in the Christian nursery, Paganism was the bogey-man."

"We are not disputing the expediency of this, but showing cause why it comes about that nowadays the word 'Pagan,' in the minds of respectable citizens in a Christian land, usually connotes little more than orgy, libertinism, lawlessness, riot, and all manner of self-indulgent excess. The vision of an over-fed, wine-bibbing Epicurean is allowed to loom so large before the mind as to exclude even a glimpse of the frugal, highly-disciplined Stoic, who was no less a pagan; and neither the sweet-smelling sanity of Walt Whitman, nor the clean, frosty, bracing savor of Nietzsche's doctrine of renunciation as expounded in his 'Will to Power,' makes itself felt, because the nose is altogether occupied with the sensual vagaries of some Oscar Wilde."

The revival of Paganism, if it ever comes—and Mr. Lewis is convinced that it is coming—will not be the restoration of an old cultus. It will not mean the return of Pan. "The Pan of the new Paganism," Mr. Lewis says, "will have suffered change by reason of the exile into which the Church drove him."

"The Church has said, 'Pan or Christ,' and in so saying has rendered impossible the fullness of religious experience to all who accept the antithesis. The ultimate achievements of Life can never be formulated as a disjunction. The irresistible tendency of Life is toward synthesis. 'Either-Or' may occur in the mid-course of some vital process, but no living movement ever rested in an 'Either-Or.' Why 'Pan or Christ'? Why not 'Pan and Christ'? Not as a compromise for the sake of peace, nor as two coordinate principles sharing the throne together, but

as a true synthesis in which all that is divine in human life and all that is human in divine life shall find due place."

The Church supervened upon the Old Paganism as a discipline. That, Mr. Lewis points out, is the significance of the Church in respect of the practice of life—it represents a discipline, an obedience. But discipline, Mr. Lewis insists, is not an end in itself; its worth is vindicated only in the issue of a freer life.

"The purpose of discipline is not to quench but to centralize the spirit of youth with a view to its reentry and revival. The value of restraint is that, when its lesson has been learned, the quests of Youth may be sought and won with greater boldness, steadier resolve, and a more single will. Control derives all its importance from the straightness and constancy it imparts to life. There is no real advantage in virtue if it chills and diminishes passion. Mistakes matter little. Correctness is a mean thing. Excess, which is the vice of the weak, is the virtue of the strong, and (as Blake said) for him the highway of wisdom. The great sin is, not to live with enthusiasm and power when one is ready and the opportunity is at hand. The great untruth is to be unreal. The great treachery is to refuse expression to a Self which is, at last, concentrated and free. Personal discipline is a means to the renewal of youth."

"The renaissance of Youth! Oh, the dreary length of the days in which we go to school with the Law—the old dame with her cupboard full of pains and penalties! Oh, the bitterness of the continual repression of desire, the galling of the bands, the chafing of the fetters! Oh, the heavy stupidity of authority—how it makes us fume and fret! Oh, the monotony of the path with its trim hedges, and the everlasting warning to trespassers wherever to our furtive eye there comes a glimpse of a wider, wilder world which promises the chance of risk and adventure! But, patience, my heart, patience a little while. Something meanwhile is growing deep and strong within thee. This is thy true freedom, and at such a cost has it to be purchased. One day, when at last thou art able to bear thy freedom, thou shalt awake to a world in which thou mayest roam in every wood, loiter in every glade, drink of every stream, follow what path thy desire prompts thee to, and, without hurt or peril, all things shall be thine, richly to enjoy."

## THE SECRET OF PSYCHOANALYSIS AS HAVELOCK ELLIS REVEALS IT

**T**HE human soul will never again be to human eyes what it was before Freud explored it. He has revealed the possibility of new depths and subtleties, new complexities, new psychic mechanisms." So Havelock Ellis, the distinguished English psychologist and scientist, writes of his Austrian contemporary, the high priest of the psychoanalytic cult. According to Dr. Ellis, Freud is not so much a scientist or a philosopher as an artist, and much of his fascination lies in this fact. "When we survey the Freudian conception of psychoanalysis," Dr. Ellis says, "it is manifest that the core of it is its doctrine of sex impulse as appearing in infancy, passing through various phases and processes, mostly involving conflict, and ultimately developing—except when by miscarriage it takes on morbid shapes—into the loftiest cultural shapes that humanity can create." More specifically, Dr. Ellis writes (in the *New York Bookman*):

"Freud traces back the processes with which he deals to roots in early childhood, to an infantile disposition with certain resultant psychic mechanisms, and that is largely why they are lost from ordinary view in the unconscious. The later psychic developments are highly important, but they are always obscurely connected with more fundamental, however concealed, roots in childhood or infancy, even tho ultimately they are shaped by human imagination into the great figures and conflicts of Myth and Religion and Art.

"This infantile source of later psychic processes is, in Freud's view, sexual, tho a dexterous sleight of the artist's hand has later enlarged the conception of sexual pleasure by combining it with all pleasure, thus taking away the ground from the anti-Freudians' feet. On infantile sexuality, and on its significance

for all later life, he lays great stress. The infant's sexual life he regards as highly complex. It primarily consists in simple tactile pleasures, in thumb-sucking, in friction of the various body openings, or of other sensitive spots. It develops into a special interest in the activity of the excretory functions. Extending to other persons, it tends to attach itself in the boy's case to his mother, in the girl's case to the father, as well as between brothers and sisters, and it also tends to ignore the adult distinction of sex: 'You will not be wrong,' Freud says, 'in attributing to every child a fragment of

"Fragments, indeed, of this infantile state of desire may in some cases persist in the form of fixed perversions. Perversions are related to neuroses as positive to negative. In the neuroses the same original impulses are at work, but they are working from the unconscious side, all the intensity of the suppressed emotion becoming transferred to the physical symptom. Disease is thus, in Freud's words, a flight from unsatisfying reality into something which, tho biologically injurious, is not without advantage for the patient, for it is a kind of cloister into which, with his transformed infantile longings, the patient retires when deceived by the world or no longer able to fight against the world. We imagine that we can destroy our childish and primitive impulses by some miraculous process and change them into nothing. It is not so, says Freud. Nothing is destroyed. We can at the most shift our desires into the unconscious, convert them into morbid shapes, or sublimate them, and then not entirely, into exalted ideal impulses. Spirit is as indestructible as matter; that is Freud's great discovery. Freud's work is the revelation in the spiritual world of that transformation and conservation of energy which half a century earlier had been demonstrated in the physical world."



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### THE HIGH PRIEST OF THE PSYCHOANALYTIC CULT

Sigmund Freud, the Vienna physician, is hailed as a Columbus of the soul. "He has revealed," says Havelock Ellis, "the possibility of new depths and subtleties, new complexities, new psychic mechanisms."

homosexual aptitude.' These special attractions may easily become special aversions. Fundamentally, however, they are wishes. A sexual wish is, in Freud's view, fundamental."

In the course of development, the infantile wish, as a result of important conflicts, disappears into unconsciousness and is replaced in consciousness by some other manifestation. This, Dr. Ellis observes, is inevitable, for, as the subject grows older, the moralized emotions of shame and disgust, acting as censors, drive the infantile "sexual" wish out of the conscious field.

Thus Dr. Ellis outlines for us a system of doctrine which, as Freud claims, is of universal extension and represents a fundamental human process of supreme importance. The method by which the physician of Freud's school investigates this state of things, by bringing it to the light of consciousness and, in so doing, relieving it, is the famous method of psychoanalysis. At first, when working with Dr. Josef Breuer, Freud used hypnotism. Later he abandoned hypnotism in favor of what he calls the analytic method.

"Freud encourages the patient to say



everything, however irrelevant or indecorous or silly, which comes into his head, while he, as it were, stands by and watches these bubbles from the psychic depth, on the lookout for those which furnish a clue to the nature of the process beneath. . . . As the patient's real history is thus brought to the surface and revealed, slowly and laboriously—and Freud admits that the process is extremely slow and laborious—the patient is enabled to become conscious of the morbid process and in so doing is greatly assisted in casting it off. In that way the psychoanalytic method is, as Breuer termed it, cathartic, and, as Freud points out, it is the very reverse of the hypnotic method, for while hypnotism seeks to put something into the patient, psychoanalysis seeks to take something out, and is, as Freud has himself said, analogous to the sculptor's art."

The chief point of attack of Freud's opponents is his emphasis—or, as they would say, his overemphasis—on sexuality, but Dr. Ellis finds great value in this aspect of his thought. "In the matter of sex," Dr. Ellis avers, "we are all a little medieval. Hunger and Love, said Schiller, are the two great pillars which support the world. It shocks us not at all when the importance of the pillar of Hunger is emphasized, and even exaggerated, as it may be by the political economist. But it is another matter when we find the pillar of Love emphasized and even exaggerated. It is only the child of genius, trained to deal with facts and to follow Nature wheresoever she seems to lead, who is innocent of this prejudice and bewildered by the outcries he unwittingly evokes." Dr. Ellis adds:

"It must not therewith be concluded that any of the conceptions Freud has so artfully woven will of necessity endure permanently. He changes them so often himself that it would be foolish to suppose that his successors will not continue the same process. In this respect we may compare him with Lombroso, another Jew of genius, who also began as a psychopathologist and also gradually extended his conceptions over a wide sphere of abnormal and normal life. His theories have been proved to be often defective, even his facts will not always bear examination; he himself admitted that of the structure he had raised perhaps not one stone would remain upon another. Yet he enlarged the human horizon, he discovered new fields for fruitful research and new methods for investigating them. That was something bigger than either a sound theory or a precise collection of facts, for we do not demand of a Columbus that he shall be a reliable surveyor of the new world he discovers. Freud, similarly and to a greater extent, has enlarged our horizon. He has shown the existence of a vast psychic field of which before we had but scanty intimations. The human soul will never again be to human eyes what it was before Freud explored it. He has revealed the possibility of new depths, new subtleties, new complexities, new psychic mechanisms. That is the great and outstanding fact."

A few years ago, Freud himself published a schematic outline of the various sciences to which psychoanalysis had been applied or become applicable, in which he pointed out that (1) it helps to explain much in the science of language; (2) it modifies the hypotheses of philosophy and stimulates philosophical activities in new directions; (3) it affects biology, not

only by, for the first time, doing justice to the place of the sexual function in humanity, but by acting as a mediator between biology and psychology; (4) it brings new contributions to our conception of evolution, showing that the old axiom, that the development of the individual repeats the development of the race, applies also in the psychic sphere, and indicating that infantile psychic formations persist in the adult; (5) it also contributes to the history of civilization, not only by helping to explain myths and legends but by illuminating the origin of great human institutions as attempts to relieve human needs which cannot be directly gratified; (6) in the fine arts it plays a similar part, explaining alike the hidden motives of the artist and of his audience in seeking to resolve a conflict which might otherwise work out disastrously; (7) it likewise concerns sociology, for the forces which cause repression and suppression of the individual are mainly engendered by docility to social demands; (8) psychoanalysis is, further, of the greatest importance for the sciences of education by revealing the true nature of childhood and enabling the educator to avoid the danger of too violently repressing instincts which may seem to the adult vicious and abnormal, but which are only rendered dangerous by the adult's futile attempts to crush them, instead of allowing them in due course of time and events to be sublimated, for "our highest virtues have arisen as reactive sublimations from the foundation of our worst predispositions."

## THE FATALISTIC CREED OF THE SOLDIER

**F**ATALISM is the distinguishing characteristic of the soldier's creed, according to two recent writers. The first of these, Charles Bird, of Clark University, who contributes a leading article on the psychology of the soldier to *The American Journal of Psychology* (Worcester, Mass.), declares:

"Religion in the trenches is shorn of its formality and ritual. The Roman Catholic adherents persist in observing their forms but the soldier's personal relation to a higher power has undergone a tremendous change. Not all, but the majority of the men become fatalists. Religion has been associated with observances and self-righteousness or with not drinking, not swearing, possibly not smoking and the avoiding of doubtful characters, and as trench life rather fosters most of these evils they do not want religion. Then their whole experience seems to negate the ideas they have of God and goodness. Furthermore the religious man often worries, he weighs motives, is introspective and at times is doubtful if he is fit to die. Religion is

to be avoided therefore because of this worry and its deterrent power, also because it stands as a sentinel against their immorality. Altho they continually display many virtues such as unselfishness, sacrifice of personal safety and kindness, these are never connected with Christianity. There are exceptions. There are men inspired by lofty religious ideals, who feel impelled to battle or to serve in some way because of its righteousness. We can, however, justly affirm that fatalism prevails as the dominant characteristic in this respect."

A second writer, the Rev. Geoffrey Gordon, comes to a similar conclusion in a book entitled "Papers from Picardy" (Houghton Mifflin). He says:

"The soldier's belief in God is often expressed in language which, intellectually, is fatalistic. 'You won't get hit unless the bullet has your name on it.' 'Either your number is up or it isn't—so don't worry yourself.' If this be fatalism, it is so only in the purely intellectual sphere, and that is a sphere in which the ordinary soldier soon gets out of his depth. Even for the trained in-

tellekt, this line between fatalism and a trustful belief in an all-protecting Providence is not easy to draw. Certainly this intellectual fatalism, if fatalism it be, does not have the effects upon conduct which logically it should. It gives the same calm and courage that come from a reasoned trust in the Fatherly providence of God, but it does not give a man the recklessness of the dervish, still less does it prevent him from making superhuman efforts to save or to help his friends in difficulty or in danger. Both these things, reasonable precautions for yourself and the attempt to help others, are, of course, logically incompatible with a real fatalism.

"Also there is no doubt that, in the hour of danger, the great majority of men pray; it is not perhaps a very high type of prayer, it is purely individual, self-centered and inspired by fear.

"For myself, I have no great admiration for this emergency religion of the trenches. It is based on fear, and fear is a shifting foundation. I cannot believe that a religion in which fear plays a large part can be very acceptable to God."

THE WAR OF THE MACHINES AS DEPICTED BY  
AN ENGLISH ARTIST

THE artistic language of the past had no idiom that could adequately express the grim, hard, mechanical character of the present war. In this war the decisive element is the efficiency of laboratories, foundries and engineering works. It is a machine war, declares P. G. Konody in his interpretation of the striking works of the only British artist who has, he thinks, grasped this significance, and has depicted with modern means the spirit of modern war. This artist is C. R. W. Nevinson, a young man still in his twenties, who has traveled the adventurous roads of Cubism, Futurism, and Vorticism, and who has now effected a happy compromise between illustration and geometric abstraction. His pictures of the "invisible" war of the machines are now published under the title of "Modern War" (McBride), with an illuminating introduction by Mr. Konody. This critic explains the aims of the great war painters, from Paolo Uccello to Goya and Vasili Verestchagin, and indicates the wide disparity in aim between the works of the masters of the past and such a man as the young Nevinson. One reason is because warfare itself has undergone such a great evolution.

"With the improvement of modern engines of destruction which deal out death across vast stretches of country, war has lost much of its picturesqueness. The painter who would attempt to represent the panorama of a battle would be reduced to landscape painting pure and simple. Resplendent armor and uniforms have been abolished, and everything is done to make the fighting invisible. The very colors used for active service uniform, khaki, 'field-gray' and so forth, are chosen with this end in view. . . .

"Never before has war been conducted simultaneously on land and on sea, in the air and under the ocean. Never before has the entire energy and inventive ingenuity of the great States of Europe been so completely concentrated on a vast work of destruction.



IN THE OBSERVATION-WARD

Here is a terribly realistic study by Nevinson. It is like a page from a medical treatise explaining the symptoms of that dread malady of the Great War—shell-shock.



THE MITRAILLEUSE

This picture, our critic informs us, "is an approach toward a synthesis of modern war, steely, grim, cruel, dominated by mechanical appliances. The death-dealing machinery and the men behind it are one. The angle and curves of the gun are continued or echoed in the soldiers' faces and uniforms. Everything is rigid and tense and horrible."

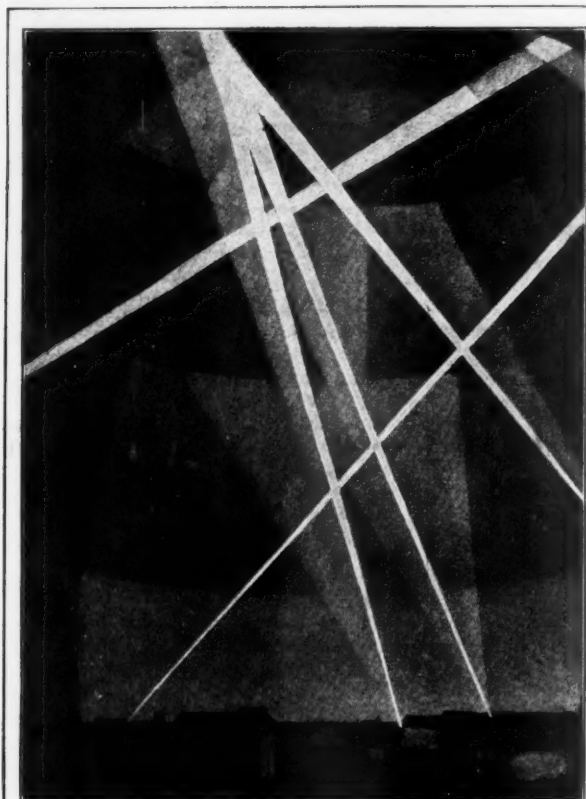
Never before has individual heroism been rendered so puny by comparison with the vast results achieved by mechanical science and by the mobilization of the destructive forces of nature. Man, of course, directs the machine, but it is the machine that is the decisive factor. We may be thrilled by individual acts of devotion and bravery and self-sacrifice, but the story of this war is the story of gigantic shells, high explosives, submarines, torpedoes, aeroplanes and airships, poison gas and liquid fire, motor-cars and lorries and 'tanks,' trenches extending over hundreds of miles, dug-outs and barbed wire, searchlights, field-telephones and wireless telegraphy.

"It is fairly obvious that the ordinary representational manner of painting is wholly inadequate for the interpretation of this tremendous conflict in which all the forces of nature have to be conquered and pressed into service against the opposing enemy. A more synthetic method is needed to express the essential character of this cataclysmic war, in which the very earth is disemboweled and rocky mountain-summits are blown sky-high to bury all life under the falling

debris. How could even a faint echo of such things find its way into that species of enlarged and colored newspaper illustration that continues to represent the art of the battle painter on the walls of the Royal Academy? If there was a possible solution of the problem, it could not be offered by official art, but by the rebellious experimentalists for whom modern art began with Cézanne and who were waging a relentless war against all academic conventions."

The young English artist has realized the unique opportunity offered to the artist who could depict these realities of modern machine warfare. In the autumn of 1914 he joined the colors and went to Flanders as a motor mechanic and ambulance driver. Later he became attached to the French army. Subsequently, owing to ill health, he worked as a hospital orderly in Dunkerque and London. In January, 1916, he was invalided out of the army. "He lived in a Futurist atmosphere," says Mr. Konody, "of speed





SEARCHLIGHTS

Shafts of bright lights in this canvas intersect in every direction. There is no attempt at realistic representation of searchlights piercing the night sky. The beams of light are treated like diagrams.

and noise and concentrated energy." But many illusions were shattered, as some of these vivid powerful illustrations emphasize.

"These pictures tell you more about the war, as it actually is than any of the photographs and reproductions of drawings that fill our illustrated journals." This is the praise of those who have seen actual fighting, as quoted by Mr. Konody. The artist explains his aim in a note in the catalog of the war pictures he exhibited recently at the Leicester Galleries in London. He then gave this explanation of his art, which is characterized by

his interpreter as "modified Futurism":

"With some exceptions I still prefer to give in my pictures an abstract, dynamic, and mental impression rather than a concrete, static or optical. But it will be seen from the later examples of my painting that (tho working within a geometrical convention) I free myself from all pedantic and academic theories of 'Post' or 'Neo,' as well as from the deadening influence of the idolatry to 'Primitives' and 'Old Masters,' which has lately caused so many enfeebled and emasculated revivals.

"Every artist of living force has always been and must be an outgrowth and spokesman of his time. It is impossible to express the scientific and mechanical spirit of this twentieth-century war with the languishing or obsolete symbolism of Medieval and Classic Art.

"Already long before the war young artists in the Latin countries and England were seeking a wider inspiration than in the sickly worship of the nude and the over-sensual broodings of our elders which showed themselves in the literature and art of the Yellow Book, in 'advanced dramas,' and in some of the Pre-Raphaelites.

"The intensity of the present time is producing a vital art in England. . . . For the pressure of necessity is already compelling us to take up our natural position as pioneers in literature, art, science and industry—a position of initiative which overprosperity, self-content, and insularity had tempted us comfortably to forego."

## TOLSTOY THE WOMAN-HATER AS REVEALED BY HIS PRIVATE JOURNAL

"FOR seventy years I have been lowering and lowering my opinion of women and still it has to be lowered more and more. The woman question! How can there not be a woman question? Only not in this, how women should begin to direct life, but in this, how they should stop ruining it." This and numberless other denunciations of womankind of the same bitter type to be found in the Journal of Leo Tolstoy—now published in a translated version by Miss Rose Strunsky (Alfred A. Knopf)—entitle the great Russian to a preeminent place among the great woman-haters of the world—Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Strindberg and the rest. But this hatred was not inherent in Tolstoy's nature; it was a reaction, the inevitable fruit of his uncompromising Puritanism, according to Dr. Louis Wilkinson, writing in the *International*. Nevertheless, if woman-hating became a preoccupation of Tolstoy's later years, it lacked then nothing in intensity and penetration.

Tolstoy's bitter misogynistic generalizations are said by his Russian

editor Chertkov to have been the outcome of his observations of separate individuals—"therefore these remarks in reality carried no reflection . . . against all women in general." But the Russian editor's claim seems absolutely belied by the reiterated and repeated denunciations of woman and womankind found in the journal of Leo Tolstoy. Thus, in August, 1898, he wrote in his diary:

"Woman . . . is the tool of the devil. She is generally stupid, but the devil lends her his brain when she works for him. Here, you see, she has done miracles of thinking, far-sightedness, constancy, in order to do something nasty; but as soon as something not nasty is needed, she cannot understand the simplest thing; she cannot see farther than the present moment, and there is no self-control and no patience (except childbirth and the care of children)."

Tolstoy practically confessed himself unable to cope with the complex problem of women and slaves, whom he names together as similar types. They should be attracted to Christianity, he believes; but the details of the actual benefits to be derived are left

vague. From one angle he viewed women in this light:

"Women have always recognized the power of men over them. And it could not have been otherwise in an unchristian world. Men are the stronger and men have ruled. It was the same in all the worlds (with the exception of the doubtful Amazons and the law of maternity), and it is the same now among 999 of mankind. But Christianity has appeared and has recognized perfection not in strength but in love, and by this all the subjected, the captive, the slaves and the women have been freed. But that the freedom of slaves and women be not a calamity, it is necessary that the freed be Christians, i. e., that they affirm their life in the service of God and people, and not in the service of themselves. Slaves and women are not Christians, and nevertheless they are freed. And they are terrible. They act as the mainspring of all the calamities of the world."

Whereas men, continues the philosopher elsewhere, consider themselves and their feelings bound by the commands of reason, women consider their feelings binding for themselves and their reason. When women demand



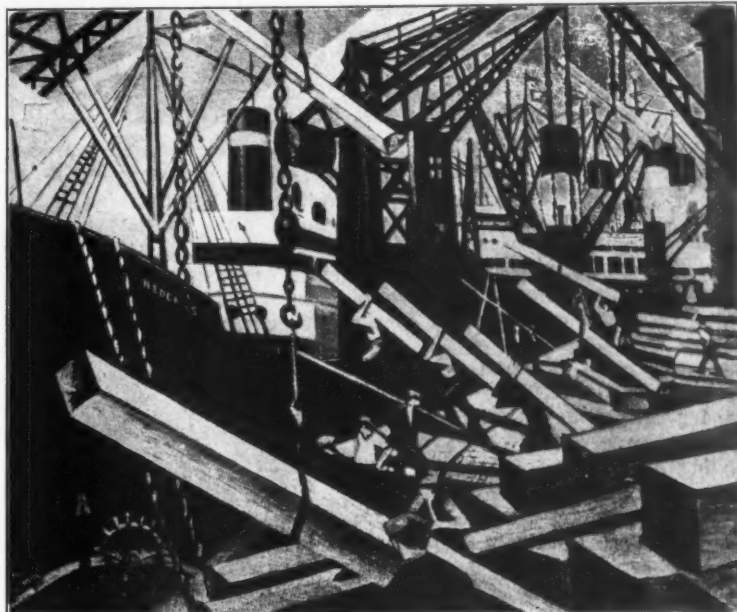
for themselves the work of men and the same freedom, they mostly demand for themselves merely the freedom of license, and as a result go down much lower than the family, tho aiming to stand higher than it.

Games, cards, races and women are elsewhere coupled together as alluring amusements for the blasés. Tolstoy's misogyny, so bitterly crystallized and stressed in that portion of his private journal translated by Miss Strunsky (it covers a period from 1895 to 1899), is open to several possible interpretations. One is offered by the Russian editor of Tolstoy's journal, V. G. Chertkov. He declares in a note:

"In considering Tolstoy's opinions concerning women found in the *Journal*, one should be particularly careful to avoid misunderstanding. First, Tolstoy, wishing from natural delicacy to make his remarks impersonal, often generalized his private impressions and observations from intercourse with separate individuals, and therefore these remarks in reality carried no reflection whatever against all women in general.

"Second, even in those instances where Tolstoy consciously expressed himself adversely about women in general, he had in mind the most commonplace modern woman with her adverse qualities.

"But in his mind he absolutely discriminated in favor of the intelligent, religious woman whom seldom he happened to meet in life and who always attracted his attention. So, for instance, he valued very highly the distant relative who brought him up, T. A. Ergolsky, for her self-sacrificing life; Mmes. M. A. Schmidt and L. F. Annenkov he respected for their true religious lives, and among



SOUTHAMPTON

Modern warfare is waged in the great seaports of the world no less than on the entrenched battlefields of the front. In this picture Nevinson seems to have painted with a chisel rather than a brush. To appreciate it properly, one must clear the mind of all preconceived notions as to what a picture should be.

the women writers he especially valued an American, Lucy Mallory, for her exceptional writings, from which he selected many thoughts for *The Reading Circle*. For women of this type he always had the greatest respect, recognizing fully their merits and their great significance to humanity. In his literary works, Tolstoy, as is known, frequently reproduced the highest type of woman (for instance, Pashenka in 'Father Sergius,' or the old woman, Maria Semenovna in 'The Forged Coupon'). Also in his other writings, Tolstoy did not always express himself adversely about women, as can be seen, for instance, from the following extracts: 'Oh, how I would like to show to woman the whole significance of chaste women. The chaste woman (not in vain is the legend of Mary) will save the world.' (*Journal*, August 3, 1898.) 'One of the most necessary tasks of humanity consists in the bringing up of chaste women.' (*Journal*, August 24, 1898.) 'The virtues of men and women are the same; temperance, truthfulness, kindness; but in the woman, these same virtues attain a special charm.' (*The Reading Circle*, June 2.)"

Dr. Wilkinson offers another explanation. The Tolstoyan mistrust of women was the outgrowth of his harsh Puritanical asceticism:

"It is as bad as St. Paul. The reasons for the misogyny of both prophets are the same; they are of equal psychopathic purport. Both Tolstoy and St. Paul were lustful men swerved by violent reaction to the ascetic ideal, and if your lustful man unconverted is a misprizer of women, still more bitter and ferocious is he in his misprizing when he 'sees the light.' Women show him the concrete forms of the most terrible, the most agonizing temptations that life holds;

they are the potential, and, alas! too often the actual instruments of his falls from grace and the spirit. He fears and hates them with all the force of his stemmed sex passion. These are facts that every feminist and every good American should know; they should realize that Puritanism is at bitter enmity with feminism and Americanism. Study, then, this illuminating journal with its records of mania, perversion, depression, struggle, dissatisfaction, spiritual suffering, 'general despair,' backaches, 'weakness and pain in the spinal column.'

"The inferiority of Tolstoy's later work is amply explained. Suppose a man living by the sea in a hot climate. After extravagant bathing he conceives the idea that such indulgence is wicked. He refrains, or struggles fiercely to refrain altogether. The heat grows more intolerable for him; he is obsessed by the heat, by his renunciation of bathing. The obsession diverts and absorbs his energies, his mind is distorted by manias, he is passionately convinced of various absurdities, he comes to believe that there is something wicked about the ocean. He cannot work, he is miserable and useless."

Tolstoy had hoped, Miss Strunsky informs us, that his daughters, together with the Countess Tolstoy, would fulfil his requests concerning the disposal of his posthumous documents. But this private *Journal* was destined to become a bone of contention among the women of the Tolstoy family. Countess Tolstoy placed all of the journals in the Moscow Historical Museum, claiming them as a personal gift from her husband. Only a legal process would have disentangled the matter, and Alexandra Tolstoy refused to take this step.



Drawn by Maud Langtree

## SHE REMEMBERS TOLSTOY

Despite his strictures upon her sex, Rose Strunsky has translated his journal with loving fidelity. "Tolstoy was as great and wonderful as the Russian people," she writes in her reminiscent introduction.

## COLLAPSE OF THE HOWELLS REALISM IN THE LIGHT OF FREUDIAN ROMANTICISM

THOSE amazing revelations of Sigmund Freud and his school of psychoanalysis must attach discredit to the whole theory of realism in fiction exemplified in the work of William Dean Howells and his disciples. Howells and the American novelists who have been his ardent pupils look upon life as a surface, a surface to be examined with minutest care, suggesting its depths, perhaps, but not probing them. Such is the challenge made by Alexander Harvey in the first volume of appreciation devoted to our greatest living novelist to be published in this country.\* These realists, Mr. Harvey proceeds, keep so carefully within the limits of the conscious that they never suspect the existence of the subconscious. Howells and his followers are objective, never subjective. They do not venture to say what goes on in the souls of their heroes and heroines. But the Freudian theory of the neuroses vindicates the practice of the older romantic novelists who explained even the dreams of their characters. Shakespeare is the antithesis of Howells and the American school of realism. "The great literary artist is he who plunges," asserts Mr. Harvey, "into the subconsciousness of his heroine after the manner of Freud. . . . To tell the truth, it is impossible to read the literature of the psychoanalytic school of Freudian psychology without marveling at the completeness with which the whole fabric of the Howells criticism collapses and disintegrates. It is all surface and no depth."

"Howells has done an enormous amount of damage to American literature. He was enabled to do all the mischief through the medium of his own amazing genius in technique, his own perfect humor, his mastery of dialog, his ability to reflect the lives of the native Americans of Anglo-Saxon origin. These people have never explored life subjectively. The American subconsciousness is to all intents and purposes a sealed book. The poverty of the American Anglo-Saxon mind consists in this very superficiality, the strict adherence to the surface of life. It is a limitation, taken over with some things that are good, like the writ of habeas corpus and the principle of representative government, from the British. Charles Dickens, for instance, is a realist of sorts, and if he lacks the artistry of Howells, he is for all that a genius of the highest order whose characters have no souls in the psychological sense of the term. He, too, never suspected the subconscious mind

as Shakespeare read it in Lady Macbeth."

The practical result, continues the critic, of the triumph of the art of Howells in fiction has been to give the dominant place in this country to a school composed of reporters of the surface of things. Howells has been a reporter of genius, a humorist of the rarest gifts, an artist in words—but still a reporter. His followers have been reporters—but without the Howells gifts.

"The writers of our day are reporters when they deal in the thing they call fiction. That is why we have men and women who get us nowhere altho they write amazing short stories of New England country-life, amazingly photographic realizations of the countenance of New England woman, her peculiarities of vocabulary, her remarks on the weather, her drolleries. Other 'masters' of this Howells school devote themselves to a minute study of the natives of our Middle West. They transcribe the scenery of the region. They reproduce the industrial conditions with loving fidelity. The mountaineers of Tennessee, the working people of Rhode Island, the men of the great plains across which the cowboy once galloped emerge in novels of the realistic school—I do not affect to employ the lingo of these people quite as they affect to employ it themselves, with quaintness, startlingly or dramatically."

A literary school, we read further, runs the risk of producing but one master—its founder. There is but one William Dean Howells. Young writers who follow his dictates may have promise, but Mr. Howells has, as a critic, praised only those who have done the thing in his own way.

"The second-rate qualities of the writers of our time whom Mr. Howells has praised are, easily accounted for. His influence upon the 'great' New York periodicals, consciously exercised perhaps or unconsciously endured, as the case may be, has sacrificed the vigor of our literature to mere prettiness. He, more than any other one writer, has rendered contemporary American literature a thin syrup, perfumed to a feminized taste. There is nothing in the form of a man's meal in the literary feasts spread by the Howells school of literature. These men and these women would not allow themselves to be referred to as a Howells school. They comprise in truth nothing else. . . .

"The Howells school of American writers is crowded with men and women who study local color, who report the eccentric behavior of some rural swain, who give us dialog that arrests and who crowd the canvas with sweet girls. The result is very interesting, very charming. It gets us nowhere. We are brought no nearer to the heart of life's mystery by all these tales and short stories of the

Jews of the New York East Side or the solid business men of Chicago. We discover nothing about life. There is no great interpretation of it. We do not rise from the perusal of all these minute transcriptions with a sense of anything but the cleverness of the writer. That is always more or less obvious. The narrative art is invariably caught from Howells. Our young authors may be unaware of their debt . . . but the simple truth is that the supple, smooth, delicate narrative art of our time and country was caught from Howells and from him alone. In his hands, in his prime, the style was a revelation, but it must be conceded that nowadays the manner—unless he be writing—grows somewhat fatiguing."

Viewed from the standpoint of the new Freudian "romanticism," our "scene," asserts Alexander Harvey, is a surface world—a world of repression in which nothing is ever permitted to emerge except "symbols." The Howellsians are great when they deal with the trivial, but trivial when they encounter the great. This, indeed, is one of the faults of the master himself.

"The most disconcerting experience of all is when we set foot upon the solid rock of the Howells world. It crumbles beneath our feet. His realism is without reality. His waking state is a dream. His characters are ghosts. To comprehend this more fully, we must realize that; precisely as in the realm of the mental, the psychological, the subconscious state is seen to be the key to the conscious state, so in the material world its meaning resides in the spiritual fact that underlies it. The thing we call life is a curtain. The lesson we get from Howells seems to be that we must wait for the hand of death to lift the curtain. . . ."

What we really want in fiction, according to Mr. Harvey, is something that comes to grips with the ultimate, a look behind this curtain. That is why the art of Howells has been barren. "It is great art, but it is art and nothing more. It is not truth in the large, but an accumulation of little truths exquisitely arranged." Mr. Harvey's admiration of these technical achievements of William Dean Howells is equaled only by his distaste of the school that master has founded. The critic concludes with his frank opinion of this school:

"Such a school! I read a preface to a tale by one of its members in the course of which he boasted of it as a record of a cowboy life that had passed away. Such was its claim to immortality as a work of art. There was not the slightest effort at an interpretation of life in the work, no grasp upon the meaning of anything, no seizure of the soul of circumstance. Towns were 'shot up' and meals

\* WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS: A STUDY OF THE ACHIEVEMENT OF A LITERARY ARTIST. By Alexander Harvey. New York, B. W. Huebsch.



were eaten at frontier boarding-houses and a 'heroine' was 'loved.' Such is the garbage purveyed by the Howells school at its worst and Howells himself has the artlessness to praise it in his volume called 'Literature and Life.' Luckily, the critics of the school he despises do not

retort in the spirit of his own attitude to Poe. It is imbecile to deny that the art of Howells is great, frankly British to set him below Hardy or Meredith. Only a genius of the highest order, though handicapped by the limitations of the native American of Anglo-Saxon origin,

could have given us 'The Rise of Silas Lapham,' have created a whole family of Coreys, have painted a Marcia Hubbard. And what if Howells be a native American of Anglo-Saxon origin? Homer was blind. Coleridge was a slave to opium. Poe drank."

## THE "PERFECT AUNT" WHO BECAME ENGLAND'S GREATEST WOMAN NOVELIST

THE perfect aunt—this is how certain English critics characterize Jane Austen, who died July 18, 1817, and whose centenary was celebrated this year. Most of the critics place her one hundred years after her death as the greatest woman novelist who ever used the English language. "Like all our aunts," said a writer in the *London Nation*, "she is impossible to alter and will not be improved. But because she was an artist of genius, she made a special view of the world her own and ours indestructibly, and its peace can never be disturbed." Her admirers, who have in these last hundred years become a sect, a cult, almost, in the opinion of J. C. Squire of the *Observer*, are in reality nothing more than a vast horde of nephews and nieces with common memories of the perfect aunt, who shared all their emotions and (if the early nineteenth century would permit the phrase) "pulled all their legs." Mr. Squire further describes the perfect aunt of English literature:

"She lived the quietest of lives in country rectories and watering-places, wrote six novels and two fragments whilst her family sewed, conversed, and wrote their letters around her; was unable to secure a publisher for any of them until six years before her death; issued them without her name on the title-pages; had moderately good sales at the end; and died with the no doubt amusing knowledge that her work was highly appreciated by the Prince Regent.

"On every page we are in contact with one of the most sensible and charming people who ever lived: and she is commenting the whole time on the ordinary life we know. Only on certain aspects of it, of course. 'English verdure, English culture, and English comfort' is a phrase she herself uses of the view from Abbey Mill Farm; and it describes well enough the background of her own stories. There are and were a great many things in England which are not comfortable or cultured, and verdure is by no means a universal product in an industrial age. Her eye was as keen as Hogarth's, but she had no taste for Gintane. The surge and conflict of crowded life never invade her scenes, and the experiences of her characters are not affected by the cosmic mysteries and do not include the workings of those strong passions and aspirations which are the material of the great tragic artist.

"She did not even take any notice of

the Napoleonic Wars: a feat, however, less remarkable than it seems to us."

In a remarkable tribute to the unique and radiant genius of Jane Austen, published in the *Quarterly Review*, Reginald Farrer reiterates the judgment of Macaulay that Jane Austen is comparable only with Shakespeare:

"Both attain their solitary and special supremacy by dint of a common capacity for intense vitalization; both have the culminating gift of immediately projecting a living human being who is not only a human being, but also something much greater than any one person, a quintessentialized instance of humanity, a generalization made incarnate and personal by genius. But the dramatist has the easier task; the novelist, unaided by actors or stage, has to impress his own imagination straight upon ours. And it is of this secret that Jane Austen is so capital a mistress; a prefatory line or two, an initial sentence, and there goes Mrs. Allen or Mrs. Price, a complete and complex identity, walking independently away from the ages. Even in their circumstances, too, Shakespeare and Jane Austen run curiously parallel. Our two greatest creators exist for us only in their work; and, when we search into their personal lives and tastes and tragedies, we glean nothing but a little chopped dull chaff of details, in which all trace of the sacred germ is lacking. In Jane Austen's case, indeed, the disappearance of the creator into his creation is made but the completer for the abundance of superficial details with which we are provided. When the dry bones of her facts are fitted together, there results for us only a lay-figure, comfortable and comely, but conveying no faintest suggestion of the genuine Jane Austen."

It would be wrong to think sentimentally of Jane Austen merely as an aunt—a perfect aunt, suggests Mr. Farrer. She praised and valued domesticity, indeed, but this praise is official rather than personal. She lived in a more exalted realm than that of British family life. She was in her own family; but she was not really of it, declares this well-documented critic. As an artist in fiction, she possessed the gift of blotting out the whole irrelevant world from her purview, and centralized with a single-eyed undeviating passion of conviction upon the tale she was setting out to live.

"It is precisely here that Jane Austen so magnificently succeeds. Wars may be raging to their end as the background

of 'Persuasion,' or social miseries strike a new facet of 'Emma'; otherwise all the vast anguish of her time is non-existent to Jane Austen, when once she has got pen in hand, to make us a new kingdom of refuge from the toils and frets of life. Her kingdoms are hermetically sealed, in fact, and here lies the strength of their impregnable immortality; it is not without hope or comfort for us nowadays, to remember that 'Mansfield Park' appeared the year before Waterloo, and 'Emma' the year after. For Jane Austen is always concerned only with the universal, and not with the particular. And it is according as they invest their souls in the former or the latter that authors eternally survive or rapidly pass away. Fashions change, fads and fancies come and go, tyrannies and empires erupt and collapse; those who make events and contemporary ideas the matter of their work have their reward in instant appreciation of their topical value. And with their topical value they die. Art is a mysterious entity, outside and beyond daily life, whether its manifestation be by painting or sculpture or literature. If it use outside events at all, it must subdue them to its medium, and become their master, not their mere vehicle. So a hundred thousand novels come and go; but Jane Austen can never be out of date, because she never was in any particular date (that is to say, never imprisoned in any), but is coextensive with human nature."

The secret of Jane Austen's immortality, this illuminating critic goes on, is to be found in that underlying something which is the woman herself. Of all writers, she it is who pursues truth with most utter and undeviating devotion. The "real thing" is her object always. Living to-day, she would probably neglect the great world-war as she neglected the Napoleonic wars of her own period of scenes and circumstances that she did not know at first hand.

"She refuses recognition, and even condonation, to all thought or emotion that conflicts with truth, or burkes it, or fails to prove diamond to the solvent of her acid. She is, in fact, the most merciless, the calmest, of iconoclasts; only her calm has obscured from her critics the steely quality, the inexorable rigor of her judgment. Even Butler, her nearest descendant in this generation, never seems really to have recognized his affinity. For Jane Austen has no passion, preaches no gospel, grinds no ax; standing aloof from the world, she sees it, on the whole, as silly. She has no animosity for it; but



she has no affection. She does not want to better fools, or to abuse them; she simply sets herself to glean pleasure from their folly.

"Everything false and feeble, in fact, withers in the demure grayness of her gaze; in 'follies and nonsense, whims and

inconsistencies,' she finds nothing but diversion, dispassionate but pitiless. For, while no novelist is more sympathetic to real values and sincere emotion, none also is so keen on detecting false currency, or so relentless in exposing it. At times, even, her antagonism to con-

ventionality and shams betrays her almost to a touch of passion. Yet, if ever she seems cruel, her anger is but just impatience against the slack thought and ready-made pretences that pass current in the world and move her always to her quiet but destructive merriment."

## WHY AMERICAN NOVELISTS SHOULD WRITE SHORTER BOOKS

**S**WOLLEN novels, like swollen fortunes, have come to be a good deal of a nuisance. We read too much, just as we eat too much. This is the opinion of Henry B. Fuller, who in a plea for shorter novels, published in the Chicago *Dial*, urges upon the novelists of America what one is tempted to call word-control. "Our fiction is too long, just as our dinners are too heavy." In other words, Mr. Fuller suggests a new architecture for the American novel. Of course, as a recent critic claimed, the novelists should use the story as a means of talking about all that most interests him, and about nothing that does not. Dostoevsky

expressed nothing but his own intense interests. Jane Austen saw that the plot should be for the novelist a means of expressing his own interests, not for the purpose of trying to interest his readers. Interest yourself. Express your interests. Novelists have of late discovered this necessity, Mr. Fuller notes. Now we must face the faults that this practice has brought about. The British and American novelists have lacked discipline; they have become loose-tongued, self-indulgent, sinfully chatty, sprawling through their thousand upon thousand of words. "The long novel too often suggests the unpacked trunk—the contents have never been compactly brought together at all, but are spread loosely, and often at random, over beds, chairs and floors. . . . Compressed form is itself one of the manifestations of force—an evidence of vigor."

"The novel of to-day should be required to bant. I believe that a novelist can say his say in 60,000 words, or even in 50,000. I believe that in 50,000 words, properly packed, he can even cover long periods of time and can handle adequately a large number of individuals and of family groups. Much of the accepted apparatus must, of course, be thrown into the discard. I would be indulgent toward the preliminary exposition, but not far beyond it. One should rule out long descriptions of persons—such things are nugatory and vain: with your best effort the reader sees only what he has seen, and figures your personage on the basis of his own experience and recollection. One must abolish set descriptions of

places, unless unique, remote, unfamiliar; for the world, in these days of easy travel and abundant depiction, has come to know itself pretty well. One will banish all conversation, whatever its vraisemblance to life, if it merely fills the page without illuminating it. I would sweep away all laborious effort on stuff that is dragged in because someone will think it 'ought to be there'—*clichés*, conventional scenes and situations. To prevent sprawl and formlessness I favor a division of the books into sections. Thus articulation and proportion will be secured, as in the case of an architectural order; and one will be better able to down the rising head of verbosity."



THE NURSES

French children have overlooked no romantic phase of the war to reproduce in their own fashion. The Red Cross activities especially appeal to them.



THE GRAVE OF A BOCHE

"This one belongs to a Boche, but I'm going to put these flowers here, anyway!"

The novelist's problem is something much more complex than to find something that interests him. That of course is an advantageous preliminary, by which he may free himself from reluctant love passages, repellant sex-discussions, scenes of violence and bloodshed, or of things that he does not like; but the structural problem remains the center of his task.

"Real art" is, and will remain, largely a matter of form, of organism, of definition, of boundaries. The artist will express his interest—heaven forbid that he should not; but it must be an interest disciplined by, and within, metes and bounds, an interest which shall result in a unified impression that depends much upon the time-element and on the simple counting of words. Words sometimes darken counsel; and too many of them may becloud and even wreck artistic intention."



DISAPPOINTMENT

"But my poor old boy, when they call us, the war is going to be finished."

## POULBOT: GRAPHIC HISTORIAN OF THE FRENCH YOUNGSTER IN WARTIME

**A**MONG the thousands of dispatches, articles, books and pictures that have come to us concerning warring Europe, all too few have dealt with the children of France. That fact becomes strikingly apparent as we look at the remarkable pen-sketches by Poulbot, one of the younger masters of social pictorial satire. His tender and vigorous studies have been finally gathered together in a volume entitled "*Des Gosses et des Bonhommes*," and published in Paris by the artist himself. Before the outbreak of the war the facile and subtle Poulbot had *ex officio* constituted himself the historian-draughtsman of the French child. The war itself did not turn him from this high purpose. Perhaps, as one critic notes, he has helped the French



"AU REVOIR!"

Here is one of Poulbot's airmen thrilling the civilian population with a daring exhibition of courage.

minutes time out to chase away the youngsters of France. Boys along the road always salute passing officers, and the American army has made it a rule that tho it came from a child of two every French salute shall be returned with proper dignity and gravity."

Poulbot has missed none of the charm, the humor, the pathos, or the tragedy of French childhood since 1914. He shows children on the battlefields offering food and drink to the wounded; refugee children carrying huge loaves of bread; youngsters playing at war amongst themselves, but wishing, as one "kid" says: "I wish I could play war with real little Boches!"; rubbing their eyes in the middle of the night when they are awakened in their cribs by the alarm of a Zeppelin raid; pitifully mutilated among smoking ruins; constructing their own machine-guns out of old pieces of stove pipe; organizing their own Red Cross and ambulance corps;



A SLACKER

"If you cry, you'll never be a soldier!"  
"I should worry—the war will be over then."

nation not to forget its children and to recall that it is for the nation's children that all the latent courage must become active. Nor must we in this country forget, as Heywood Broun points out in a recent dispatch to the *New York Tribune*, that the children of France are not secluded and sequestered from the stern realities of the war:

"These French youngsters are forever in among the feet of the soldiers. They sit around open-eyed during mess time, and they are open-mouthed, too, but not in vain. They trail the men on the march. Little girls and boys drive fagged soldiers of Uncle Sam in mad pickaback gallops up and down village streets and clap their hands at American songs. The first day the soldiers practised with live bombs it was necessary to take twenty

gazing into empty boots and stockings at Christmas time, but gayly realizing that Santa Claus is fighting in the army, too!

Children of six and seven speak reminiscently of the good old days before the war, when candies and cakes were cheap. They have their own wars, their own Constantines, their own Franz Josephs and Kaisers—but their own poignant tragedies as well. It is small wonder that Poulbot, with his infinite tenderness and power of understanding, has become in a sense the most appealing and popular of the artists who with pen and pencil are the true historians of the war in France. A second volume of these drawings and graphic notes, which have been published originally in the *Paris Journal*, is soon to be published. Together with the most distinguished French masters of pictorial satire, Steinlen, Forain, Willette, and Abel Faivre, Poulbot recently showed his drawings at the exhibition of "The War and the Humorists," held in Paris at the celebrated Galerie la Boétie. If Poulbot fails to strike the tragic note of pathos which animates the work of Steinlen and Forain, nevertheless he possesses a verve and charm entirely his own.



THE MUNITIONS PROBLEM

"And you—why have you stopped firing?"  
"Ah, my captain, I have no more munitions!"



AT A RED CROSS HOSPITAL

"Is he a Boche, that wounded fellow?"  
"No, Major, he is only the Captain's horse."



# VOICES OF LIVING POETS

IN his book "Appreciations of Poetry" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), Lafcadio Hearn has a chapter on "Love in English Poetry" in which he sounds a note of warning against the French realists and their followers in other countries.

The object of Art, says Mr. Hearn, is or ought to be "to make us imagine better conditions than those which at present exist in the world, and by so imagining to prepare the way for the coming of such conditions." He refers to the story of Greek mothers who kept in their rooms a beautiful statue of a god that the constant sight of it might enable them to bear beautiful children. Arab mothers kept in their tents a gazel with the same idea in the back of their minds. And, says Mr. Hearn, the highest function of Art is to do for the world what the statue and the gazel were expected to do for Greek and Arab mothers.

The passion of love, he goes on to point out, is essentially a period of idealism, and the illusions it creates are of the essence of Art.

"Any idealism is a proper subject for art. It is not at all the same in the case of realism. Grant that all this passion, imagination, and fine sentiment is based upon a very simple animal impulse. That does not make the least difference in the value of the highest results of that passion. We might say the very same thing about any human emotion; every emotion can be evolutionally traced back to simple and selfish impulses shared by man with the lower animals. But because an apple-tree or a pear-tree happens to have its roots in the ground; does that mean that its fruits are not beautiful and wholesome? Most assuredly we must not judge the fruit of the tree from the unseen roots; but what about turning up the ground to look at the roots? What becomes of the tree when you do that? The realist—at least the French realist—likes to do that. He likes to bring back the attention of his reader to the lowest rather than to the highest, to that which should be kept hidden, for the very same reason that the roots of a tree should be kept hidden, for the very same reason that the roots of a tree should be kept underground if the tree is to live."

That is well said, tho it is not, doubtless, the final word on the subject. Truth as well as beauty has its claims on the artist, and the roots of a tree are as much a part of the truth as are the blossoms, and may even be conceived as a part of the beauty of the tree. The trouble with the pornographic realists is not that they expose the roots of the tree but that they expose them not for their beauty but

for their ugliness, and in so doing miss the truth as well as the beauty of the tree. From the poets at least we have a right to expect better things than to go around the world turning trees upside down and leaving them with their roots dangling in the sunlight and their blossoms buried in the mire.

Mr. Oppenheim has a good deal of the radical spirit. He likes to talk of roots as well as blossoms; but here is something (in the *Century*) of a different stamp:

## MORNING AND I.

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM.

WHEN the corn is full of glory  
from the wind-play,  
Morning, the blue-caped singer,  
Crosses his legs on the hills,  
and, with sun-eye winking,  
Sings me this song:

Young laggard!  
Why laugh as you loaf alone in the garden?  
Why laugh?  
It's seven o'clock, and no one's up,  
Saving, of course, the chicks,  
Saving, of course, the calves,  
No one's up;  
Why laugh as you loaf alone in the garden?

I pick a seckel pear from the grass,  
Bite it, and wink back slowly at laughing Morning,  
And, looking careless,  
Sing him this stave:

Old lover,  
I laugh because of a mighty secret that's mine;  
That's why.  
Is it seven o'clock? Then let it be;  
Let the chicks go pecking the corn,  
And the calves go cropping the grass.  
Am I alone?  
Oh, only alone with a mighty secret that's mine.

Then Morning bursts out laughing;  
twenty birds are startled to song;  
And he and I in the silence  
Wink once again to each other.  
Hadn't he been blowing kisses to Earth  
millions of years before  
I was born?

Mr. Alexander Harvey devotes two numbers of the *Bang*—the magazinelet which serves as his intellectual plaything—to new poems by William Griffith. None of the poems appeal to the heart in the way Mr. Griffith's *Pierrot* poems of last year appealed; but they show a delicate fancy, poetic phrasing and varied melody. Here is a short poem that presents a striking combination of all these qualities:

## THE HUNT.

BY WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

HARKEN the hounds on the waters  
to-night,  
Baying the stars as they hurry  
and flee!  
Stirring remembrance and blurring delight,  
Triumphs the trumpeting sea.

Gale upon gale rises foaming and fills  
Sail after sail sweeping into the lee;  
While in the darkness, now calling the hills,  
God goads the galloping sea.

Only from the mind of a real poet  
could have come this suggestive picture  
which we find in the *Bellman*:

## ATAVISM.

BY CALE YOUNG RICE.

I LEANT out over a ledging cliff and  
looked down into the sea,  
Where weed and kelp and dulse  
swayed, in green translucency;  
Where the abalone clung to the rock and  
the star-fish lay about,  
Purpling the sands that slid away under  
the silver trout.

And the sea-urchin too was there, and  
the sea-anemone.  
It was a world of watery shapes and  
hues and wizardry.  
And I felt old stirrings wake in me,  
under the tides of time,  
Sea-hauntings I had brought with me  
out of the ancient slime.

And now, as I muse, I cannot rid my  
senses of the spell  
That in a tidal trance all things around  
me drift and swell  
Under the sea of the Universe, down  
into which strange eyes  
Keep peering at me, as I peered, with  
wonder and surmise.

The poetry that is coming out of  
the war to-day is far superior, on the  
whole, to that which came out of it  
in the first year or two. Here, from  
the *Atlantic*, is a poem of real pathos,  
but a pathos glorified and transfigured.

## IT IS WELL WITH THE CHILD.

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER.

THE word has come—*On the field  
of battle, dead.*  
Sorrow is mine but there is no  
more dread.

I am his mother. See, I do not say,  
'I was'; he is, not was, my son. To-day

He rests, is safe, is well; he is at ease  
From pain, cold, thirst, and fever of  
disease,  
And horror of red tasks undone or done.  
Now he has dropped the load he bore,  
my son,  
And now my heart is lightened of all  
fears,  
Sorrow is mine and streams of lonely  
tears,  
But not too heavy for the carrying is  
The burden that is only mine, not his.

At eventide I may lay down my head,  
Not wondering upon what dreadful bed  
Perchance—nay, all but certainly—he lies;  
And with the morn I may in turn arise,  
Glad of the light, of sleep, of food, now  
he  
Is where sweet waters and green  
meadows be  
And golden apples. How it was he died  
I know not, but my heart is satisfied;  
Never again of all my days will one  
Bring anguish for the anguish of my son.

Sorrow is mine but there is no more  
dread.  
The word has come—*On the field of  
battle, dead.*

The sense of beauty may be en-  
hanced by the view of ugly things.  
We can't appreciate virtue if we know  
nothing of vice. Here is a war-poem  
that treats of ugliness and treats of it  
in a way to enhance our longing for  
its opposite. We quote, from the *Eng-  
lish Review*, one of three poems pub-  
lished under the general title, "At the  
Somme."

#### THE SONG OF THE MUD.

• BY MARY BORDEN-TURNER.

**T**HIS is the song of the mud,  
The pale yellow glistening mud  
that covers the naked hills  
like satin,  
The gray, gleaming, silvery mud that is  
spread like enamel over the valleys,  
The frothing, squirting, spurting liquid  
mud that gurgles along the road-beds,  
The thick elastic mud that is kneaded  
and pounded and squeezed under the  
hoofs of horses,  
The invincible, inexhaustible mud of the  
War Zone.

This is the song of the mud, the uniform  
of the *poilu*.  
His coat is of mud, his poor great flap-  
ping coat that is too big for him and  
too heavy,  
His coat that once was blue, and now is  
gray and stiff with the mud that  
cakes it.  
This is the mud that clothes him—  
His trousers and boots are of mud—  
And his skin is of mud—  
And there is mud in his beard.  
His head is crowned with a helmet of  
mud,  
And he wears it—oh, he wears it well!  
He wears it as a King wears the ermine  
that bores him—  
He has set a new style in clothing,  
He has introduced the *chic* of mud.

This is the song of the mud that wriggles  
its way into battle,  
The impertinent, the intrusive, the ubiq-  
uitous, the unwelcome,  
The slimy, inveterate nuisance,  
That fills the trenches,  
That mixes in with the food of the  
soldiers,  
That spoils the working of motors and  
crawls into their secret parts,  
That spreads itself over the guns,  
That sucks the guns down and holds  
them fast in its slimy, voluminous  
lips,  
That has no respect for destruction and  
muzzles the bursting of shells,  
And slowly, softly, easily,  
Soaks up the fire, the noise, soaks up the  
energy and the courage,  
Soaks up the power of armies,  
Soaks up the battle—  
Just soaks it up and thus stops it.

This is the song of the mud, the obscene,  
the filthy, the putrid,  
The vast liquid grave of our Armies—  
It has drowned our men—  
Its monstrous distended belly reeks with  
the undigested dead—  
Our men have gone down into it, sink-  
ing slowly, and struggling, and slowly  
disappearing.  
Our fine men, our brave, strong young  
men,  
Our glowing, red, shouting, brawny men,  
Slowly, inch by inch, they have gone  
down into it.  
Into its darkness, its thickness, its silence,  
Relentlessly it drew them down, sucking  
them down,  
They have been drowned there in thick,  
bitter, heaving mud—

It hides them—oh, so many of them!  
Under its smooth glistening surface it is  
hiding them blandly,  
There is not a trace of them—  
There is no mark where they went down.  
The mute, enormous mouth of the mud  
has closed over them.

This is the song of the mud,  
The beautiful, glistening, golden mud that  
covers the hills like satin;  
The mysterious, gleaming, silvery mud  
that is spread like enamel over the  
valleys.  
Mud, the fantastic disguise of the War  
Zone;  
Mud, the extinguishing mantle of battles;  
Mud, the smooth, fluid grave of our  
soldiers.  
This is the song of the mud.

An effective poem by a writer  
whose name is new to us appears in  
the *Commercial Appeal*, of Memphis,  
Tenn.:

#### THE SOUL OF GERMANY.

BY SARA BEAUMONT KENNEDY.

**T**HE soul of Germany! How fair  
it shone  
Once in the eyes of all the  
world,  
Soaring in upward flight to sunlit heights,  
Its glancing pinions wide unfurled.

The soul of Germany was Wagner,  
Bach;  
Was Mozart singing to the stars,  
Was Goethe opening vistas bright with  
dreams,  
Was Schiller letting down the day-  
spring's bars—

Was Heine calling through the paling  
night—  
Holbein and Hofman with uplifted  
brush,  
Or Gluck's or great Beethoven's wonder  
touch  
Sonorous in the universal hush.

These and their kindred Genii were the  
soul  
Of Germany before there fell  
Upon her that fierce Hohenzollern blight  
With lust of power and all its scorch  
of hell—

Her soul before her war-crazed men  
forgot  
The heights for which her "science"  
stood—  
Her soul before her unshamed women  
went  
"Conscript" to unwed motherhood.

But now, where Schumann sang the  
despot rules,  
Sordid with hate the land that Han-  
del knew—  
The "soul" of Germany takes far its  
flight  
And vultures wheel where once its  
radiance flew!

We have had occasion before to call  
attention to the promising work of  
Miss Marjorie Hillis, daughter of the  
Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis. This,  
from Don Marquis's "column" in the  
*New York Evening Sun*, is perform-  
ance as well as promise:

#### SOMETIMES.

BY MARJORIE HILLIS.

**S**OMETIMES I have swift flashes  
when I know  
That all the doubts and fears and  
wonderings—  
The old accustomed answers to my  
wish  
To see beyond the End—are foolish  
things.  
For there are moments when I know  
that I  
Am greater than this earth will let me  
be:  
Swift, rare illuminations in the dark,  
Like lightning in their radiant brevity—  
And then I know that caged and hidden  
deep  
A living, throbbing Something waits  
release,  
A something bound by flesh and earthly  
laws  
Until my sojourn here at last shall cease.  
For mountain heights, with wondrous  
views of lakes  
And woods and meadows where white  
daisies nod;



Or snowy stretches high above the sea,  
Silent and white, where no man's foot  
has trod

And tall, dark stately pine trees stand  
on guard;

Or still and throbbing nights of moon-  
light bliss;

Or mighty, valiant deeds; or stirring  
words;

Or music sobbing world-wide pain—all  
this

Wakens that something from its sleep  
... and then

It leaps and surges through its prison  
tower,

Batters and pounds against the walls  
of flesh,

Cries out: "There are no limits to my  
power!

Let me see farther than these eyes can  
see ...

Hear more distinctly than these ears can  
hear ...

Know deeper things than this dull world  
can teach ...

Sing songs for mortal ears too sweet  
and clear ...

Let me love more than now, with hands  
and lips ...

Fly, shaking free these feet held to the  
sod ...

I am akin to sun and stars and winds!  
I am akin to nature and to God!"

And then the lightning goes and dark-  
ness comes—

But in that moment I have known that,  
free

And unrestricted, I shall roam at last  
Somewhere ... beyond ... throughout  
Eternity.

We are not always interested when  
Mrs. Wilcox preaches in verse; but  
when she is content to express her  
feelings rather than her views in lyric  
form the result is wholly admirable.  
This is from *McClure's*:

#### UNDERSTANDING.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE snowdrops and the crocuses  
Bloomed in the olden way;  
The stately tulips followed on—  
The pansies had their day;  
The roses came—and yet the year  
Brought neither June nor May.

And now the tiger lilies lift  
Their freckled faces high;  
And now the sun is blazing down  
From out a cloudless sky.  
And yet it is not Summer time  
Tho Summer days drag by.  
His dog looks up the lonely lane—  
He knows the reason why.

A barrel stave does not seem, at first  
blush, to be a promising subject for a  
poem; but see what a cosmic touch it  
can evoke. We quote this from the  
*Poetry Journal*:

#### THE BARREL STAVE.

BY MARY FARLEY SANBORN.

WHEN it is scraped and bent and  
shaped to fit  
Its neighbor's pattern, it is safe-  
ly bound

In place, the whole thing headed, rolled  
aside

To wait the final purpose of a barrel's  
use

And destiny. But the individual stave  
Finds it distasteful to be crowded so,  
Matched in with something else as near  
alike

Itself as possible, no freedom, no escape.  
The barrel gets such credit as accrues;  
The stave asserts its personality  
By drawing back as far as it can get,  
Bound head and foot and helpless as it  
is;

Repudiates the apples, sugar, flour,  
That press against it in complacency.  
But why rebel? The stave was once,  
perhaps,

A tall, fine tree with feathery boughs  
outstretched

Far above all the others. It has had  
Its one supreme life; down it goes to  
mark

And illustrate the fortunes of the world.  
And if it harbors an unworthy pride  
It will decline, still in its hated bonds,  
To a connection with the refuse cart.  
What is its quarrel with our wheel of  
change?

A king descends into the grave and wakes  
A flower. The smoke from heaps of  
smouldering filth

Makes beautiful the sunset. Milk-white  
clouds

Weep their pure drops into a stagnant  
pool.

Back and forth, star-dust and pollen,  
bone and sap,

They move on in one vast conglomerate  
swirl.

Why can't the stave be patient? When  
the barrel falls

Apart some day, spent with protracted  
use,

Some urchin will espy and pick him up,  
Trundle him home—a glorious free ride  
With other odds and ends, all different!—  
In a rude tip-cart limping on three  
wheels;

And he'll be thrust into the stove to  
make

The pot boil while the table's being set.  
A swift, wild passage up the chimney's  
height,

And out he'll fly into the evening air  
With the pink sunset and the silver star.  
And he'll be free, except that he's forgot  
He ever was a stave, much less a tree.  
He only hopes his atoms will not fall  
Into the crevice of some roof and stick.  
He wants to float and float, to rise and  
rise,

Until he too can tinge a sunset, or can  
touch

With one small particle the silver point  
Of that far-shining star. But would his  
soul

Be satisfied? No, there are brighter  
stars,

And he would cling, a small, complaining  
speck,

Until he dropped into some new abyss  
That took him in its jaws to use again

For purpose of its own. I wonder why  
The stave can't be content; he might as  
well.

Conan Doyle seldom drops into  
poetry, but when he does he makes  
the blood run a little faster. This is  
from the *London Times*:

#### THE GUARDS CAME THROUGH.

BY CONAN DOYLE.

MEN of the Twenty-First  
Up by the Chalk Pit Wood,  
Weak with our wounds and our  
thirst,

Wanting our sleep and our food,  
After a day and a night—  
God, shall we ever forget!

Beaten and broke in the fight,  
But sticking it—sticking it yet.

Trying to hold the line,  
Fainting and spent and done.

Always the thud and the whine,  
Always the yell of the Hun!

Northumberland, Lancaster, York,  
Durham and Somerset,

Fighting alone, worn to the bone,  
But sticking it—sticking it yet.

Never a message of hope!

Never a word of cheer!

Fronting Hill 70's shell-swept slope,  
With the dull dead plain in our rear.

Always the whine of the shell,

Always the roar of the burst,

Always the tortures of hell,

As waiting and wincing we cursed

Our luck and the guns of the Boche,

When our Corporal shouted "Stand  
to!"

And I heard some one cry, "Clear the  
front for the Guards!"

And the Guards came through.

Our throats they were parched and hot,  
But, Lord, if you'd heard the cheers!

Irish and Welsh and Scot,

Coldstream and Grenadiers.

Two brigades, if you please,

Dressing as straight as a hem,

We—we were down on our knees,

Praying for us and for them!

Praying with tear-wet cheek,

Praying with outstretched hand,

Lord, I could speak for a week,

But how could you understand!

How should your cheeks be wet,

Such feelin's don't come to you.

But when can me or my mates forget,

When the Guards came through!

"Five yards left extend!"

It passed from rank to rank.

Line after line with never a bend,

And a touch of the London swank.

A trifle of swank and a dash,

Cool as a home parade,

Twinkle and glitter and flash,

Flinching never a shade,

With the shrapnel right in their face

Doing their Hyde Park stunt,

Keeping their swing at an easy pace,

Arms at the trail, eyes front!

Man, it was great to see!

Man, it was fine to do!

It's a cot and a hospital ward for me,

But I'll tell 'em in Blighty, wherever I be,

How the Guards came through.

## TEENIE AN' AGGIE TAKE AN OUTING

[Back of all this rumble and roar of a world-war, love keeps up its conquests, and Dan Cupid will in time rebuild all that Mars destroys. This little unpretentious sketch, which we find in the *Minneapolis Tribune*, reminds us of that fact. It is written by Caryl B. Stores.]

THERE was such a crowd waiting for the 8 o'clock Excelsior car at the Sixth Street station last Sunday morning, that I did not see Teenie and Aggie, handmaidens of the all-night café on lower Hennepin Avenue, each escorted by a khaki uniform, until we were on board and I found myself seated behind them.

Uneasy officials of the Nonpartisan League, who think American democracy is menaced by autocratic tendencies, ought to mingle with the waiting mob in Sixth Street North some hot Sunday morning. The Episcopal prayer for all sorts and conditions of men might have been written especially for one of these assemblages.

Aristocracy is represented by a group of young people, clad in correct flannels and fleecy, white gowns touched with rose pink and Alice blue, evidently starting for a day at the Lafayette club or to join a house party at Ferndale. They are chatting, in accents as fashionable as their clothes, of golf and tennis; of who is motoring in the Berkshires; of who is engaged to whom and why, when and how; of who is most active among their girl friends in Red Cross work and of how young So-and-so recently passed the aviation examination and what his mother thinks about it.

Next to this peaches-and-cream party is a different group who furnishes evidence that up-to-date cleanliness is not absolutely essential to picturesque effect or to happiness. Four fishermen are they, in delightfully disreputable duds, torn by the briars along many a stream and shore and smeared with the ashes and fish-scales of hundreds of outdoor meals. Fish-poles are over their shoulders, pails of frogs hanging from their grimy hands, battered tackle boxes are tucked under their arms, greasy bundles suggesting sandwiches bulge out their pockets and the lust of coming combat gleams joyously in eyes that have smarted, through the long, hot week, over clanking machinery or in dusty mills and factories. They talk of reedy bays, deep holes along sandy reefs and gamey five-pounders that fought for half an hour.

There are innumerable family parties off for a rare day together, father and mother responsible for a restless flock of kiddies and a feeble grandpa or grandma, mother's determination that the cookies shall not be opened until they get to the lake being gradually undermined by a persistent six-year-old, already hungry, tho breakfast was over less than an hour ago.

HERE is a poet. Note the careful wave of his raven locks from under his broad, worn hat; the Byronic roll he has contrived in the collar of his near-sport shirt; the way his tan belt artistically ignores the suspender buttons on his last winter's trousers and the prophetic frenzy in his dreamful eyes. There is a note-book and pencil in his hip pocket and he is off to seek inspiration under a friendly tree by the lake. If the inspiration comes you may be sure that boat will rhyme with float, flower with bower, sky with fly and mind with wind before the day has passed away and its fading light is lost in night.

There are girls, girls and girls; each with striking summer clothes and a gentleman friend; neither of which seems

especially well adapted to a day in the country, the former being chiefly conspicuous for gay, blaring colors and the latter for brush-back pompadours and a blatant comedy.

But here come the yellow cars around the corner of First Avenue North and there is no more time to separate the crowd into its units, tho their variety is far from exhausted. The crowd surges into the street, apparently trying to get themselves crushed beneath the wheels, much to the distraction of the motor-man, who wildly clangs his warning bell.

Everyone is determined to get onto the first car, because it will reach Excelsior 30 seconds ahead of the next one; and what is the discomfort of being jammed and suffocated compared to gaining half a minute at the lake? The second car follows at once, and there is another rush of those who were foiled by the closing gates of the first. Then comes the third, and with it a third rush of the now diminished mob. As I climb aboard the third car I notice Teenie and Aggie with their olive-drab escorts. Teenie and Tom Trowbridge take the first seat, Aggie and her soldier the second, and I get the window side of the third.

AGGIE is palpitant with excitement. There is a sort of epidemic which runs through any crowd off for a good time anywhere. It might be called holiday hysteria, tho it has never been scientifically investigated and classified, so far as I know. Whatever it is, Aggie is an easy victim, and has a severe attack. She giggles about nothing and gabbles about less. She thinks the window ought to be closed to keep out the dust, and after her escort has broken a finger-nail shutting it, she believes it had better be opened to let in more air and her captive hero good-naturedly opens it and pinches a finger on his other hand doing it.

The foreground of my view is filled with agitated Aggie, mustard green of gown, scarlet of hat, pink of sweater and rather blotchy of countenance owing to the effect of perspiration upon her cosmetic complexion. Beyond her, in the front seat, is Teenie's quiet little figure looking very slender alongside of Tom Trowbridge's broad shoulders and quite motionless with contentment, as one can tell from the tranquillity of her attitude and the smiling profile she turns now and then toward her companion.

Aggie is a little too far forward in the car to satisfy her idea of conspicuity. What's the use of having a pink sweater and a soldier and then being forced into the comparative oblivion of the second seat from the front? She keeps turning her head to let the rest of the passengers see who that swell-dressed girl is with the military convoy. One of these turns brings me within her line of vision and I receive a point-blank smile far more radiant than any I have ever been favored with at the all-night café where Aggie dispenses food and Teenie presides over the cash register.

"Well," exclaims Aggie, "look who's here!"

Then, remembering the usages of polite society, she adds in the very tone an etiquette book would use if endowed with the power of speech:

"Shake hands with my gentleman friend, Mr. Jackson."

Mr. Jackson and I shake hands and express our mutual delight in the encounter. "Oh, Teenie," Aggie ejaculates, poking her in the back, "here's someone you know."

TEENIE turns and smiles and Tom Trowbridge does the same. Neither seems overcome with delight and I feel like the extra tire on an automobile, without the same chance of being useful. Teenie and Tom return immediately to their own affairs, for leaves of absence from Fort Snelling are infrequent passes to Paradise nowadays. But there are no limitations to the inclusiveness of Aggie's holiday mood.

"Ain't it funny that you should be on this car?" she goes on, trying ineffectually to turn in her seat and, after giving it up, talking over one pink shoulder. She shouts successfully against the rattle of the car, for we have passed the city limits now and are roaring swiftly towards Hopkins.

"You know, Teenie and me ain't been to bed at all. We came right from the café to the car, an' we had an awful busy night, too, and hotter than the hinges. But Teenie ain't never been to Lake Minnetonka, and the gentlemen had the day off, so we thought we'd pass up the sleeps fer wunst. Tur'ble hot, ain't it; but the car sort o' makes its own breeze, and it's always cool at the lake, I expect."

"I think you'll find it cool if you take a boat when you get there," I suggest.

"Gee, I don't want to take no boat," shrieks Aggie with an emphasis that must be audible on the rear platform. "Ain't there no place to dance out there? Or a movie? I'd rather dance than anythin' else, wouldn't you, Mr. Jackson?"

And Mr. Jackson says he would. That young man is going to distinguish himself if he ever gets to France.

"Oh, Teenie," yells Aggie, poking her friend in the back again. "You don't want to take no boat ride, do you?"

"I don't know," replies Teenie, turning her head. "I should think it might be kind o' nice. I hadn't thought."

She seems to be consulting Tom Trowbridge on the subject, so far as can be judged from pantomime, and Aggie, evidently thinking my suggestion unfortunate, if not positively disruptive, turns her pink back upon me and devotes her exclusive attention to her gentleman friend.

AS we cross the high trestle over the railroad tracks at Hopkins I hear the words "rube town" and as we dash through the rolling, wooded country beyond, dotted with cozy bungalows standing in their own groves with flower gardens in front and kitchen gardens behind, she says something about being glad she doesn't have to live in one.

I cannot hear what Teenie and Tom say about the bungalows, but I know what they think, for Teenie looks at them with wistful eyes and lips that almost quiver as they smile, while Tom's glance, as he smiles back at her from under his pointed brown hat, says, as plainly as words: "Some day, maybe."

My suggestion breaks up the party after all, for when we reach the M. & St. L. bridge at Excelsior, and the tumbling, sparkling, blue lake comes into view, with distant shores of misty green and sunny,

(Continued on page 287)



## IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS

[Unless otherwise stated, prices are net and binding is cloth. Orders for any book in this list may be sent direct to the publisher, but any regular subscriber for CURRENT OPINION may, if preferred, send order with money to the Service Department of CURRENT OPINION and the book will be sent on APPROVAL. If the book is returned to this department within two days after its receipt, the money will be placed to the credit of the subscriber to be applied to future orders.]

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**AT THE FRONT IN A FLIVVER.** By William Yorke Stevenson. Diary of a Philadelphia boy who succeeded to the steering-wheel of "Ambulance No. 10" in France. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin.

**AWAKENING OF AMERICAN BUSINESS.** By Edward N. Hurley, former head of Federal Trade Commission, now head of Shipping Board. Urges immediate need of a reorganization of American business to meet conditions. \$2.00. Doubleday, Page.

**BALFOUR, VIVIANI AND JOFFRE.** By Francis W. Halsey. Résumé of the visits of English, French, Italian, Belgian and Russian Commissioners to America. \$1.50. Funk & Wagnalls.

**CHALLENGE OF THE PRESENT CRISIS.** By Harry Emerson Fosdick. Discusses war-induced pessimism regarding Christianity and the Christian attitude toward war. \$0.50. Association Press, N. Y.

**DO WE NEED A NEW IDEA OF GOD?** By Edmund H. Reeman. Answers the question in the affirmative, and takes a position somewhat similar to that of H. G. Wells in "God the Invisible King." \$1.00. Jacobs.

**EVOLUTION OF PRUSSIA.** By G. A. R. Marriott and C. Grant Robertson. Affords a good brief background to one aspect of the present war. \$1.75. Oxford Univ. Press, N. Y.

**FLAMING SWORD IN SERBIA AND ELSEWHERE.** By Mrs. St. Clair Stobart. Story of one woman's work in the war. \$0.75. Doran.

**FOR FRANCE AND THE FAITH.** By Alfred Eugene Casilis. Fragments of letters written from barrack rooms and the front by a young French soldier. Commended by James Bryce. \$0.60. Association Press, N. Y.

**GOD AND MR. WELLS.** By William Archer. A critical examination of Wells's "God the Invisible King," by the well-known English writer and dramatic critic. \$1.00. Knopf.

**GOETHE.** By Calvin Thomas, head of German Dep't, Columbia Univ. An effort to show "how Goethe felt and thought and wrought and reacted to the total push of existence." \$2.00 Holt.

**HISTORY OF SERBIA.** By Captain H. W. V. Temperley. Takes up some of the most important geographical and strategical problems involved in Serbia's future. \$4.00. Macmillan.

**HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN AND THE HAPSBURG MONARCHY.** By Gustav Pollak. Essays published in *The Evening Post* and *The Nation*. \$0.50. N. Y. Eve. Post Co.

**HOW TO LIVE AT THE FRONT.** By Hector MacQuarrie, Second Lieutenant Royal

Field Artillery, British Army. Tells the American soldier what he may expect in France. \$1.25. Lippincott.

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**FINISHED.** By Sir Rider Haggard. A Zulu story, the third of the trilogy of which "Marie" and "Child of the Storm" are the first two parts. \$1.40. Longmans, Green.

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# THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD

## WHY THE MEXICAN OIL-FIELDS ARE GUARDED LIKE DIAMOND-MINES

MEXICAN oil is practically an Anglo-American monopoly. American and British enterprise discovered it and British and American capital have developed it to such an extent that upon its output, in excess of 1,059,000 barrels a day, the maintenance of the British navy and the success of the Allies in blockading Germany depend almost absolutely. No oil at all is exported from Mexico except by American companies and by one British concern, the famous Aguila Company, owned by Lord Cow-

submarine activity in the Gulf and West Indian waters), German agents are striving to interfere with its production in several ways: through the Mexican government by confiscatory duties and restrictions; by subsidizing revolutionary or plain bandit disorders in the State of Vera Cruz; by inciting the thousands of employees in the plants to violent and destructive strikes; and by surreptitiously firing the wells themselves. Says this writer:

"After the United States became an active belligerent in April, rumors of

land oil-fields are, curiously enough, safeguarded by a sort of bandit army commanded by a *cabecillo* named Manuel Pelaez. His outposts come right up into the suburbs of the two towns.

"Between Pelaez and Company and the producing oil-companies the relations are paradoxical. Here, you would think, is a perfect stage-setting for German plot and intrigue. The reverse is the case. To begin with, most of the revolutionists are themselves oil-land-owners—subject to the new constitution and its exceedingly difficult enforcement—and as such have the same interest as the foreign companies in the protection of the fields. To clinch that interest, the companies pay Pelaez more than \$100,000 a month, which, with his royalties, compares very favorably with the incomes of our own captains of industry. This transaction is very much as tho you were to pay an insurance company a very fat premium, incidentally for protection against fire or accident, but primarily for protection against the insurance company itself. At first sight it seems out of proportion to service rendered. But from that income Pelaez has to feed and supply an army of probably five or six thousand people. Every one of his soldiers has a woman—his *soldadera*—and generally some children as part of his equipment, and, like the fighting men of every other Mexican army, he carries his



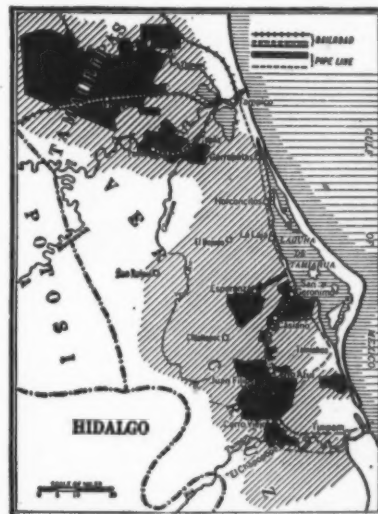
THE OIL ON ITS WAY TO THE BRITISH NAVY  
Loading the oil into tank-cars for shipment to Tampico, where it is transferred to oil-ships.

dray, chairman of the Air Defense Board of Great Britain, and incorporated in Mexico.

Tho no oil is exported by Mexicans or by Germans, and tho no German company owns or leases oil-lands in the great Tampico fields, Germany is intensely interested in this Mexican oil-industry, knowing that "one Cowdray well has at times during the past three years furnished sixty per cent. of all the fuel consumed by the British navy," and, we read, one destructive act successfully perpetrated against that single well would have partially "hamstrung the British fleet." For this reason, German sympathizers or suspects are unceremoniously run out of the Tampico district or are quietly interned. We are also informed by George Marvin, writing in the *World's Work*, that while Germany cannot interfere with the marketing of this precious fuel except by intercepting shipments at sea (which would naturally be one of the chief objects of

possible German attempts against the Mexican oil-fields increased, but every one of the tangible rumors was run to earth and either proved to be hot air or was smashed on suspicion. The vast majority were hot air. The oil-companies are and have been very much alive to this danger and are well able to look after their own interests as far as any direct German attempts on their properties are concerned. They, together with the British Legation and our own recently reestablished Embassy, maintain an excellent secret service organization in and out of the Tampico region and have every Central Power national ticketed. The same authorities, with the international assistance open to them, have combed the gulf and its shores with the finest-toothed investigation and gumshoed the hinterlands bordering upon them. As far as this system can penetrate there were not in July any possible German submarine bases or wireless plants in or about the Gulf of Mexico."

We read that while Carranza and his faction control the two parts of Tampico and Tuxpam, all the great in-



THE OIL REGION ABOUT TAMPICO

One of the greatest producing districts in the world and, because oil is invaluable in the operation of fleets and motor-cars and airplanes, the center of a diplomatic struggle between German agents and the Carranza Government of Mexico on one side, and a local rebel government and us and our allies on the other. The areas in black represent the holdings of four of the principal companies. The entire shaded area, however, is oil-bearing.

whole domestic ménage around with him. And P. and Co. grubstake them all.

"If, therefore, their wells are more precious than jewels to the producing companies, they are hardly less precious to the holding company of Manuel Pelaez. For them they are food and pulque and the breath in their nostrils. Every one of the constituent foreign companies is a big, brutal organization, and the bandit holding company, by the same token, is hardly less brutal. I wouldn't give five cents for an out-and-out Central Power national caught inside the limits of the oil-fields and not more than a dollar Mex. for a German suspect found there. The seventy-five luck-

less Germans who live in Tampico under a converging Carranzista, Pelaezista, Oil Company, United Statesista surveillance remind you of so many canary birds in a cage, except that they never sing."

The real menace at Tampico, we are assured, is not directly from the Germans, not from the bandit overlord of the fields, nor from existing taxation. It lies in the whimsicality or the obstinacy of the central, or Carranza, government, whether or not subject to German influence, and in the recurrence of strikes over which the gov-

ernment either has no control or is indifferent about exercising it. It is only by promoting and financing strikes, or, as pointed out, in pressure exerted on the Carranza government, that German agents can seriously threaten the Mexican oil-fields. Therefore "let it be distinctly understood in Mexico that the United States government and the people of the United States cannot at this time view the arbitrary measures directed by the Mexican government against the Tampico oil-fields as other than a deliberate and unfriendly act."

## WHY THE CROP-FORECASTER, MAKING MILLIONS FOR OTHERS, NEVER GAMBLES HIMSELF

THOSE who think that prophecy has gone out of fashion, along with flowing beards and black mantles, and that nothing is sure but death and taxes, overlook the modern crop-forecaster. Here is a latter-day prophet who commands a following to which the ancient founders of the forecasting industry were strangers. The tent of this modern commercial fortune-teller, whose readings of the future are in terms of crop-yields, is crowded with devotees who hang the gain or loss of immense fortunes upon his ability of accurate forecast. In fact, writes Forrest Crissey in the *Saturday Evening Post*, forehand information is about the only kind that really counts in the commercial world to-day. Business involving billions of dollars is done on estimates of what is going to happen, instead of on knowledge of what has happened in the great laboratory where nature is working out her mysterious processes of production.

A striking testimonial to the power of a crop-forecast—backed by an established reputation for accuracy—is found in the recent suppression of a report on the present winter-wheat-crop of the United States by an expert who has the confidence of the whole grain-dealing world. Never, we read, had he put greater care into the preparation of a forecast, and never had a previous report from him been awaited with a higher tension of anxiety. For about twenty-five years his figures on crop-conditions had preceded the official government report by a few days.

"After traveling hundreds of miles for a personal inspection of the most important sections, he made his calculations and faced the fact that the crop gave almost certain promise of an alarming shortage. At a time when the price of both cash wheat and that for future delivery stood at the dizziest figures ever known, and the United States was con-

fronted with an unprecedented food situation, the effect of giving this information to the speculative world involved a graver responsibility than any he had ever shouldered. He knew that his forecast would strike the wheat-pit with an explosion like that of a forty-two-centimeter shell. And in that market the allies of the United States were struggling to buy breadstuffs for their millions of fighting men and for the greater armies of their noncombatants.

"The minute this forecast hit the pit, he reasoned, an already sensational situation would be accelerated to the pitch of madness. The newspaper press would play it up, of course. The public would be in no mood to listen tamely to tales of food speculation or reports of higher prices. Again, the friendly governments were the big factors in the market. Why not let Uncle Sam take the whole responsibility of breaking the news of the winter-wheat-shortage to the grain world? Why not set an example of discreet silence concerning the alarming crop-conditions that Uncle Sam's official forecasters would be at liberty to follow if they liked?

"This looked like one hundred per cent. common sense to him; so he followed his hunch, applied the muffler, and, for the first time in twenty-five years, forgot to issue his forecast. By the time the watchful traders had begun to awaken to the fact that there was an ominous silence on the part of the great crop authority, Uncle Sam's forecasters dropped the bomb of their official estimate. The havoc it played has already made history in the world of food prices."

Many believe that there is a good deal of hocus-pocus in the business of crop-forecasting, that its findings are based on some mysterious sixth sense, instead of on minute observation, on practical experience in dealing with crop-averages, and on discounting certain influences favorable or unfavorable to a normal yield. We are assured, however, that there is nothing at all mysterious in the business. Tho the forecaster has need of all the intuition he can command, he must also get right down to brass tacks and use

mathematics. For example, one forecaster is quoted:

"When I go into a wheat-field the first thing I do after observing its general appearance is to pull up plant after plant and see how many stalks have sprung, on an average, from each seed. Then, the next thing is to examine the heads and learn two important facts: how many kernels or berries there are in each mesh, and how many meshes the average head contains. There may be one, two or three seeds in a mesh—sometimes more. Last season, in northwestern Canada, I found fields in which the berries ran five to the mesh. A field that goes two grains to the mesh will make an average yield, other elements being normal. When the meshes contain four seeds and the heads are of ordinary length, and there are the average number of stalks to the stool, that ground is simply giving two crops in one. The Canadian fields to which I refer fully justified my estimate of sixty bushels to the acre.

"Having arrived at an average of the number of berries to the mesh, of meshes to the head, and of stalks to the stool or plant, it only remains to determine the number of plants in a square yard and apply the multiplication table. Knowing the average number of grains in a bushel of good wheat, you have the basis for a close calculation as to the yield."

This forecaster declares that the automobile has increased the efficiency of crop-reporting beyond measure—especially in crop crises. In the old days, when he made his trips from field to field in livery rigs and the long jumps from district to district by train, he could not cover the state of Kansas satisfactorily in less than three weeks. Last year he examined five million acres in three days, and, we read, did it more thoroughly than when the livery rig and train were the only means of travel.

Tho his forecasts bring sudden wealth to his followers, the forecaster has to be content to pass the wheat-pit without catching any of its golden showers. Both by ethics and temperament, we read, the forecaster is barred



from speculation. "To have a personal interest in the market his reports influence so powerfully, would be to warp his judgment and undermine his

ability to give the facts of the crop situation accurately and honestly." His pay is a matter of contract with one or more big commission firms, and it

may be in the shape of a specified salary or it may be percentage of the income or of the profits of the houses he serves.

## AN UNSINKABLE FREIGHT-SHIP TO RUN THE U-BOAT GANTLET

IT would be a serious error to suppose that the torpedo-boat destroyer is more than a part-way solution of the submarine problem. Neither should it be imagined that American genius has devised any single effective instrument or medium that will neutralize the ravaging U-boat. Naval experts are of the opinion that, while the marksmanship of our gun-crews has been excellent, the only reliable check on under-water assault lies in either modifying the structural character of existing cargo-ships or in building freighters of a special type that can survive the blow of a torpedo or, better, be immune to foundering if hit twice below the water-line.

Such a ship, we read, has been designed by an Italian architect, Umberto Pugliese, who has taken what is known to the shipping world as the turret-steamer, itself a modification of the whaleback, as a basis for his unsinkable vessel and has remodeled it internally to meet the special conditions imposed by torpedo attack. To be exact, says Robert G. Skerrett, discussing the Pugliese model in the *New York Sun*, this Italian engineer has gone further in devising a ship which calls for the submergence of the harbor deck and leaves, when the vessel is loaded, only the water-line. This provides

possible cargo-carrying capacity. The plan is for vessels of 10,000 to 12,000 tons displacement, capable of carrying 4,500 to 5,500 tons of cargo each trip. Furthermore:

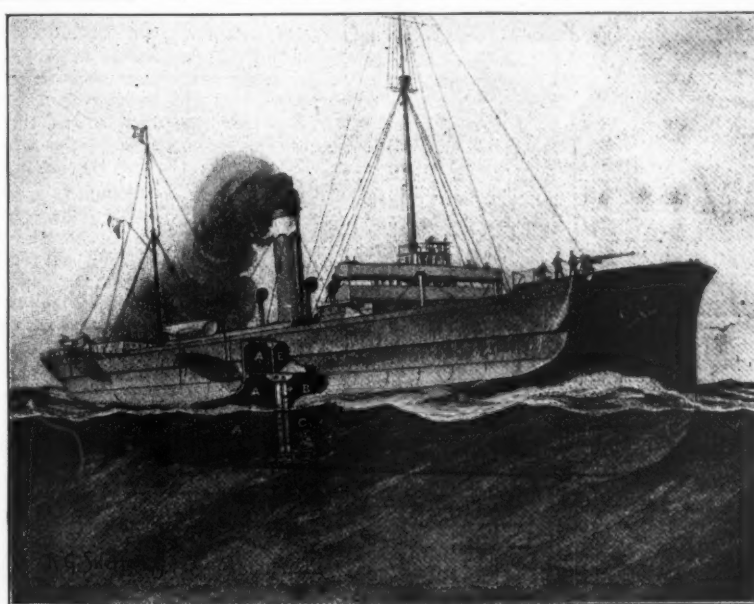
"Steel is his chosen building material, and by an ingenious disposition of the bulk-freight he makes his cargo serve in part as an effective bulwark against the explosive force of either a torpedo or a floating mine. The ship is in effect a craft of four skins, and these are so interposed along the line of probable assault that it is extremely unlikely that the innermost skin, the one next to the vitals of the craft, would be ruptured. Not only that, but the designer has taken additional pains to restrict the area of possible injury, so that the foe would have to score more than once below the water-line in order to send the freighter to the bottom.

"The principal cargo-space is so distributed as to form a defensive wall around the engines, boilers, auxiliary machinery, coal, and the ammunition for the rapid-fire guns. In other words, this arrangement would in a large measure quite reverse the normal disposition of the freight. Hatches are placed directly over the freight-spaces in order to facilitate the easy loading and self-trimming or stowage of cargo. This bin-like arrangement is further increased by athwartship bulkheads spaced every twenty-five feet throughout the vessel's total length of four hundred feet.

"In this way a torpedo or mine exploding against any of these separate cargo-compartments will probably not flood any of the flanking spaces, for the reason that the line of least resistance for the explosive gases would be upward and outward through the hatches, whose covers would yield readily under such an

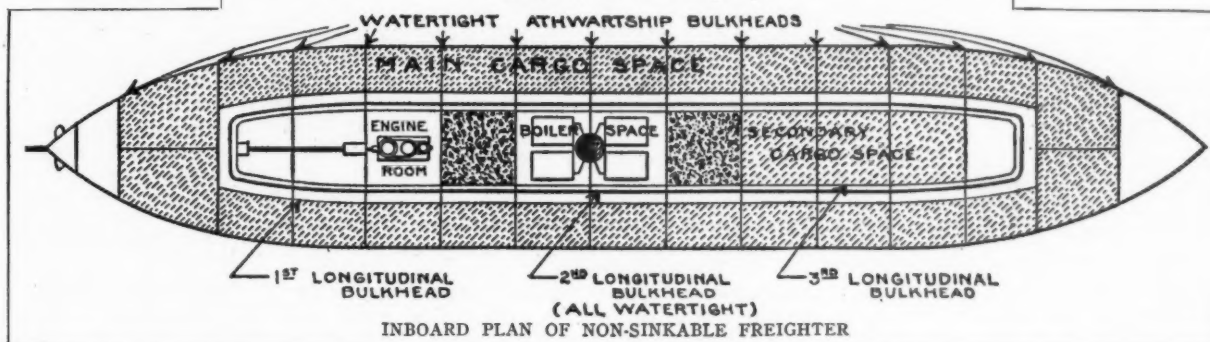
impulse. Pugliese is not relying entirely upon this line of relief, and further to safeguard the vitals of the ship, the main cargo-holds or stowage-bunkers are isolated from the boilers and engines by three sturdy longitudinal bulkheads."

One of the strongest recommendations advanced in behalf of the turret-ship form of hull, and which has brought about its serious consideration by the Federal Shipping Board, is that less steel is required than for a vessel of the same beam and with an



CROSS-SECTION OF THE NEW SHIP FOR WHICH THE U-BOATS HAVE NO TERRORS

AAA—Outboard cargo-space. B—The three longitudinal bulkheads. C—Boiler-space. D—Inner Bottom. E—Passageway.



equal body-height above water. The weight thus saved can be utilized in contributing generously to the metal needed for the longitudinals that stand

between the vitals and the attacking torpedoes. In addition, we read, the flanking disposition of the cargo in the turret section serves to shield the inter-

nals of the ship from shell-fire—operating like earthen breastworks to halt projectiles from the deck guns with which submarines are now equipped.

## WORLD RUIN SEEN IF THE ALLIES RAISE A HIGH TARIFF WALL AGAINST GERMANY

**A**FTER the war is Europe going to turn itself from armed camps into walled camps, the walls being protective tariffs? Probably no question of greater moment to America is awaiting an answer among all the industrial queries that are certain to arise with the ending of the war. It is the avowed opinion of Sir Hugh Bell, the Carnegie of England, a leading British free-trader and one of the acknowledged tariff experts of Europe, that "it would be a most dangerous post-bellum procedure for Great Britain, by tariff restrictions, to attempt to protect British against German industry." It is to the interest of England that every country, whether friend or foe, should be as prosperous as possible, even tho those foes use their prosperity unwisely, is his further startling declaration, and he goes on to say, in the *New York Sun*:

"Suppose that, after the war, an insuperable tariff wall is built around the German federation, which proceeds to manufacture with intense energy. What can it do with its goods? Nothing; for Britain, the United States, no one, can send anything in exchange for them. Only prices for us ruinously low could hoist our goods over her tariff wall.

"A man who has sold me anything must buy of me, directly or indirectly. I can pay only in what I produce, be it steel or labor. The coat on my back

is paid for with steel from my furnaces; but the tailor doesn't know it. Steel is all I have to pay with, really. Once I shipped steel to Germany and got back two checks drawn by British music-dealers who had bought pianos in Germany. I was paid with German pianos for steel sold to Germany as much as if they had been left at my door.

"We are going to have an awful time after the war. Each side charges the other with responsibility for the calamity, and now it is suggested that we perpetuate our hatred by making it statutory through tariff laws. Why compel me to evidence to my own detriment real or pretended hate of the German? I don't like him, but I shouldn't mind making a profit out of him.

"When the war is over I shall wish to resume commercial relations with him as quickly as possible, for I shall want that profit. Before the war I made a great deal of money out of him and he made a great deal out of me. International trade is between individuals, not between nations. Why should individuals on either side forego it after the war?"

In so far as soldiers and politicians have failed completely to preserve the peace of the world, this distinguished industrial economist believes that the coming peace conference should be very largely a commercial conference of absolutely non-political experts clothed with very full powers. The trouble is, he complains, that "the men

who know are not those who control international or even national affairs." Nevertheless:

"The economic solution implies getting the powerful people of the world to look at the whole problem, not from the producer's, but from the consumer's side. The politician always forgets the consumer, or tries to protect him from himself, which starves him to death, or tries to protect him from the producer, which starves the producer to death. . . . A very strong case could be made in favor of the great commercial combinations that have grown up in the United States. I don't want to speak especially of the Standard Oil and the Steel Trust, but some thoughts inevitably are suggested.

"I think it possible that if we could have, say, all the steel manufacturers of the world frankly conferring so that we might arrange our affairs in such a way as to enable us to produce and sell under the most favorable conditions, great things might come of it. If, in such a plan as that, individual advantage could be disregarded it would be safeguarded thereby and this would advance the welfare of the world.

"It is obvious that ten steel-makers can lay their heads together in Great Britain, the steel-makers of America can do the same and those of Germany and of every other country. Then why should not each group choose a representative and send him to confer and to agree with all the other representatives?"

## GREAT WAR INDUSTRIES HAVE THE POWER TO KILL OFF SOCIALISM IN AMERICA

**I**F the coal operators, who recently agreed upon and suggested to the government \$3 a ton as a fair price for their output, had made it \$2 the march of the United States toward the goal of socialism would have been hindered instead of accelerated, according to Senator Francis G. Newlands. Newlands, as chairman of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, has spent years in weighing the arguments incidental to federal control of transportation and to the problems of other great industries. It depends upon the wartime behavior of the great producers themselves whether this country finds itself, at the end of the war, upon a permanent basis of collectivism or state socialism, in his opinion. Incidentally, the lumber producers are to be heartily commended for what they have done already, and

the Senator speaks a good word for the copper and other metal interests, but he does not think that the coal, steel and iron industries have yet shown the full measure of "patriotism and unselfishness which the country has expected of them." On the contrary, the indications are that they are demanding, or will possibly demand, more than double the pre-war prices. If so, says Senator Newlands, in the *New York Times Magazine*, the government will have to deal summarily with them, not only in its own interest but for the benefit of the public. He adds:

"It depends upon the leaders of these industries as well as upon the coal men and all other big producers of necessities whether this country will be permanently socialized after the war. It remains for them to fix, as they may and can, reason-

able and just prices and thus do away with the necessity of applying collective force. If there is any statesmanship in these industries able to control the producers they will see the wisdom of maintaining a fair and staple price level, notwithstanding the temptation of the hour and the times offered by the present plight of humanity. If they yield to this temptation, if they attempt to charge 'all the traffic will bear,' either the government will take them all over or they will have labor rushing in to share with them the spoils and they will have a lofty wage level which it will be difficult to reduce when the price level falls as a matter of course at the end of the war. It is a reasonable prediction that no industry which is taken over by the government will ever go back to private ownership."

Unless, by keeping prices down, we avoid what promises to be a calamitous race between prices and wages,



"both will increase steadily till the end of the war, when our wage level will be above that of the other belligerent countries in which there has been better control." As a result:

"The country with the highest wage level will be at a disadvantage. Its cost of production of all commodities will be above that of the other countries, which will put it out of the running in any competition in its own markets and in the markets of the world. And the high wage level will also bring an influx of labor which the country will not be able to handle.

**E**VERY consideration, therefore, demands that a proper price level shall be maintained. Thus far the administration has sought by mobilizing its industries and by inviting their chiefs to become members of the great coordinating committees in connection with the National Council of Defense and the Advisory Commission to conscript by a friendly process these interests in the service of the Republic. This method has succeeded so far as some of the products are concerned. For example, in the construction of the sixteen great army cantonments, each of them intended to be a city of 40,000 soldiers, the mobilized lumber interests voluntarily named the reasonable price of from \$20 to \$23 a thousand feet, a figure very slightly above normal. The result is that the work on the cantonments has gone on with marvelous rapidity and certainty.

"The coal and iron interests have not responded so patriotically. The pre-war price of coal at the mines was from \$1.10 to \$1.40 a ton. Since then miners' wages have been somewhat increased, enough perhaps to add twenty-five cents to the cost of production. The cost of materials used in the mines has increased somewhat and higher coal prices were to be expected, naturally. . . . But when the coal operators met at the suggestion of the National Council of Defense they seemed to think that they were doing a patriotic thing in naming \$3 as a fair price at the mouth of the mine.

"If they had been wise, if their notion of patriotism had coincided more closely with public opinion, they would have named a price nearer \$2 than \$3. Such a price would have made ample allowance for increased cost and extraordinary conditions and afforded a liberal profit."

In any event, the country has been forced a step nearer to socialism by the action of the coal men, and it is the prediction of Senator Newlands that "we are bound to come out of the war with a great many more industries publicly regulated than we had in the beginning."

Savings deposits in the chartered banks of Canada gained over \$127,000,000 during the twelve months ending May 30, 1917, and on that date they amounted to the unprecedented total of \$892,562,617.

## WHAT THE WAR MEANS TO THE RAILWAYS

**I**T is not generally realized that the recent creation of a railway war-board to direct the operation of all the railways in this country is the most significant and revolutionary step that has been taken in our transportation history. It provides for the operation as a single system of a railway mileage seven times as great as that of Germany, which was the largest ever previously operated as a unit. In fact, it provides for the operation as a single system of one-third of the total railway mileage of the globe—a mileage largely exceeding that of all Europe, and also largely exceeding that of all the railways owned and operated by governments in the world. Furthermore, as Samuel O. Dunn,

editor of the *Railway Age Gazette*, points out in *Collier's*, it reverses the entire tendency of the development and operation of American railways. They, of course, have been developed and operated on strictly competitive lines, and always when their managements have tried, by pooling arrangements, gentlemen's agreements and consolidations, to restrict competition, their plans have been met and defeated by anti-trust legislation and litigation. Now, with the sanction of the government, and in disregard of all native precedents, the managers have formed openly the most colossal combination to eliminate competition that ever existed.

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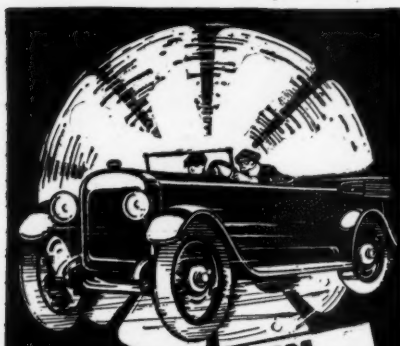
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States has had many good, as well as some evil, effects, and this writer is of the opinion that one of the worst effects has been duplication of service. Other things being equal, duplication means waste.

"When there was enough transportation to go around, this waste was by no means fatal. When, however, it became necessary for the nation to make the supreme military and economic effort of its life, and when, therefore, there arose need for conserving and utilizing every ounce of its transportation power, any waste of service became unpatriotic and a public danger. Whatever the effects of competition in transportation in time of peace, it has no place in war; and its practical elimination in war may teach us some useful lessons regarding the way railways may best be regulated and operated in time of peace.

"The plan adopted for the operation of our railways during the war is similar to that adopted in Great Britain. There, as here, the railways are owned by private companies and were operated competitively. There, as here, they were immediately turned over to a committee of their own managers to be operated as a single system. But the points of difference between the policies adopted in the two countries are as significant as their points of resemblance.

"The British railways acted in obedience to a law passed forty years before.

The railways of the United States acted voluntarily. The British Railway Executive Committee was created by law, and therefore has the force of law back of its orders. The war-board of the railways of the United States was created by the railways themselves, and has no statutory authority. The British Government guarantees to each individual railway the net return it earned before the war. The Government of the United States guarantees nothing at all."

These facts bring out clearly a point of great importance, namely, that the plan which our railways have adopted is absolutely dependent for its success upon the support and cooperation of the individual railways, of their employees, of the traveling and shipping public, and of the regulating authorities. There is no doubt in the mind of any government official, railway official, labor leader or large shipper, who is in close touch with the situation, that, in the long run, it will be to the best interests of all for the scheme which the railways have adopted to be carried out rather than for some scheme involving direct government intervention to be substituted. Thus far, we are informed, all indications are, that the dictates of intelligent self-interest will prevail and that the voluntary plan will work.

## SOUTH AMERICA RAISES NO ELEPHANTS, BUT IS EXPORTING QUANTITIES OF IVORY

IN view of the fact that the elephant is not native to South America and that his tusks constitute the best-known, if not only great, source of the ivory of commerce, it comes as a surprise to learn that a big and thriving trade in ivory is done between this country and the west coast of South America. The magnitude of the trade as yet does not give South America the distinction of being an "ivory coast," in the sense that Africa has, but the *South American* states that in the region extending from Panama to northern Peru there grows a wild stunted palm fern called the Tagua Palm which yields an excellent substitute for the elephant-tusk product, especially in the manufacture of small articles. The principal use of this curious vegetable ivory, as thus far developed, is in the manufacture of buttons, the quantities of it are consumed in making umbrella handles, chessmen, poker-chips and similar articles that are made from what is known as dentine ivory. Turning out ivory buttons is in itself, we read, a large industry that can give employment to very considerable factory forces in the United States, as it was doing in Germany and other European countries prior to the war. The process

of changing the dried tagua seed into fancy waistcoat buttons is varied and somewhat complicated, necessitating extensive plants fitted with many different kinds of special machinery. Heretofore the manufacturing center of the industry has been Hamburg, Germany. As to the plant itself:

"The Tagua Palm grows from ten to twenty feet high, with a very short trunk which is crowned with fronds of large, bright-green, feathery leaves. In blossom the flowers give off a strong perfume; and the fruit is somewhat similar to the coconut, growing from four to nine drupes to the tree. The drupes weigh nearly twenty pounds, grow to about the size of a man's head, and consist of a woody, fibrous, wart-covered wall that incloses the seeds proper, which are of hard white composition, small-potato sized, fine-grained, and approaching real ivory in all characteristics.

"As the plant grows wild and uncultivated, the time of bearing is not accurately known, but it is judged to be about the sixth year, and the life of the tree is estimated at from fifty to one hundred years. The vegetable ivory is sold to local merchants or exporters, and the market price is governed by the competition between them. They, in their turn, are of course dependent upon the American and European markets, and the latter being now practically non-existent, the American de-



mand must for the present control the price, which ranges from three cents a pound for low-priced Panama to four and a half cents for the best Ecuador. . . . During recent years exports from Ecuador have been as follows: 1913: pounds, 69,851,725; value, \$2,120,209; 1914: pounds, 18,921,595; value, \$454,914; 1915: pounds, 20,094,025; value, \$525,559. These figures show only the volume of trade, not the price per pound, because some of the nuts are exported shelled and some unshelled, the proportion differing every year. Before the war the larger portion was unshelled, and for 1914 and 1915 over two-thirds were shipped shelled for obvious reasons."

### DISCHARGING MEN A RUIN- OUSLY EXPENSIVE LUXURY

**D**ISCHARGING employees is one of the most expensive luxuries in which an employer on a large scale can indulge. It is open to question whether it is often advisable to discharge even incompetent men, for an incompetent man in one job is quite likely to be competent in another. The labor turnover in many American industries is an amazing waste. It is but a phase of the great human problem in industry which American employers have blindly neglected. No one can work at maximum efficiency in an atmosphere of insecurity; no one can be at his best where his job is uncertain. These startling sentences do not come from a college economist or an agitator in a trade-union congress. They are the gravely expressed opinion of Arthur Williams, head of the American Museum of Safety, general commercial manager of the New York Edison Company and an engineer of international reputation. It might not be out of place to call him a social engineer, says the *New York World*, in whose magazine section he goes on to say:

"If America is to retain her industrial supremacy after the war the human factor of the labor problem must be met and solved at once. This is not sentiment. It is business necessity. This country has outstripped Europe for many years in mere production of commodities. We have led the world in administrative and executive skill, in the organization and financing of material projects. In salesmanship, also, Europe has little to teach us, and in the problems of delivery and transportation our methods have easily been supreme. And yet, in the sum total of efficiency, we have found it difficult to compete with many European countries simply because we have neglected the human side of the labor problem. . . .

"We must quit sentencing men to death for the crime of carelessness. Carelessness is criminal, to be sure, but capital punishment is too severe. So are our other most common penalties. If we



## Courier of Soldier and Civilian

Our troops are now on the firing line in France. While at home every instrumentality of our government and private industry is being urged at top speed to insure victory. The telephone is in universal demand as courier, bringing to the front men and the materials of war.

From the farms the telephone courier brings foodstuffs; from the mines the telephone courier calls forth metals; from the factories this courier gathers manufactured products. The telephone courier leads troop and supply trains to the front; summons fighting flotillas and transports; and, in fact, leads

practically every contributing unit of supply to the firing line.

At such a time, when the government is straining at its task and every industry is loyally contributing its energy, this national courier is constantly being used to call up the reserves. It is at the base of every contributing activity.

The right of way must be given to the military for the direction of troops and to the government for the marshaling of endless supplies. To do this, and also to make the telephone serve all other needs, both patriotic and private, all must economize.



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could fine them or imprison them for being careless it might not be so bad, but cutting off their arms and legs because they are careless is inhuman."

Briefly, this student of industry takes the attitude that there is no conflict between the highest humanitarianism and the best business sense. Industry has been cruel in the United States, he maintains, only because it has been blind. It has killed and maimed millions of workers not because it was good business to do so but because we did not see what a foolish, inefficient method it was. Only recently, he says, has the cost of breaking in new employees begun to be reckoned, and he adds:

"**HENRY Ford** found that he was hiring 50,000 men in 1913, while only employing 13,000 or 14,000 at any one time. He figured the cost of breaking in a new man averaged \$70. By tackling the human problem in the various ways he did, especially by instituting profit-sharing so that each employee had an employer's interest in the company, this labor turnover was almost completely eliminated.

"In many industries the labor turnover averages 300 or 400 per cent. In some of the chemical industries it exceeds 700 or 800 per cent., which means that the average employee holds his job only three or four weeks. This is frightful waste. It means more than the cost of breaking in new men, for no man can be at his best where his job is so uncertain. He may go through the mechanical motions required, but he can have no interest in the result. And even in the roughest of labor, in shoveling dirt or carrying bricks, this element of personal interest in the outcome is sure to tell. From the moment a man is hired in any capacity some sort of trusteeship should be considered established, with some sort of protection against the whims of his immediate superior. . . . The right to discharge should be taken away from foremen and immediate supervisors. Their authority should be limited to suspension and their verdicts should be reviewed by some unprejudiced superior.

"Many a competent man is discharged through anger or irritation on the part of his immediate boss. If the employer realized that it would cost him \$70 to hire another he would think twice before permitting the change.

"Unemployment and uncertainty of employment are staggering wastes of man power. American industry cannot afford either. Our industries, so far as possible, must be stabilized, giving steady instead of occasional employment. And where steady employment is not possible, we should cooperate to make the shift from job to job as expeditious as we can. Compelling men to go out in unguided, individual search for work is anything but efficient. There should be nation-wide cooperation in the work of bringing the jobless men and the manless jobs together, and this work should be carried on by



experts who know how to find round holes for round pegs and square holes for square ones."

The American employer, this captain of industry concludes, cannot afford to have any considerable body of workers subjected to these discouragements, if he hopes to compete successfully with the European employer after the war. Furthermore, he foresees no menace to capital in the event of unemployment being organized out of existence, provided a universal profit-sharing program is adopted. The position of the employer will and should be much the same as that of the general. The general is always at the mercy of the common soldiers but there is no conflict between them because they have a common interest. "It is only when the common interest is obscured that there is mutiny; and between capital and labor, in America, this common interest has been obscured."

In 149 of the 213 American cities of more than 30,000 population, the excess of expenditures for governmental costs, including interest and outlays for permanent improvements, over revenues last year, amounted to \$86,013,326, or \$3.68 per capita. In the remaining sixty-four cities the excess of revenues over expenditures was \$12,422,256, or \$1.40 per capita. The net indebtedness of these cities averaged \$76.64 per capita—a figure nearly eight times as great as the corresponding one for the national government.

(Continued from page 277)

cloud-dappled sky, Teenie grasps Tom's arm and points to it.

"Oh, look!" she cries, speaking for the first time loud enough to be heard two seats back. This is all she says, but it is enough to decide the boat ride.

Teenie and Tom get off at the dock station after a hasty but heated argument with Aggie, who refuses to budge this side of the Casino. I have a fleeting idea that Mr. Jackson might cast a deciding vote against her if consulted, but as he isn't consulted I cannot be sure. There is a hurried appointment to meet at the Blue Line pavilion at 4 o'clock, Aggie gives me a curt and smileless nod, and we board-riders go down to the wharf.

On the upper deck Teenie shows her first symptoms of holiday hysteria. As the boat turns and speeds out into the wavy blueness, with whispering foam running at its sides and cheeping terns flying ahead and behind, Teenie looks with glowing eyes, first for one short moment at me and then, for several long moments, at Tom Trowbridge. His lips part in a wondering smile and she slips her left hand, with its little sparkling diamond, shamelessly into Tom's brown right paw.

"My!" she sighs, as if all this new-found beauty had left her almost breathless, "I didn't know it could be like this!"

Tom looks into her happy eyes and I look at the back of her head. Then Tom turns to me.

"How far you going?" he asks.

"Only to Arcola," I hasten to reassure him; "it's the next stop. I think I'd better be getting down-stairs now."

"Good-by," says Tom, promptly.

"Oh, are you going?" asks Teenie, hardly glancing up from the shining water. "Well, good-by."

"Good-by," I reply. I go below and ride next to the boiler until we reach my destination, which isn't Arcola at all, but Zumbra Heights.

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## Shear Nonsense

### On Duty Elsewhere.

An Irish soldier had lost an eye in battle, but was allowed to continue in the service on consenting to have a glass eye in its place, says an English paper. One day, however, he appeared on parade without his artificial eye.

"Nolan," said the officer, "you are not properly dressed. Why is your artificial eye not in its place?"

"Sure, sir," replied Nolan, "I left it in me box to keep an eye on me kit while I'm on parade."

### Could Not Miss It.

The average foreigner's difficulty in comprehending the huge area of the United States is well illustrated by a story in *Everybody's Magazine* about an Englishman and his valet who had been traveling due west from Boston for five days. The traveler found his servant gazing thoughtfully out of the window. He said to him: "William, what are you thinking of?"

"I was just thinking, sir, about the discovery of Hameraica," replied the valet. "Columbus didn't do such a wonderful thing, hafter hall, when he found this country, did he, now, sir? Hafter hall's said and done, 'ow could 'e 'elp it?"

### The Whole Gamut.

Mayor Mitchel said at a dinner in New York:

"Insurance rates, now that we're at war, will naturally go up. I heard the other day about a young fellow who went to an insurance agent and said:

"I'd like to take out a policy, please."

"Very good, sir," said the agent. "Sit down and have a cigar. Now, then, what kind of a policy do you want to take out—life, fire, burglary, accident, murder, drowning, assassination, or marine?"

"I'll take the whole caoodle of them," said the young man. "I'm going to try to cross to England through the U-boat blockade."

### Practice Makes Perfect.

A young Burnley weaver, according to an English paper, was taking her little baby to church to be christened.

Its father had been in the trenches for three months, and it was impossible for him to get home for the ceremony.

The baby smiled up beautifully into the minister's face.

"Well, madam," said the minister, "I must congratulate you on your little one's behavior. I have christened two thousand babies, but I never christened one that behaved so well as yours."

The young mother smiled demurely, and said:

"His grandad and me hev' bin practisin' wi' him for a week wi' a bucket of water!"

### George's War Dissipation.

The following conversation is recorded in the *Detroit Free Press*:

"My dear, you mustn't let anybody read that letter from cousin George at the front. I'm surprised that he'd write such things."

"What's the matter with his letter? It's mighty interesting."

"Some parts of it are, but his confessions of his disgraceful conduct are dreadful. I wouldn't for the world have anyone know of his doings."

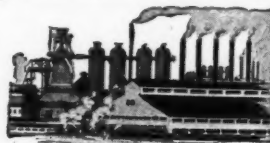
"I don't get you at all."

"You don't? Didn't you read that part of his letter where he says he was out with a British tank last night, and they rolled all over the place?"

### The Shot Was Scattering.

An amorous British youth was being taken to task for his flirtations. "Engaged to four girls at once!" exclaimed his horrified uncle. "How do you explain such shameless conduct?" "I don't know," said the graceless nephew. "Cupid must have shot me with a machine gun."

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